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CONTENTS.

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THE DEFEAT OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.

What were the causes of the late defeat of the Liberal party? What was the extent of that defeat, and what was its significance? Is it expedient that the party should be reorganized? If so, how can the reorganization be best effected? These are the questions which Liberals are now asking themselves, and which they answer in very different ways. Perhaps, to the eyes of sympathizing onlookers, things may present themselves in a light somewhat different from that in which they present themselves to members of any section of the party. This is likely to be the case especially with regard to the European relations of English Liberalism and the duties of English Liberals to their allies and fellow-labourers in other countries. We venture to think that this is an aspect of the question to which too little attention has been paid. Those English Liberals who went into the lobby with the Tory leaders on the Irish University Bill, and by so doing gave a blow which proved mortal to the Liberal Government, do not seem to have sufficiently reflected on the European consequences of their act. It does not appear to have occurred to them that whatever the shortcomings of the Liberal party and its leaders might be, by its mere possession of the government it kept England in the line of Liberal nations, and that by its overthrow a flag to which the eyes of Europe were turned would be lowered, and discouragement would be spread through the kindred squadrons in every quarter of the great battle-field. Yet there can be no doubt that such has been and was sure to be the result. The Tory victory in England has evidently helped to stimulate reactionary hopes and conspiracies in France; as on the other hand the calamitous aberrations of the Extreme Party in France manifestly injured the Liberal cause in England and in other countries. No one can help seeing that the unity of Europe, imperfectly consolidated on a wrong basis by the mediæval papacy, and shattered into hostile fragments by the Reformation, is being

gradually restored by intercourse, commerce, science, the sympathies of industry, the prevalence of universal ideas, the pulsation of common social and political hopes, the advance of the undogmatic religion of morality and truth. The nations are every day becoming more closely bound up with each other, and more conscious of their connection; the electric chain which encircles them grows more electric. Servants of reaction may try, for their personal purposes, by railing at "cosmopolitanism" to stimulate into angry activity that spirit of narrow and filibustering nationality, which is as far removed from a large-minded and noble patriotism as any other vice is from any other virtue; but every expression, practical or literary, of European thought and feeling proclaims the continuance of the movement by which the family was expanded into the tribe, the tribe into the nation, and bespeaks the gradual transfer of man's allegiance from the mere country to humanity.

Looking from the higher point of view over the whole political field, Liberalism has certainly no reason for dissatisfaction or despondency. Within the last half-century what has been the general course of events? Fifty years ago the Holy Alliance was barely dead; it is now an infamy of the past, a name which reaction itself hardly dares to breathe. Fifty years ago Bourbons and Bourbonism reigned in France, in Spain, at Naples. Germany was in bondage to a set of petty despots, the satellites of a despotic and ultramontane Austria. Another set, supported by the arms of the same power, shared with that power itself a great part of Central and Northern Italy, while the remainder still formed the temporal dominion of the Pope and the basis of a reactionary Church by which the reactionary despotisms were at once consecrated and combined. Holland was under a reactionary government, in sympathy with the general league of despots, and Belgium did not exist. Of course the progress is not uniform nor without relapses. Spain lags behind; yet even she is not the Spain of Philip II.—she is not the Spain of Ferdinand; she was a republic yesterday; to-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, she may be a republic again. France has paid the terrible price of her military ambitoin. She has undergone a revival of the military empire, and been liberated from it only at the cost of a defeat in which some day she will see a blessing in disguise. But the Second Empire, the close ally and the cynosure, we might almost have said at one time the real "head-centre" of English Toryism, is in the dust; a Republic has risen on its ruins; and, though new perils at this moment are gathering, we feel an instinctive confidence that the moral forces which have prevailed over the Bonapartes are not destined to succumb to the De Broglies. The Republic has passed out of the phase of revolution; it has achieved a legality which con-

fronts with increasing effect the influences of legitimacy and dynasticism; those who assail it are sinking more and more from the level of loyalists and descending more and more to that of conspirators: its defenders have learned to discard violence, and acquired the invaluable power of maintaining with steadiness a constitutional struggle, a proof not merely of wisdom derived from dire experience, but of the calmness inspired by conscious strength. Not only in France, but elsewhere, we have had those premature and spasmodic movements in advance, those abortive revolutions, which will always more or less attend and mar the course of progress till political effort is regulated by something approaching to scientific method; and opportunities have been thereby afforded to reactionary sovereigns, military adventurers, and political intriguers of playing their own game. But there can be no doubt as to the general tendency of events. Evidently the world is passing into a democratic era. Legitimacy is dead: hardly a monarch in Europe can now be said to hold his throne by that title; for even where, as in the case of Austria, the family remains, the monarchy has undergone a revolution and is now at least semi-democratic. Not only is it semi-democratic, but it is felt, perhaps even by its possessors, to be provisional, and destined simply to secure order during a critical period of progress and to smooth an inevitable transition. Aristocracy as a political power can hardly be said to exist anywhere but in England. In the other countries it has retained only its titles with more or less of its social position, though its social position carries with it a certain amount of political influence, and still more universally keeps alive political tendencies of a reactionary kind in the titular aristocrats, as is testified at the present hour by the crisis in France, where the Republicans, if they should get the upper hand, could be justified in securing once for all social equality against aristocratic conspiracies by the legal abolition of hereditary titles. A Liberal need not shrink from turning his eyes even to Russia. Sir Robert Peel, in the debate on Mr. Gladstone's resolutions, raised a loud Tory cheer by deriding the association of the name of Russia with the cause of freedom; but he forgot that while the Tory aristocracy of England was launching Alabamas in support of American slavery, Russia was emancipating her serfs. Our Turkophilite writers can hardly themselves believe, though their readers may, that the Russia of the philanthropic Alexander is the Russia of the iron Nicholas. It seems in truth not improbable that beneath the autocracy imposed by the necessities of the struggle against the Tartars, and perpetuated by the exigencies of a widely scattered people and a backward civilisation, not only democratic but socialistic forces are growing, the development of which may one day more than satisfy Sir Robert Peel. Plausible reasons may be

given for the conjecture that the desire of merging internal disquietude in external action has in part formed the motive of the Government and the old Russian party for going into the present war.

There is another quarter in which progress, and most important progress, has been made, though we are apt to leave it out of view. We will not say half a century, but a quarter of a century ago, the United States were a Republic, it is true, but the dominant power there was by no means Republican. It was the slave-owning oligarchy of the South, using as an instrument of its ascendancy the populace of the northern cities, organized in its interest by its confederates there, much as the Tory aristocracy of England is now attempting to use as an instrument of its ascendancy the "residuum" which it enfranchised by its Reform Bill, not without a view to that strategical object. At a fearful, yet, considering the result obtained, hardly an excessive cost, the slave-owning oligarchy and its confederate mob have been overthrown; the Republic is again ruled upon Republican principles; Conservative reforms in a Republican sense, with regard to the judiciary and other institutions, are being accomplished. British Toryism showed its deep interest in the struggle, and it felt the defeat of the slave-owners to its core.

But far more momentous than any overthrow of dynasties, or any political revolution, is the world-wide revolution of opinion, and the collapse of those fundamental beliefs on which all the great institutions of the feudal past have stood. Toryism itself is not the old Toryism: it is an adaptation, as its managers imagine, of dynasticism, privilege, and orthodoxy to the spirit of the age. Its religious element it has almost discarded. In truth, if there is anything to breed misgivings in Liberal breasts, it is not the force of the singular local backstream in the midst of which we find ourselves, or the jubilant notes and flappings of the fowl floating upwards on its waters as they fancy to the Restoration, or the time of Bolingbroke; it is the restless and resistless might of the main current which is sweeping away with unprecedented and ever-increasing rapidity all the dams and barriers of the past. What was the progress of opinion during the two centuries of the Reformation to its progress during the last twenty, we may almost say the last ten, years? In a moment the entire doctrinal foundations of the Established Church of England, an integral portion, as is commonly supposed, of the aristocratic constitution, are overwhelmed by the waters; dispersed fragments of clerical belief—Ritualistic, Evangelical, Rationalist, Agnostic—spin and collide with each other in the whirling eddies; while the legal system and the endowments stand for a moment, no longer supported by the beliefs, but propped by the hands of politicians, whose motives, easily discernible and often privately avowed, are of all things the most ominous of the approaching end. The attempt to

restore unity between Ritualists and Rationalists by means of a Public Worship Bill is a stroke of statesmanship which is already judged by the result. What better theme could a satirist desire than a professional wizard undertaking to conjure away by a little sleight of hand the second and greater Reformation? It is not, we repeat, the slowness with which the great problems of the future present themselves, nor any trifling delay in the arrival of one of them, but the urgency with which they throng upon us, and the failure of all provisional arrangements to stave off the necessity of solving them, that may well cause anxiety even to the least reactionary of mankind.

The dark parts of the situation, looking from the Liberal point of view, are the magnitude of the standing armies and the military spirit which they at once indicate and feed. It seems as if the command of these legions, aided by the reactionary panics, which are too sure from time to time to be produced by revolutionary aberrations, might generate a crop of military despots like the Greek tyrants, the usurping lords of Italy, or the despotic monarchies which arose in the dangerous interval between feudalism and the modern era, and which in some countries, notably in Spain, fatally arrested the progress of civilisation. There is no denying that the peril is great. On the other hand, the soldier of the present day is happily much less of a machine and more of a citizen than the Greek bodyguards, the Italian condottieri, or the soldados, truly named, of Philip II. Where military service is compulsory, the army and the nation are almost one, as they were in republican Rome or Athens, though it does not follow even in these cases that the powers of a commander might not be successfully abused. Opinion at the present day is infinitely stronger and more penetrative; most soldiers can read: in Italy the army is a school, and so it is to some extent in other countries. Good judges seem to doubt whether, if De Broglie could induce his Marshal to make a treasonable use of the public force confided to him, the army would consent again to become the gaoler and executioner of France.

The very event in English politics which we are now considering, appears to have been a defeat of the Liberal party rather than a defeat of Liberal principles. On certain subjects at all events Liberal principles seem still to have a hold on the country out of proportion to their representation in Parliament. In school board elections Liberalism wins places, while it loses seats in the House of Commons. The Slave Circular and the words of the Prime Minister about the Bulgarian atrocities evoked the popular sentiment of humanity with a force before which in both instances Toryism quailed. In spite of the large majority at its command in Parliament, the Tory Government, while it has nibbled at measures carried by its Liberal predecessors,

and tried to enfeeble them in their operation, has in no single instance as yet ventured on an attempt to reverse them. Till its accession to office it denounced Irish Disestablishment as sacrilege, and the Irish Land Act as confiscation; since its accession to office it has not uttered a syllable against either. As little has it ventured to meddle with the army reforms of Lord Cardwell, anti-aristocratic as they were. It has found itself compelled to embrace and carry forward a system of popular education far short of that which thorough-going Liberals desire, yet far more Liberal than accords with Tory interests or with Tory inclinations. It has passed measures respecting labour found in the pigeon-holes of its predecessors or borrowed from Liberals like Mr. Mundella. In the matter of the franchise it has played the demagogue; it has played the demagogue with a vengeance, and seems inclined to do it again; a policy which suits the purpose of those who wish to hold office for the hour, and of which their Tory successors will very likely pay the price. Even the reform of local institutions is no sooner broached by the Liberals than it is pounced on by the Government. A certain minister in former days was said to have "found the Whigs bathing and stolen their clothes," his public life was described as "one vast appropriation clause," and he was held up as the paragon of all that is servile, shifty, and mean. Yet that minister was one of the greatest of English public servants; he was the author of a great mass of beneficent legislation, of which the credit could not possibly be denied him, as well as the regenerator of English finance; and, what was more, he was the real and original founder of Conservatism, so far as any man can be said to be the founder of a school or tendency, and first gave currency to the name which throughout Europe has been adopted as the symbol of the attempt to effect a permanent compromise between the past and the future. He was honest in his Conservatism, being not only Conservative both by temperament and connection, but as a great administrator naturally inclined to trust much to administrative reform and little to organic change. His position and the position in which he placed his party were consistent with the strictest law of political morality, and commanded the respect which, unless political morality can be utterly subverted, will always be essential to permanent success.

The mention of Peel's name is enough to reduce to its real measure of importance and significance the defeat of the Liberal party at the last general election. Thirty-five years ago, and on the very morrow of that settlement of the suffrage which experience has shown to be on the whole, and under the present circumstances of English society, most favourable to Liberal opinions, he was completely master of the government, and but for a split in his own party on a

purely economical question, of which advantage was taken for the purpose of a personal intrigue, there can be no doubt that he would have retained power to the end of his life, and transmitted it to the group of Conservative statesmen which he had formed around him. There has never been a time since 1846 at which Conservatism, on fundamental questions, was not predominant among the classes which practically elected the House of Commons; there has never been a time, in other words, on which there would not have been a large majority against any serious organic change or anything seriously affecting the ascendancy of wealth. The Whigs were Conservatives; they showed it as soon as the touchstone was applied, by the appearance of a decided Liberal at the head of the party in the person of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Palmerston's administration was Conservative, with just a sufficient semblance of Liberalism on secondary questions to render tenable the moral position of the left wing, and prevent a disruption of the party. To the Conservatives who assisted in overthrowing Sir Robert Peel, Liberals owe it that Liberalism enjoyed for a quarter of a century all the advantages and encouragement which ostensible possession of the government affords; that secondary and administrative questions were still usually decided in a Liberal sense; and, above all, that the people of Europe generally, when they turned their eyes towards the nation which they had been accustomed to regard as their leader in the march of progress, still saw the Liberal flag floating over England. Peel's Government had been the centre of European Conservatism: the existence of the Conservative Monarchy in France especially had been intimately bound up with it, and the French King had been personally influenced by the sage counsels of the English chief. In all that European Liberalism has gained since 1848, including the overthrow of that great power of European repression—the Austrian despotism, and the conversion of France into a Republic—we may trace, mingling with other elements, the effects of the break-up of the English Conservative party in 1846.

The Liberal tenure of power under these conditions, though fortified by the superior ability of the administrators of whom Conservatism had also made Liberalism a present when it deposed Peel, was evidently precarious. It depended among other things upon the continuance to the Whig houses of the consideration for which, the impulse of 1832 having been spent and Fox forgotten, they consented still to remain within the Liberal lines—that is, the possession of the leadership and the lion's share of the great offices of State. History has now let us into the secrets of the Aberdeen Government, and shown us what were the feelings of the Whigs towards a Liberal Cabinet in which they had only half the power. To their restlessness on that occasion we may be said partly to owe the Crimean War.

It was enough, therefore, that the leadership had passed into the hands of Mr. Gladstone, who is not a Whig but a Liberal in politics, with a genuine popular fibre, while even his ecclesiastical Conservatism, though it weakens his hold upon thorough-going Liberals, and estranges him from some of those who would politically be his heartiest supporters, is of a kind which forms no bond of union with the Whigs, but the reverse, the heirs of the grantees of the Church lands being Low Church Establishmentarians by a tradition which has become a part of Whig nature. Moreover, the Disestablishment of the Church in Ireland exhausted the programme of Whig reform put forth in 1832; in other words, the list of changes compatible with the continuance of aristocracy and aristocratic government. The Irish Land Act went beyond the programme, but one may do anything in Ireland. A train of Liberal measures began to loom in view, and the language of the leader and of some members of the Cabinet was such as could not fail to breed panic in Whig minds. The Duke of Somerset sounded the signal for a schism in tones of personal emotion mingled with political alarm. A member of an aristocracy gifted at once with the insight clearly to discern into what age of the world he has been born, and with the largeness of soul to feel that the voice of a higher nobility bids him cast in his lot with humanity, and contribute whatever of influence aristocracy retains to the constitution of the rational authority which must rule the future, is a being not unexampled but necessarily rare. As a rule privilege must produce its natural effect. At the last general election the non-official Whigs for the most part withdrew their support from the Liberal chief; some of them broke into open hostility; and one Whig member of the out-going Government not only criticized his late leader with startling asperity, but offered marked homage to the leader of the enemy. Those Whigs, including the most eminent, who stood firm, may be said to have been tried by fire.

Other causes, however, both general and special, conspired with the Whig secession, at the time of the last general election, to turn the balance against the Liberal party.

For several years before there had been a vast and unparalleled rush of wealth into the country. This produced its natural effect upon the spirit of the people. It doubled the love of pleasure, the taste for display, the passion for games, shows, luxury, and excitement of all kinds; in the same proportion it turned men's minds from political thought, rendered them indisposed to serious effort of any but the commercial kind, and made them impatient of the "earnestness" which sat on the brow of the Liberal chief. Reform naturally seemed needless and unseasonable when everybody was growing rich. To make money and to enjoy it was the desire

of the hour. All other aspirations fell for the time comparatively into abeyance. History is familiar with such epochs, in which a man having dined heartily wants to play at cards or to go to the theatre, not to turn his mind to his own future, much less to that of his race. Paternal despots well know the use of pleasure as an antidote to political thought, and the mental condition of England four years ago presented something like a spontaneous illustration of the policy of Vienna in former days, or of the French Empire. It is now generally accepted as a fact, about which enlightened men can have no doubt, that the old doctrines about the tendency of great wealth to interfere with our general aspirations are the gloomy reveries of Oriental asceticism, discarded by social science. But the phenomena of plutocratic society suggest that beneath the forms of Oriental hyperbole and the exaggerations of pulpit oratory to which they have given rise, there may still be a certain measure of truth. High social effort appears to belong to periods in which there is opulence sufficient to lift the mind above sordid and brutalizing necessities, but not sufficient to engross the heart.

With the increase of riches and of the desire of them, came, necessarily, a corresponding increase of the direct influence of wealth, which is almost universally Conservative, in the elections. Boroughs no longer openly put themselves up to sale as one of them did in the last century; but they pretty frankly proclaim that no one need be a candidate who is not able to spend money in the constituency; and it may be doubted whether constant "nursing" is not at least as subversive of political virtue as occasional bribery. The general election of 1868 was on the surface a great Liberal victory; but those who looked below the surface could not fail to see that it was above all things a victory of wealth. Almost all the good nominations, even on the Liberal side, were appropriated to rich men, while young men of ability and promise, but without wealth, were thrust away to forlorn hopes, where, though some of them fought gallantly, they inevitably succumbed to local power. English millionaires had no objection to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and as that was the popular measure of the hour they were ready to pledge themselves to it for the sake of obtaining their seats; but on other questions they remained millionaires. What Carthage may have been, we cannot tell; but with that possible exception, there has surely never been so complete a plutocracy as England at the present hour. To be able to spend money has become an important condition even of ecclesiastical popularity. We call the dollar almighty, but any one who knew both communities would say, we believe, that the compliment was as well deserved by the pound. In England and America the Anglo-Saxon temperament is much the same; but in America they have not had such a tidal

wave of wealth as we had in England during the decade preceding 1874, nor does money command so much power and worship, because there are comparatively few poor.

Not only is the House of Commons being monopolized by wealth, it is being monopolized by local wealth; it is rapidly falling a prey in fact to the localism which, even without plutocracy, fatally lowers the character of the House of Representatives in the United States, and renders it very inferior to the Senate, the members of which are elected from the area of a whole State. A borough which had two seats used to give one at least to a national politician; now local millionaires take both. Commercial magnates desire seats in Parliament on social if not on political grounds. Still more, perhaps, do their families. The writer was once present when the representation of a certain borough was under discussion. One of the party said that the seat was already bespoken by a local millionaire whom he named. "But does he know anything about politics?" "No." "Does he care anything about politics?" "No." "Then why does he want the seat?" "He does not want it." "Then why does he take it?" "Because his wife does." The result is not only the limitation of the House to a class, but the decadence of the House itself. Nobody now reads the debates. The popular newspapers care to report them only in the most condensed form. In truth few of the speeches rise above the level of the editorials in a local journal. Even in the conduct of ordinary business, for which the chairmen of quarter sessions and the leaders of commerce might be supposed to be well trained, everybody notes a decline; and the present session is running almost to waste. A mere lieutenant is thought eminent enough to lead the once august senate of Pitt, Canning, and Peel. Speaker Denison, who witnessed the beginning of this change, and saw the dearth of rising statesmanship which it created, mournfully declared that he did not know who was to govern the country in the next generation. The person to whom he spoke suggested that when the need called the men would appear. "You remind me," said the Speaker, "of Palmerston's answer when he was told that there was no occasion for a large standing army to resist French invasion, because if the French landed the people would rise as one man. 'Yes,' was Palmerston's reply, 'and they would be knocked down again as one man.'" Unless you have statesmen trained in the lower places, the Speaker proceeded to say, you will have none fit to take the higher places: statesmanship cannot be improvised. To the Liberal party this localism is especially injurious; not only because the Liberal party depends more on personal talent and less on social influence than its opponents, but because the aristocracy have a sufficient sense of their corporate interest to provide their abler men with seats. The

localising tendency is apparently on the increase, and on the Liberal side of the House of Commons it seems likely to close every door against political ability and knowledge, however great, if they are unsupported by wealth and local connection.

In commerce there is a sort of double tendency. Commercial cities are active-minded, and therefore usually Liberal; witness Florence, Ghent, Manchester, Birmingham, Marseilles. But commercial men are politically timid because they fear the effect of political change in disturbing trade. The latter tendency certainly predominated in 1874.

No one, however anti-theological in his speculations for the future, can doubt with regard to the past that, as a matter of historic fact, political effort in this country has been closely connected with a religious desire for the improvement of society; and that this desire has manifested itself in a marked degree among the Protestant Nonconformists and the section of the Established Church most nearly identified with them in doctrine and religious character. Puritanism, in short, has, under a succession of phases, been the mainspring of political progress since the Reformation, as the purer and stricter Catholicism which animated the party of Grostestc and Simon de Montfort was in the political era which gave birth to the Great Charter and to the House of Commons. Of late, from a mixture of causes, intellectual and material, the religious sentiment has been losing ground, and its decay tells specially against the Nonconformist Churches, which, having no State support, are sustained solely by popular conviction. The Established Church, on the other hand, has for the time actually gained strength by the decline of religion: because it has received, as a political institution Conservative in tendency and opposed to religious enthusiasm, the support of the section, now a large one, of the wealthy and educated class, which is at once Conservative and sceptical. This fact is being constantly brought in the most forcible way under the notice of readers of such Conservative journals as the *Pall Mall Gazette*. New bishoprics are even being created under the auspices of ministers about whose personal relations to Christianity their writings leave no room for doubt; and churches are being built and endowed in all directions by donors whose motives, if they could be analysed, would probably be found in many cases to be rather social and political than religious. Lord Beaconsfield prides himself on having, by the help of his *residuum*, destroyed the political influence of the Nonconformists. The implied compliment to the Nonconformists is deserved; but the effect is due mainly to causes independent of the strategy of Lord Beaconsfield.

Science, there can be no doubt, is essentially on the Liberal side; but ultra-physical theories have produced for the moment a sort of

fatalism, which extends to the political sphere, and damps effort by suggesting that everything must be left to evolution. This spirit is subtle, but its presence is clearly descernible, especially in what used to be the literary organs of the Liberal party.

Again, the political union which had long been in progress between the territorial aristocracy and the aristocracy of commerce, had before the last general election become complete. For a long time the two aristocracies had been held apart, not only by the pride of the territorial aristocrats, but by the material question of the Corn Laws. Protection is now a jest to those who made a stalking-horse of it in 1846, and the pride of the territorial aristocracy has stooped to the necessary alliance with wealth, even the wealth of the cotton-spinner; while the cotton-spinner, unless he be a very true nobleman of labour, has succumbed to the fascinations of titular rank, and aspires to a place in its social circle. The combination produces a tremendous money power, with a close social organization, and the influence of rank and title superadded; and the wonder is not that everything has for the moment given way before such a force, but that anything makes a stand against it.

Then there was the Conservative working man, laboriously organized and wound up by skilful managers to marvellous enthusiasm in the Tory interest. What makes a Conservative is obvious enough. Lord Derby has told us that he "does not preach the gospel of getting on." It is a saying worthy to be recorded with the Duke of Norfolk's "pinch of curry-powder," or the advice of the French Princess to her father's famishing subjects, rather than starve to live on cake. But what makes a Conservative working man seems at first sight a question not so easy to answer. Why should people belonging, for the most part, to the class to which the existing social system is least kind, desire to shut the door of hope upon themselves. Probably the main answer is that given by Dr. Johnson to the lady who asked the reason of his strange definition of *pastern*. "Ignorance, madam, ignorance." Ignorance with a little beer. To popular education and temperance Liberals must look for a beneficial change in the political tendencies of these masses; though the precarious nature of the Tory hold over them, and the liability of the engineer to be hoist with his own petard, were shown in the election of Dr. Kenealy. In the meantime, the alliance with the residuum, like the alliance with beer, places the Tories morally in the most assailable position, and justly arrays against them the self-respect and enlightened patriotism in the nation. It is difficult to see how a party could commit more manifest treason against the commonweal, than by deliberately organizing ignorance to crush the intelligence and the industrial worth of the country; and this after entering every kind of protest against

any extension of the franchise, on the ground that it would place political power in unfit hands. There is literally nothing in the history of American demagogism, bad as during certain periods it has been, parallel to the conduct of the Tory aristocracy respecting the franchise in 1867. Nor has any American demagogue ever reached such a pitch of cynicism as to avow that, to turn his minority into a practical majority, he was taking a leap in the dark with the most vital interests of the country. In short, it is very difficult for a privileged order, threatened as privileged orders always must be by the progress of opinion, to avoid becoming a conspiracy against the nation.

If the residuum was actuated by any intelligible motive in voting for the Tories, that motive probably was a jealousy of the superior class of artisans and of the power of the trade unions. There can indeed be little doubt that the hope of bringing this jealousy into play for their own advantage had great weight in inducing the Tory leaders to adopt both household suffrage and the ballot. When the less skilled workman goes to the poll against the more skilled, it is needless to say who profits by the quarrel. The trade unions have unquestionably been guilty of errors, and occasionally of worse than errors, in various directions; though their blackest offences compared with such things as class wars and opium treaties, do not seem so very black. No doubt in their dealings with non-unionists they have often provoked just resentment. But no artisan who has eyes to see can really doubt that they have done great things for his order. Apart from the questions of which the pure economist is the judge, the effect of combinations and strikes on wages and production, it is undeniable that the unions have made labour a power. They have redeemed it from that state of semi-serfdom into which when wholly unorganized it is apt to fall, and which was the lot of the agricultural labourer till yesterday; and they now stand between it and the danger of a relapse into the same condition. For the Factory Acts and other measures protecting labour against the overweening power of capital, which might be adduced to prove the needlessness of trade unions, were carried by the landowners, then at feud with the manufacturers about the corn laws and jealous of their rising opulence. The landowner and the capitalist have now made up their quarrel, and the great fact that their interests are identical has thoroughly penetrated their minds; so that the artisan must help himself, or there will be no Providence to help him. When all due deductions have been made, no small measure of gratitude will still be due from the whole of the working classes to the humble but not ignoble statesmanship which has formed these organizations, worked out their rules and kept them, in spite of their obvious liabilities, so well on the whole within the bounds

of law through a series of conflicts the exciting character of which may be measured by the fury with which the landowners, in spite of all the restraints of education and high-breeding, assailed the repealer of the corn laws. In the hour of Liberal defeat the artisans who compose the unions have for the most part stood firm as granite; they and the political Nonconformist, the Old Guard of English liberty.

At the last election another withdrawal from the Liberal ranks took place besides that of the Whigs, though in the opposite quarter. The secession of the Roman Catholics to the side of political reaction had been long coming, and at length it came. They were fain to act with the Liberals, in spite of growing dissonances about national education and the temporal power of the Pope, so long as there were Catholic grievances to be redressed and Catholic disabilities to be repealed. But the list was closed by the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland, and Roman Catholicism then yielded to its natural bias. Of the Irish Roman Catholics the greater part were wafted by the cross currents of the Irish atmosphere into Home Rule; and the "Conservative Home Ruler" was added to the curiosities of the political museum. The Liberal party, while it lost the Roman Catholic votes, retained, in the minds of Protestants, the taint of the Roman Catholic alliance, which was aggravated by the Ritualistic connections of the Liberal chief. There is no use in saying hard things about the Church of mediæval Christendom, whose past services every enlightened man acknowledges, whose present position every enlightened man understands, whose approaching doom every enlightened man foresees. But throughout the world she is constrained by overwhelming necessity to cast in her lot with political reaction. All attempts to cut her loose from the past and set her afloat on the rising tide of the future, though made by men of genius, have ended in total failure. It is only wonderful that a few Montalemberts and Lacordaires should still, in the face of the Syllabus and the Encyclical, cling to the generous illusion that it is possible to reconcile political liberty with the absolute submission of the soul. Between Rome and Liberalism can be no fellowship. For the loss of the Roman Catholic vote in Ireland, some compensation may, perhaps, be found in the Protestant North, which seems inclined to draw towards the Liberal side. But of an alliance with Roman Catholicism there must be no thought among Liberals any more.

With Home Rule the relations of Liberalism are more complicated, because there is in Home Rule a sentiment with which all Liberals must sympathise, however firmly opposed they may be on grounds of policy to anything tending to a severance of the Union; not to mention that the movement is entitled to their consideration as the inevitable product of ages of Tory misgovernment, the effect of which

on the hearts of a people is not to be cancelled in an hour. To the present writer it has always appeared that it would be found necessary to make some concession to patriotic feeling in Ireland; but that the best concession would be not a separate set of central institutions for Ireland, which would inevitably lead to discord and ultimately to disruption, but a measure of decentralization for the three kingdoms at once, leaving the supreme authority intact in the united Parliament, but relieving it of the mass of subordinate business which now clogs the wheels of legislation, and, perhaps, also of certain questions which from the local differences of circumstance and religion might be more readily and happily solved by local assemblies than by the central legislature.

Like the Roman Catholics, the Jews followed the Liberal camp so long as they had disabilities to be removed. When no material disability remained, they began to gravitate towards the party of wealth. It was natural that they should do so. Judaism, apart from Asian mysteries and rhapsodies, is simply a surviving relic of the primeval world. It is a tribal religion, the greatest and most memorable of the group; but still a tribal religion, from which the spiritual and universal element has disengaged itself in the form of Christianity, leaving, with a tribal god, a tribal law of morality far better than other tribal laws, yet clearly enough belonging to the ages before humanity. Such a survival cannot be expected to have much sympathy with progress, while, as a money power, its natural tendencies are obviously plutocratic. The election of a Jew Conservative was one of the events of 1873. He declared himself an advocate of religious education, though he might have found some difficulty in arranging with the bishops the form of religion to be taught in schools.

Conquest and the means by which the conquered were held in submission have always exercised a retributive influence on the political character of the conquerors. They have not failed to do so in the case of England. There is in certain quarters a visible decline of the two great Liberal sentiments—the love of justice and the love of humanity. We saw this plainly enough in the Jamaica case, which showed a marked change of feeling in England, both as to constitutional right and as to the sanctity of human life, since the time of Wilberforce, Burke, and Pitt. Language is now held in some organs of the party of aggrandisement which would probably have shocked the more liberal and humane among the Romans. Mr. Gladstone thunders against the Bulgarian atrocities apparently without perceiving that there are a good many people for whom cruelty, perpetrated for the maintenance of arbitrary power, or in the supposed interest of England, has lost much of its horror. Owing mainly, perhaps, to the influx of wealth and the stimulus

imparted by it to the national sense of power and the national pride, there has been of late years a remarkable revival of the spirit of aggrandisement, which, among other proofs of its ascendancy over the minds of statesmen, has suggested the addition of a fine imitation gem, in the shape of the title of Empress of India, to the crown of Alfred and the Edwards. Unless this spirit abates, the prospects not only of Liberalism, but even of liberty, are somewhat dark. The law of moral reaction is inflexible; and it is hard to say what may be the ultimate results of its operation. One natural result of the system of aggrandisement is to give birth to a number of adventurers burning for new enterprises, who make it their business, on every critical occasion, to stimulate the passion for empire, and to denounce moderation as cowardice and treason. It has been said that England is a great Mahommedan power; under the present auspices she is in a fair way to become so.

Another influence adverse to Liberalism was the panic created by the doings of the Commune, which had hardly died away at the time of the last general election. It is the more important to note this because it shows that if the French Liberals act well at the present crisis, and gain a constitutional victory, their success will help us all.

Such in the main were the more general influences which operated against Liberalism in the election of 1873. Besides these, there were the harassed interests—above all that of the publican. Considering that the Liberal Government had merely cut off an hour from the drinking at night, a simple measure of moral police, involving no attack upon the trade, and welcome, it is understood, to the more respectable of the tavern-keepers themselves, who do not want to have their houses made the scenes of drunkenness and brawls, the vengeance taken by the licensed victuallers was a startling proof at once of their temper and of their power. Their power, organized as they are, and systematically pushing as they do the influence of drink into every corner of the land—into every spot where two or three cottages arise—must be held to present a very formidable aspect. Even those who recoil most from sumptuary legislation, and most decidedly prefer the natural action of the moral forces, may find themselves constrained to support the permissive movement as the only hope of mancipation from the political yoke of beer.

The clergy had been specially exasperated and alarmed by the disestablishment of the Irish Church. But it would be expecting a contradiction in nature to suppose that an Established Church, especially one of the hierarchical type, can ever be otherwise than reactionary in politics. An Established Church is a creature of privilege, and subsists by a stationary creed; in both respects it

feels itself threatened by progress. If this has hitherto been less manifest in the case of the Church of Scotland than in the case of the Church of England, it is because the Church of Scotland has happened to agree closely with the belief and temper of a very logical but not very speculative nation; so that the Church and the nation have in Scotland been almost one. In England the history of the Established Church from the time of Elizabeth has been a continual struggle, thrice carried to the length of kindling a civil war, against the political progress of the nation. Those excellent men who deprecate disestablishment on religious grounds forget that the Church is not only a religious but a political power, and that in its political capacity it always has come, and always must come, into collision with the progressive party. The conflict with it cannot be evaded. At the last general election it had the misfortune to go to the poll with beer; not, assuredly, that any clergyman wished to protect intemperance; but that when you are once in the camp of reaction you find yourself led to battle against improvement of all kinds. On this occasion the political character and motives of the clergy were brought into full relief by the contrast between the religious position of the Liberal leader, a sincere High Churchman, and that of his Tory rival, whose palpable attempts, with his "Maundy Thursday" letters and solemn appearances at Church celebrations, to use, for the purpose of his tactics, a clergy at whose pious ardour he laughs in his sleeve, ought, it would be supposed, to arm against him whatever of religious self-respect may linger in their hearts. But we had all this before in the time of Sacheverel and Bolingbroke.

The army had been harassed by army reform and the civil service by economy; both, perhaps, by the renunciation of that policy of aggrandisement which, whatever it may cost the nation, is good for the trade of the soldier and the administrator. Journals of great ability gave expression to the resentment of the civil service and especially to its almost frantic hatred of the Liberal Prime Minister; while military men all over the country worked against the Government as electioneering agents with an effect out of proportion to their numbers. A moral may be drawn in both cases as to the operation of the party system, which enables a Government office to punish frugality in the Government, and military malcontents to visit a minister with the penalty of dismissal for introducing into the army reforms now admitted to have been essential to the safety of the nation.

Of course there had also been errors on the part of the Government: all governments commit errors, which are remembered against them at the elections, while their good deeds are forgotten, especially if the errors affect individuals, while the good deeds only affect the

public. Economy itself, though honest, was hardly in season at a time when the nation was overflowing with wealth. It is alleged also that dangers of a personal kind to which a Liberal party, full of individuality and individual aspirations, is more exposed than a party bound together by interest and satisfied individually if the collective interest is secured, had not been studied, or had not been studied with success. But, perhaps, the most conspicuous and damaging miscarriage was in the case of the Alabama treaty. It is true that it was hard upon the Liberal Government to have to eat the leek which Tory friends of slavery had planted. It is true also, that the leek had to be eaten or much worse would have happened, and that Lord Derby's treaty with Reverdy Johnson would have come practically to the same thing as the treaty concluded by Lord Granville. Still it must be admitted that the matter was not happily managed, and a needless wound was inflicted upon the pride of the nation. The Fenian claim, if it was to be brought forward at all, ought surely to have been pressed, and the indirect claims ought to have been more promptly rejected. It was also a weak measure to take a commissioner from the ranks of the Opposition, with the apparent view of disarming parliamentary criticism, and the result was wholly unfortunate. The way to compel the Opposition to concur in the necessity of atoning for their own acts, and thus to place the responsibility of the humiliation on the right shoulders, was, if at all, by some resolution or vote of the House of Commons.

Finally, the dissolution itself was manifestly a false move, so far as the interest of the party was concerned. To go to the country because at the moment you doubt your popularity, is a step which the most obvious rules of strategy condemn, and which no rule of public morality requires. The popular mood changes from day to day, and a minister ought to say to himself that his policy is founded on right principles, and that if it does not commend itself to the people to-day it will commend itself to-morrow. The promise of a reduction of taxation, besides being questionable in point of dignity, was sure to be ineffective; because the people knew that, there being a large surplus, whichever party was in power taxation must be reduced. On the other hand, we must do justice to Mr. Gladstone. His position, after his defeat on the Irish University Bill, was a very equivocal and a very trying one. As a man indifferent to mere office, and caring for power only so long as he could carry his measures, he might well say that he was resolved to ascertain, without further delay, what he had behind him, and whether he was the leader of a majority in Parliament or not. Certainly no right of upbraiding him can be claimed by those who, on a question so secondary as the mode of teaching history in an Irish University,

when they might have discharged themselves of responsibility by a strong declaration of opinion, chose, by a coalition with the Tories, to give a fatal blow to the Liberal Government, and take England out of the line of Liberal nations. What have they done, what could they believe themselves capable of doing, to make up for the injury inflicted on their cause? They could not form a government; and they could hardly dream that Lord Beaconsfield, having got into power by their help, would remain under their influence and carry out their policy, even with regard to the teaching of history in the Irish University. That they acted conscientiously, no one doubts; but we repeat they can cast no stone at the Liberal chief.

There are some who fancy that the Liberal party was ruined by want of organization, and Mr. Gladstone in one of his speeches at Birmingham seemed to fall in with this view. The absence of organization on the Liberal side and its presence on the other side were indeed conspicuous on the eve of the election; they struck so forcibly the mind of an old adherent of the party who happened to be revisiting England after a long absence, that he could not help addressing to one of the Liberal leaders a letter of warning, which, however, had hardly been penned when the dissolution burst upon us. But if it was a mistake not to organize, it would be a still more fatal mistake to ascribe too much to organization and to carry it to excess. Mere organization, without the spontaneous enthusiasm produced by great and animating objects will soon assume the guise of coercion; a recoil will be provoked; the machinery will break up and the latter end will be much worse than the first. Some political organization a Liberal party must have to put it on a par with the stringent social organization by which a plutocracy, especially a landowning plutocracy, represses all independence in its own body, and which renders the action of the Tory phalanx in the House of Commons as mechanical as that of a regiment; but organization should never be carried anywhere near the verge of tyranny, nor should it ever be used as a substitute for spontaneous forces, but only as the means of bringing them to bear.

This leads us to the practical questions, Is it desirable that the Liberal party in Parliament should be reorganized; and, if so, How is this to be done? The second question belongs to the leaders of the party. One or two remarks may, perhaps, without presumption be made upon the first.

Among the morals deducible from these events appear to us to be the equivocal character of the party system generally, and the impossibility of looking to party as a permanent organ of government or of progress. People must combine of course in politics, as in other fields of action, to carry a certain point, or to combat a particular evil; but this is a totally different thing from a standing

division of the commonwealth into two parties perpetually contending for the government. We have learned from recent experience, among other things, that in the struggle of parties individual intelligence, independence of mind, and the absence of any community of class interest, are decided sources of weakness, while no party is so strong in proportion to its numbers as that of which a class interest is the bond. Obviously this is the very reverse of that which is required by the interest of the commonweal. It may almost be said that the Liberal party has lost strength from the increase of Liberalism; since its compactness in Parliament has been destroyed by the increase of independence of mind, which is the basis of the Liberal character and the primary article of the Liberal creed. Party has so far been in England the instrument, apparently indispensable, of the organic changes by which progress has been made from feudalism towards democracy. In nations where those changes are complete, and which have fully entered the democratic era, there is urgent need of devising some mode of carrying on government more consistent with reason and morality than the perpetual contest of factions, every additional hour of which is a fresh injury done to the political character of the people.

But England is in a different position. Here the people are under the necessity of dealing with a dominant class which, having by mere hereditary possession of the land drawn to itself, without labour, an enormous share of the fruits of industry, is now trying, and with no small hope of success, again to engross the government of the country. This class, as we have said, forms a party, spontaneously organized by social connection, and making an unlimited use of artificial organization, by means of agents and political clubs, among masses over which the better influences have little power. At present of course its action is cautious and tentative: it even affects a certain kind of Liberalism, especially when there is a chance of conciliating the proletariat, in which it has found a new ally; it, in fact, plays the demagogue, like the late Emperor of the French, that in the end it may crush democracy. But once let it be firmly seated in power, and see the Liberal opposition melt away, and it will speedily begin to act in accordance with its nature, and to pursue the objects which oligarchies have always pursued. Sympathy, invariably displayed with every despotism and every reactionary power in other countries—tributes to Bomba, Alabamas launched in support of American slavery, enthusiasm in the cause of the Turk—are unmistakable signs of the inherent tendency of the Tory party. To prevent that tendency from prevailing in English legislation and diplomacy, to make good the ground which progress has won, and at the same time to rescue the Government as far as possible from the hands of a class, and restore it as far as possible to the nation,

are objects for which all shades of Liberals may combine in England as naturally and honestly as all opponents of reaction in France may combine against the reactionary attempt of the Duc de Broglie. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the Liberal party in Parliament, and however unsatisfactory to thorough-going Liberals may have been the conduct and bearing of some of its leaders, it was at all events national, not sectional; and if it did little in the way of progress, it could do nothing in the way of reaction.

We have throughout called the party now in power the Tory party: such is the name emphatically given it by its founder, who used to sneer at Conservatism as implying a tame and unromantic moderation, and has always avowed himself an admirer and imitator of the Jacobite Bolingbroke. His ideal is "a generous aristocracy round a real throne." In other words he wants to revive personal government, and to effect that object he employs a whole vocabulary of what Mr. Bright called bombastic servility, culminating in the adoption from Whitaker's Almanac of the title of Empress of India. This is for the "real throne" while the "generous aristocracy" is stimulated by a liberal issue of tinsel in the way of titles through the various grades from the ducal down to the colonial. All this would be pretty harmless; at least the only serious part of it would be that England should have been placed in a position to be the table for such a game. But by no means harmless is the tendency, under the mask of assiduous flattery, to depress the House of Commons, and to deprive it as much as possible of its control over the diplomatic action of the Government and the general concerns of the Empire. This tendency was betrayed in the early stages of the Eastern question, and in the purchase of the Suez Canal shares without the consent of Parliament. Probably the conversion of India into an Empire is at least as much connected with a desire of giving an extra-parliamentary character to the great dependency, as with the policy of shaking our fists in the face of Russia.

Close at hand is the great, we may say the tremendous, question as to the annexation of Egypt, which will draw with it the question as to the annexation of Crete, perhaps of Syria, and, if decided in the affirmative, commit England to the policy of aggrandisement on a larger and more perilous scale. Is this question to be settled by a minister who evidently dotes on the grandiose when Parliament has risen and without the assent of the Great Council of the nation? The answer will probably depend upon the strength of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and the determination with which that strength is exerted in asserting the principle of Parliamentary control. On the part of the Minister for Foreign Affairs,

who must specially share the responsibility of any aggressive and sensational policy abroad, there is probably no personal proneness to stretches of power; but we have seen clearly enough that the Minister for Foreign Affairs is but clay in the hands of the potter.

The suffrage question, again, which appears likely before long to be once more brought to a head by the movement among the labourers, will be one urgently calling for the vigilant and united action of a Liberal opposition. In default of that check there may be another, and, perhaps, an irreversible settlement of the franchise in the interest of the Tory aristocracy and against the interest of the nation.

What is, perhaps, more serious than all is that Neo-Toryism, through its whole course, from the Coercion Bill intrigue of 1846, in which it was born, down to the Suffrage Bill intrigue of 1867, has never ceased to exhibit a cynical tendency with regard to political morality, and that its success is instilling this cynicism into the rising generation.

Thorough-going Liberals say, 'What is the use of patching up a hollow alliance with the Whigs, who are Conservatives at heart, who will not go with us on such questions as Disestablishment, and who probably dislike us more than they do the Tories? What is the use of masking irreconcilable differences with paper programmes, or of forming an army of which one wing or other is sure to break off as soon as the word is given to advance? Surely it is better at once to touch earth, to form a Liberal party that shall be held together by a genuine bond, and, however small it may be at first in numbers, shall be strong in union and in hopes.' It is impossible to deny that there is much reason in this view; and equally impossible to deny that such things as the Education measure of the late Government, and its author's election for Bradford by Tory votes, are not to be easily effaced from Liberal minds. We may add that, unless our observation has greatly misled us, a thorough-going—even a very thorough-going—Liberal party, boldly hoisting its flag, and avowing its principles without reserve, would find itself much stronger in the country than is commonly supposed. At the last election, while the day went hard with Liberals in general, it did not go so hard with the Extreme Left; even those who lay more or less under the suspicion of Republicanism, gained or held seats by good majorities in the midst of general defeat. A Democratic party, coming fairly into line with the other divisions of the party throughout Europe, and striving in concert with them to bring about the ascendancy of popular and industrial interests in government, the reduction of standing armies, and a reign of peace, would have strong attractions for the more intelligent of the working classes in this country. Those classes, when the

objects presented to them by Liberal chiefs are of secondary importance, remote from their practical interests, and at the same time devoid of anything that can strike their imaginations, are sometimes led away by the lures which Tory wire-pullers know how to use. But a really bold and beneficent policy, advocated by men whose ability they respect and whose disinterestedness they trust, seems to command the allegiance of their hearts, and they are not to be cowed by the disapprobation of good society, nor to be frightened by mere names.

On the other hand, we are confronted by the pressing need of a strong Parliamentary opposition for the purposes above mentioned, and for the general purposes of Parliament. Whatever may be thought of the party system, this is certain, that a party government without a strong opposition is of all things the most insufferable; it is a despotism impervious to epigrams and untempered by the bowstring. Nor is the difficulty of holding together in opposition so great as that of holding together in power, because an opposition is not under the necessity of initiating measures upon which its different sections are not agreed. We will venture to add that we can see no use in the practice, most common on the Liberal side, of bringing forward annually motions which weaken the party by aggravating its divisions, and which the movers know can be carried only by Tory aid: in other words, can be carried only if they commend themselves to the Tory leaders as likely to be injurious to the Liberal cause. The questions themselves are not really advanced by being made annual bores, though there is a superstitious belief that they are, founded on the eventual success which, in certain cases, has been brought about by some other cause. Without the events which converted Peel, Mr. Villiers's annual motion for the repeal of the Corn Laws might be an annual motion still.

Those who wish to deal frankly and fearlessly with the great political problems, which together with great religious and social problems are looming in the immediate future, will probably, for the most part, find a more appropriate sphere outside the House of Commons. In the House it is hardly possible at best to obtain a seat without compliances and compromises very adverse to freedom of speculation, besides the difficulty of contending against the tremendous power which wealth and social influence can bring to bear on the constituencies once in every seven years. The plutocratic exclusiveness of the House of Commons is in fact giving birth, by way of corrective, to a kind of extra-parliamentary statesmanship, acting through the various organs which form opinion, and in which Burke, Canning, Macintosh, and Horner, if they were now living, could probably find their sphere. Democracy cannot hope to achieve a final triumph till it is presented to the nation not only in the guise

of general tendencies, and these connected in the imagination of the peace-loving and property-holding classes with sinister memories of anarchic violence, but as a clearly defined organization of society for the good of all on the basis of reason and morality, with securities against anarchy as well as against reaction, against popular passion as well as against oligarchic privilege. This will take time; and if the interval in England could be filled, not with a reign of Neo-Tory intrigue, threatening English liberty and corrupting political character, but by an honest Conservative Government, loyal to political morality, devoting itself to administrative reform, and merely putting off organic change till difficult problems had been worked out, we should hardly rank this among the great calamities of history.

We cannot conclude without once more reminding English Liberals that they are not acting by themselves or in their own interest alone, but as a section of a European party, bound to consider the consequences of what they do to the Liberal cause in all nations.

On the other hand, though it is not pleasant for Englishmen to have to say it, the Liberals of other countries must be careful how they take England as their guiding star and the measure of their hopes and efforts for some time to come. The conditions under which she became the leader of political progress have been greatly changed; changed economically and socially by the enormous influx of wealth which has given birth to a colossal plutocracy, changed politically by the acquisition of a vast empire, the government of which, so far as India and the other subject dependencies are concerned, is necessarily conducted on principles opposed to those on which free institutions rest. It could not be expected that political character, even the strongest and the most confirmed, would be entirely proof against influences so potent. The advantage now lies with countries in which the increase of wealth has not been so prodigious, so sudden, or so uneven; and which, having no conquered dependencies to govern, have nothing to perplex their public morality and to interfere with their perfect allegiance to the principles of freedom. England has done great things for humanity in the political sphere. It may now be the turn of some other nation to take up the illustrious burden, and to play for a time the leading part.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

BRITISH INTERESTS IN THE PRESENT CRISIS.

In all things we ought in the first place to ask ourselves what is desirable. It is indispensable that we should settle clearly the end that we seek, before looking out for means. Yet this is what people constantly neglect to do in economic and political speculations. In politics it is ordinarily understood that what men pursue is the prosperity, greatness, and triumph of their country, without being concerned over-much as to what is required by justice and the good of humanity. Thus patriotism wills it. Read what is written at this moment in England upon the European crisis. It is taken as a matter of course that everything conformable to what are called English interests is legitimate, and to be preserved at all costs; all that is contrary to these interests is detestable, and ought to be resolutely and absolutely combated. Go to Russia, to France, to Germany; you will everywhere hear similar language. Yet if the interests of these different countries are at variance, it cannot be that they are all equally legitimate. Which of them are most so? Of what nation is the triumph most desirable? To decide such questions, we must raise ourselves above national prejudices and the narrow views of patriotism, and inquire in a disinterested way what is the country whose influence is most useful to the progress of humanity. In my opinion, that country at the present moment is England.

England represents in the world better than any other power the principles of political liberty and commercial freedom, the parliamentary system, industrial genius—in a word, the ideas and the inventions that are at the root of the amelioration of the human lot. England has founded in America and Australia colonies that are already, or will become, powerful empires. She has administered to admiration the countries that she possesses or possessed—Canada, the Cape, India, the Ionian Islands. If she could annex all Europe, or have it ruled by British governors, there is no doubt that the countries of Europe would be more prosperous and better governed than they are now. I believe, then, very firmly, that the interest of England is conformable to the interest of humanity. Having that conviction, I am able to place myself in these pages at the highest point of view, without at the same time running the risk of being blinded by patriotism.

This much being understood, let us see what in the present crisis are the interests of England? Ought England to uphold Ottoman administration, and so to keep under a detested and cruel yoke the

people of the Balkan Peninsula? Mr. Courtney answered this question in the Fortnightly Review[1] and in his place in Parliament with luminous and decisive arguments. You may declare war against Russia, and, perhaps, reduce her to seek peace as in 1854. What you cannot do is to hinder the speedy and inevitable decay and end of Ottoman power. To give to that power vigour and life is an economic impossibility. As well try to bring leaves from a dead trunk, or to resuscitate a corpse. English interest, then, is to have constituted in Turkey independent Christian states, federated if possible, and having no longer anything to fear from the Turk.

But, it is said, these states will not be allowed to follow a policy of their own; they will necessarily become the auxiliaries of Russia; see what is now happening on the north shore of the Danube. The answer is easy. Roumania allies herself to Russia, first, because she cannot do otherwise; secondly, because she hopes thus to become independent and to increase her territory. Servia is a satellite of Russia, because she reckons in that way on aiding the emancipation of her Bulgarian brethren and becoming the nucleus of a great Slav state south of the Danube. Greece burns with a desire to throw herself on the Turks, because she believes that in contributing to their defeat she will gain Thessaly, Epirus, Southern Roumelia, possibly with Constantinople, and certainly Crete. The hopes of these small states must necessarily throw them into the arms of Russia, because they are well aware how little sympathetic the other states are towards them. But visit the countries, or study the correspondence from them in the newspapers, and you will be convinced that neither the Roumanians, Serbs, nor Greeks have any love for the Russians, and that they by no means accept the idea of submitting to Muscovite hegemony, still less of being swallowed up in a Panslavic Empire which would of necessity be a despotic empire.

They willingly accept Russian help; but nations know gratitude even less than individuals, and in neither case can we require the sacrifice of existence as the evidence of gratitude. Recall what happened in Italy. So long as Austria was in the Peninsula, the Italians were the very humble servants of France. Since they have had no longer anything to fear from Austria they follow an independent policy. The French even charge them with ingratitude, which is unjust. The Italians cherish affection for France, but they detest the Ultramontanes, who are bent on the destruction of their national unity. How can they show sympathy for France so long as she is in the hands of a militant clericalism? Roumanians, Servians, and Bulgarians would be like the Italians; it is in human nature. So long as they have to fear the Turks, they will be with the Russians. Rescue them once for all from the Turks, they will

(1) *Fortnightly Review* for May, 1877.

be independent, and will become hostile rather than otherwise to all that savours of Russian influence.

Evidently, then, it is England's interest to set up in Turkey federated principalities, definitely emancipated from the Ottoman yoke, and supported by Europe. The immense service rendered by Mr. Gladstone is that he has demonstrated this with such a mass of evidence that the very Ministers themselves have been unable to remain completely blind to it. If Russia thinks that she is working for herself in planting free states in the Balkan Peninsula, she is mistaken. These states "will astonish the world by their ingratitude," like Austria in 1848. It will be the second time that Russia has been deceived in her hopes.

Does any English interest demand that Russia shall be prevented from dictating the terms of peace at Constantinople? I might here place myself at the point of view of the rigorous economists and cry—So much the better if Russia occupies Turkey, for it will be better governed and richer. But for my own part I believe that true economic science consists in seeing that there are interests superior to those of additional millions of imports and exports. I think that the *definitive* possession of Turkey and Constantinople by Russia would give her at the end of fifty years too great a preponderance in European affairs. Now it is not desirable, as it seems to me, that the hegemony of the continent should belong to a state that, however brilliant may be its future, is still behind some other states, and that, being still despotically governed, would place in the hands of a single man the destinies of Western civilisation. Russia, then, ought not permanently to occupy Constantinople.

But ought England to declare war rather than allow the Russians to enter Constantinople? I think not. First, how on other terms than an occupation is a peace to be concluded? If the Turks are aware that in no case will their capital be occupied, and being masters of the sea as they are, what is to prevent them from prolonging the war to eternity? Russia will then have the right to say to England: "The struggle that is exhausting my forces, and is a cause of suffering and ruin to the whole of Europe must have an end: either stand by, while I impose terms of peace on the shores of the Bosphorus, or go thither yourselves, and insist that the Turk puts an end to a contest that must henceforward be fruitless and unavailing." Europe will approve such language. There are only two alternatives. Either England must go herself to dictate peace to the Turks at Constantinople, or she must not interfere with the Russians in their way thither.

And for that matter, it is exactly the worst enemies of Russia who ought to be most anxious for her to go to Constantinople, and not

only to go, but to wish to stay there. After an extremely short time England would find two allies to help her to dislodge Russia. These allies are Austria and Germany. It is evident that Russia can have no security in Turkey so long as Austria, debouching from her Transylvanian bastion, has it in her power to cut off all communication between the Russian empire and its new conquests. As it is, Austria would move, did she not feel the sword of Prussia at her flank, upholding the alliance of the Three Empires. Germany at the present moment, and so long as her accounts with France remain unsettled, not only has no interest in arresting Russia, she has every interest in seeing Russia brought closer and closer to the great and formidable obstacles in her course, possibly including even England. Let us never forget that in May, 1875, Germany found England and Russia confronting her. Prince Bismarck could have said to the Emperor Alexander: "Do what you will in the East, but leave me free in the West." Now that Russia is engaged in the East, his desires are exactly fulfilled. It is the situation that he sought in 1875.

The policy of Germany is complex and double, because she has to parry different dangers. At present she is completely with Russia. She has to take advantage of the friendship between the two Emperors in order to meet the perils that menace her in the West. But suppose that in one way or another Germany were to find security in the West; then necessarily she will begin to think of the Slavic danger, and, regarding herself the destined successor of Austria, she will be no more ready than Austria is to suffer the Danube to become a Russian river. From the first outburst of the insurrection in Herzegovina, it was clear that Germany and Russia were marching in absolute agreement, and that their plans were settled. Russia would never have taken that decided attitude; she would never have pushed Servia into the fight by dispatching bands of volunteers in spite of all international law, if she had not been all the time completely assured of the support of Germany, guaranteeing the neutrality of Austria. The Emperor Francis Joseph must have joined the plot, first to avoid being crushed by his two powerful neighbours; next, because they have probably promised him Bosnia—a piece of aggrandisement that is not desired either by the Hungarians, or the Austrian Germans, or by Count Andrassy, but that may well flatter the vanity both of the sovereign and the army. What seems to prove that the Emperor of Austria has an understanding with the two other powers is that he maintained in Dalmatia, notwithstanding parliamentary interpellation, a governor of Slav origin and Slav sentiment, who favoured as much as he could the risings in the adjoining Turkish provinces. Germany, then, will let Russia go whither she will, and do what she will, in the East. She will permit whatever may come, because she knows that nothing

definitive can take place under present circumstances. Notwithstanding the anger and impatience of the Hungarians, Austria, half from caution, half from interest, will do like Germany. England, if she insists on action, will find herself without allies.

If the Emperor Alexander said that, should he be forced to go to Constantinople, he should know how to find his way out of it, he only expressed the necessity of the situation. He sees clearly that he could not remain there without provoking by-and-by a triple alliance, against which he evidently could not defend the possession of Turkey. Let us suppose Russia to annex all the Turkish provinces, including the capital. During the first years the conquests could only be a source of weakness, for they would compel her to scatter her forces. It would take two generations before she could assimilate those countries so completely as to find new strength in them. It is certain that before this could be brought about, a new coalition would force her to let go. Russia will never be able definitely to establish herself across the Danube until she has created a broad base of operations by destroying Austria and annexing all the Slav country that Austria comprehends. Panslavia may occupy and keep Turkey: Russia never can. Now the bare attempt to set up Panslavia will provoke the desperate resistance of all Germans. These eventualities are still remote, but they already affect men's minds, and so are real elements in the existing situation. Read the correspondence of all those who have lately visited Russia and who have been in relations with the Russian army; they all make it plain how little love is borne by Russians to Germans. Instinctively Russians understand that Germany is the great obstacle to their aggrandisement in Europe. On the other hand, the Germans loves the Russian just as little. The independent newspapers all blame the Government for upholding Russia. Herr Virchow, the distinguished professor at the University of Berlin, lately made himself the eloquent interpreter of this sentiment. He was wrong; he did not understand that at the present time Germany ought not only to back Russia, but even to push her forwards; but he saw rightly enough what would be needed in the future. The antagonism of Slavs and Germans is inevitable; sooner or later it will end in open conflict. A recent manifesto of the best known of the leaders of the Czech movement, which has caused a general agitation throughout Austria, revealed the danger. In a public letter addressed to the Panslavist Committee at Moscow, Dr. Rieger expressed his ardent sympathies for Russia for taking into her own hands the cause of all the Slavic peoples, too long oppressed by foreign races, and he predicts that the era of the Slavs is drawing near. It is inevitable that the national movement among the Czechs, repressed by the Germans, must turn towards Russia, as Serbs and Bulgarians have done in their struggle against the Turks. Well, Germany will

never endure that Bohemia and Moravia should attach themselves to the Muscovite empire in any fashion or degree whatever.

Without doubt nobody in Russia dreams of advancing on this side, but coming events cast their shadows before. The disquiet of the Austrian Germans at the idea of new Slavic principalities being about to come into existence on the Danube, the manifesto of Dr. Rieger, the excitement of the Czechs and Croats, are all symptoms of a situation whose perils would pretty quickly come to light if Russia were to find aggrandisement in Europe. German statesmen evidently have their eyes on the danger, but menaced as they are by two dangers, one on the west, the other on the east, it is natural enough that they busy themselves first with the present before thinking of the future.

From what has gone before, then, this results: To arrest Russia, England cannot at present count on Germany, nor consequently on Austria. But if the Russians, in case of victory, are to occupy Constantinople, they would not remain there. If they were to remain there, then as soon as Germany should have her hands free, we may be sure that Germany and Austria would unite to drive Russia out. Whatever, therefore, may happen to Europe, England will be under no necessity to go to war. Powers with greater interests than hers will uphold or restore equilibrium on the Danube.

In Asia the situation is different in two respects. There Russia will probably seek compensation for her enormous sacrifices, and there England in that case will find no ally. Suppose that victorious Russia were to insist on keeping Armenia, ought England to oppose this by force of arms in order to defend India on the banks of the Euphrates? Lord Salisbury has just shown with infinite good sense and keen wit how little ground there is for the alarm of pessimists. The Russians will not soon be able to set out on the road to India. By ruining their finances they are putting off to a future day the construction of railways to the regions beyond the Caspian, and it is not until after an enormous development of the resources of those districts that they will be able to make of them a base of operations for a march towards India.

Then by what right would England oppose the annexation of Armenia? The Christians of the country, and even the Kurds, Mahometans though they be, welcome the Russians as their liberators. The deplorable government of the Pacha ruins them and stops all progress. They would evidently be happier under the authority of a Russian Government, and this aggrandisement of Russia would be so much added to the domain of civilisation. The opposition of England would therefore be without justification from

the point of view of English interests, and it would be worthy of all condemnation from the point of view of humanity.

At the same time, if Russia annexes Armenia, then there is a measure of precaution imposed upon England, and that measure is the occupation of Egypt and Cyprus. I say Cyprus and not Crete. Crete ought to go to Greece, because the national sentiment there is too much awake to be restrained. In Cyprus this is not the case, and moreover this island, transformed into a Gibraltar, will be a better and nearer commanding-point for the shores of Syria and the entrance to the Suez Canal.

I will set forth shortly the motives which, as I think, should recommend this measure of compensation to England. It is generally believed on the Continent that the English still dream as in old days of acquiring new colonies, and that they would ask nothing better than to take Sicily, for example, as the Dutch Indies. Of course nothing is more mistaken. The general feeling in England is that the country has only too many possessions already, and too many responsibilities. It is only by reason of a new and clearly demonstrated necessity that the Government could be induced to undertake new possessions and responsibilities. If, therefore, England occupies Egypt, it will be in spite of herself, and because she feels absolutely unable to do otherwise. But she will be constrained to do so, it seems to me, on several grounds. To begin with, if when the time comes for peace Russia shall acquire considerable territory in Asia, and England shall decide on no act of compensation, her authority in the East will find itself distinctly touched. If, at the beginning, as the Liberal party wished, she had acted in accord with Russia, the defeat of Turkey would not have at all compromised her prestige. Now that the English Government has deliberately figured as the adversary of Russia, it is evident that the complete success of Russia is a check for English influence. The only way of parrying the blow is to restore the equilibrium by an act of wise vigour, which would echo and resound all over the Eastern world.

In the second place, the control of the passage of the Canal can only be thoroughly secure if it is guarded on the spot by English forces. Russia, by the annexation of Armenia, would command Syria, and so would threaten the Canal with an attack by land against which the English fleet would be powerless. The purchase of the Canal shares was an absurdity, unless it was the prelude to occupation. The approach of Russia plainly makes the further step now necessary.

Such a step, commended as it is by English interests, would be at the same time a great blessing to the Egyptians, and a great gain to civilisation in general. The Valley and the Delta are among the richest districts in the whole world: water, sun, rich soil, and all

the products of Europe and the tropics; a gentle, intelligent, and prodigiously laborious population, whom even incessant and organized pillage does not disgust with toil! Formerly the system of government was detestable, being Turkish, but the fiscal processes were imperfect and the needs very limited. Now, in order to pay the interest of enormous sums, fatuously thrown away and wasted, the Egyptian Government borrows the financial expedients of Europe. Thus they come to that worst of all possible combinations, Oriental disorder served by European financing. The lot of the slave in the Southern States of the American Union was paradise compared with that of the Egyptian fellah. As I looked at these poor creatures working all day long, and often half the night as well, to satisfy the insensate and prodigal rapacity of Cairo, I said to myself, "Why does not Europe, that sends cruisers to suppress the slave trade, send hither a few good regiments to put an end to these barbarities?"

Egypt in the hands of the English would recover the splendour of her antiquity. With public works such as those which Mr. W. T. Thornton has described in his excellent book on The Public Works of India, the extent of arable land, the numbers of the population, and the revenue would all augment. Thanks to the annexations conducted by Colonel Gordon, Egypt now extends to the great lakes of Central Africa, and she has thus become, in point of territorial extension, one of the largest countries in the world. Only let her pass under the protection of England, instantly the slave-trade is suppressed steam navigation connects the interior of the continent with the Mediterranean, and civilisation and commerce penetrate into an immense region of admirable fertility, and, by reason of its altitude, habitable by Europeans. By the Cape, by Natal, by the Transvaal, the English are advancing towards the Zambesi. Already they have a station on Lake Nyassa; soon they will have others on Lake Tanganyika and Lake Victoria. The International Exploration Society, founded under the auspices of the King of the Belgians, will send into the country travellers, emigrants, artisans of every kind. It has been shown that a telegraphic line could easily be established from Cairo to Natal and the Cape. Lieutenant Cameron thinks that railways uniting the centre of Africa to the coast, would not be long in paying their expenses.

If, therefore, England consented to fix her attention in this direction, an unbroken current of civilisation would speedily cross Africa from Alexandria to the Cape along the line of the high table-lands. The English would thus erect for themselves an empire as extensive as that of India, with virgin lands of far greater fertility, with a more agreeable climate, and completely free from long droughts. The wealth of Cuba, of Brazil, of the Southern States of the American Union, comes of the circumstance that the white man directs the toil of the black, under a tropical sun that only the latter can

support. In the centre of Africa the same advantages would exist, with the free labour of the natives, and without the necessity of employing capital in the purchase of slaves. The capitalist would enjoy all the benefits of the European wages-system, which does not compel the master to trouble himself about the lot of those in his employ. Even the European himself could work far better there than at the Antilles or in India. The Anglo-Saxon race, mistress of Africa, mistress of America, mistress of Australia, would thus reach the fulfilment of its high destinies. In face of so magnificent a prospect as this, how comes London to agitate itself at the idea that Russia will seize this or the other petty place in Armenia?

As for India, necessarily England will lose it in the end. The reason is plain. I say nothing of the danger of the approach of the Russians, which must go on with time, without necessarily ending in a shock. But the more actively the English set up railways in India, canals, manufactories, schools—the more, in a word, they civilise the natives—by so much the more rapidly will they be hastening the epoch of their coming of age, and consequently their aspirations after independence. What do we see in Europe? In proportion as a country is instructed, and so acquires consciousness of itself, the national feeling awakes. Formerly there was the patriotism of the church-steeple, the local sentiment: the national sentiment did not exist, because the various groups of which a country consisted had little communication with one another, and did not feel themselves a unit. At the beginning of the present century, neither Italians, nor Germans, nor Slavs, ever dreamed of vindicating their ethnographical unity, while in the treaties of that time diplomatists parcelled out the populations as if they had been flocks of sheep. To-day the sentiment of race is the principal factor in all the changes which the map of Europe is undergoing. India in this respect is still in the Middle Ages. But let the press work, the schools, the railways, and she will rapidly arrive at the modern epoch, and then in spite of the diversities of caste, of origin, of manners, the national feeling and the desire for independence will awake. The English administer the Indian Empire better than any other European power would do, and infinitely better than native potentates. But the better the administration, the sooner will the hour of emancipation strike. It is simply impossible that a hundred thousand Europeans should continue indefinitely to govern two hundred millions of foreign subjects, when the latter have once been, in however slight a degree, penetrated with modern ideas.

If then the emancipation of India must inevitably take place, even in a remote future, a farsighted English minister ought already to take his measures. He ought to occupy Egypt in order that the

road to India may not be interrupted. And along the banks of the Nile he ought to advance towards the interior of the continent, so as to have a new colonial empire when the old empire comes to cut the bond that attaches it to the mother-country.[1] But, it is said, such a step would irritate the susceptibility of France and Italy. It may be that a certain movement of *amour propre* would take place, but in truth it would be a great gain for all the Mediterranean countries. If Egypt prospers, if it becomes the depot of an important trade with the interior, it is Marseilles, Brindisi, Trieste, Genoa, that would be the very first to profit by it. The occupation of Egypt would bring no substantial gain to Italy, and none to France, which have both of them so much to do at home; and even for England it would be rather a burden than anything else, if she had not India, the Cape, and the prospect of an immense expansion of the English element in Africa. If France had expended on the colonisation of the departments of the Centre, that are so grievously in need of population and of capital, the two or three millions that Algiers cost her, it would plainly have been a far better way of using the money. She would then have no reason to regret the want of a new Algeria, at a time when she is thinking of giving up the Algeria that she already possesses.

The impartial and disinterested examination of the existing situation leads us to believe that Lord Derby in his last speech was completely in the right, when he said that the sovereign interest of England is the maintenance of peace. The maintenance of peace: for even the most fortunate war would bring to the English no advantage which they could not secure without war. In Europe Russia will not keep Constantinople, nor even the mouths of the Danube. In Asia Minor such annexations as Russia may make, will not bring her sensibly nearer to India, but they will considerably lessen the distance that separates her from Syria and the Suez Canal. To secure this passage, and to preserve her authority in the East, England will therefore be obliged in spite of herself to declare a protectorate over Egypt. This will be an indispensable measure of compensation, which every true friend of humanity, to whatever nation he belongs, ought sincerely to applaud.

ÉMILE DE LAVELEYE.

(1) The annexation of the Transvaal has caused a keen chagrin among all Netherlanders, and I have been able to understand it all the better, because, as a Fleming, I belong to the same stock as the Boers. But if it remains isolated, the future of the Transvaal is very narrow. By forming a part of the British Confederation, the Boers will be equally free, better protected against the Caffres, and in a better position for entering the general movement of Southern Africa. The French of Canada and of Neuchâtel and Vaud are happier than those who live in France: the Italians of the Ticino happier than those of the kingdom of Italy; and the Germans of Zurich and Berne happier than those of the Empire. It will be the same with the Boers.

THE ETHICS OF RELIGION.

THE word *religion* is used in many different meanings, and there have been not a few controversies in which the main difference between the contending parties was only this, that they understood by *religion* two different things. I will therefore begin by setting forth as clearly as I can one or two of the meanings which the word appears to have in popular speech.

First, then, it may mean a body of doctrines, as in the common phrase, "The truth of the Christian religion;" or in this sentence, "The religion of Buddha teaches that the soul is not a distinct substance." Opinions differ upon the question what doctrines may properly be called religious; some people holding that there can be no religion without belief in a god and in a future life, so that in their judgment the body of doctrines must necessarily include these two; while others would insist upon other special dogmas being included, before they could consent to call the system by this name. But the number of such people is daily diminishing, by reason of the spread and the increase of our knowledge about distant countries and races. To me, indeed, it would seem rash to assert of any doctrine or its contrary that it might not form part of a religion. But, fortunately, it is not necessary to any part of the discussion on which I propose to enter, that this question should be settled.

Secondly, religion may mean a *ceremonial* or *cult*, involving an organized priesthood and a machinery of sacred things and places. In this sense we speak of the clergy as ministers of religion, or of a state as tolerating the practice of certain religions. There is a somewhat wider meaning which it will be convenient to consider together with this one, and as a mere extension of it, namely, that in which religion stands for the influence of a certain priesthood. A religion is sometimes said to have been successful when it has got its priests into power; thus some writers speak of the wonderfully rapid success of Christianity. A nation is said to have embraced a religion when the authorities of that nation have granted privileges to the clergy, have made them as far as possible the leaders of society, and have given them a considerable share in the management of public affairs. So the northern nations of Europe are said to have embraced the Catholic religion at an early date. The reason why it seems to me convenient to take these two meanings together is, that they are both related to the priesthood. Although the priesthood itself is not called religion, so far as I know, yet the word is used for the general influence and the professional acts of the priesthood.

Thirdly, religion may mean a body of precepts or code of rules, intended to guide human conduct, as in this sentence of the authorised version of the New Testament: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world" (James i. 27). It is sometimes difficult to draw the line between this meaning and the last, for it is a mark of the great majority of religions that they confound ceremonial observances with duties having real moral obligation. Thus in the Jewish decalogue the command to do no work on Saturdays is found side by side with the prohibition of murder and theft. It might seem to be the more correct as well as the more philosophical course to follow in this matter the distinction made by Butler between *moral* and *positive* commands, and to class all those precepts which are not of universal moral obligation under the head of ceremonial. And, in fact, when we come to examine the matter from the point of view of morality, the distinction is of course of the utmost importance. But from the point of view of religion there are difficulties in making it. In the first place, the distinction is not made, or is not understood, by religious folk in general. Innumerable tracts and pretty stories impress upon us that Sabbath-breaking is rather worse than stealing, and leads naturally on to materialism and murder. Less than a hundred years ago sacrilege was punishable by burning in France, and murder by simple decapitation. In the next place, if we pick out a religion at haphazard, we shall find that it is not at all easy to divide its precepts into those which are really of moral obligation and those which are indifferent and of a ceremonial character. We may find precepts unconnected with any ceremonial, and yet positively immoral; and ceremonials may be immoral in themselves, or constructively immoral, on account of their known symbolism. On the whole, it seems to me most convenient to draw the plain and obvious distinction between those actions which a religion prescribes to *all* its followers, whether the actions are ceremonial or not, and those which are prescribed only as professional actions of a sacerdotal class. The latter will come under what I have called the second meaning of religion, the professional acts and the influence of a priesthood. In the third meaning will be included all that practically guides the life of a layman, in so far as this guidance is supplied to him by his religion.

Fourthly, and lastly, there is a meaning of the word *religion* which has been coming more and more prominently forward of late years, till it has even threatened to supersede all the others. Religion has been defined as *morality touched with emotion*. I will not here adopt this definition, because I wish to deal with the concrete in the first place, and only to pass on to the abstract in so far as that previous study appears to lead to it. I wish to consider the facts of religion as

we find them, and not ideal possibilities. "Yes, but," every one will say, "if you mean my own religion, it is already, as a matter of fact, morality touched with emotion. It is the highest morality touched with the purest emotion, an emotion directed towards the most worthy of objects." Unfortunately we do not mean your religion alone, but all manner of heresies and heathenisms along with it: the religions of the Thug, of the Jesuit, of the South Sea cannibal, of Confucius, of the poor Indian with his untutored mind, of the Peculiar People, of the Mormons, and of the old cat-worshipping Egyptian. It must be clear that we shall restrict ourselves to a very narrow circle of what are commonly called religious facts, unless we include in our considerations not only morality touched with emotion, but also immorality touched with emotion. In fact, what is really touched with emotion in any case is that body of precepts for the guidance of a layman's life which we have taken to be the third meaning of religion. In that collection of precepts there may be some agreeable to morality, and some repugnant to it, and some indifferent, but being all enjoined by the religion they will all be touched by the same religious emotion. Shall we then say that religion means a feeling, an emotion, an habitual attitude of mind towards some object or objects, or towards life in general, which has a bearing upon the way in which men regard the rules of conduct? I think the last phrase should be left out. An habitual attitude of mind, of a religious character, does always have some bearing upon the way in which men regard the rules of conduct; but it seems sometimes as if this were an accident, and not the essence of the religious feeling. Some devout people prefer to have their devotion pure and simple, without admixture of any such application—they do not want to listen to "cauld morality." And it seems as if the religious feeling of the Greeks, and partly also of our own ancestors, was so far divorced from morality that it affected it only, as it were, by a side-wind, through the influence of the character and example of the gods. So that it seems only likely to create confusion if we mix up morality with this fourth meaning of religion. Sometimes religion means a code of precepts, and sometimes it means a devotional habit of mind; the two things are sometimes connected, but also they are sometimes quite distinct. But that the connection of these two things is more and more insisted on, that it is the key-note of the apparent revival of religion which has taken place in this century, is a very significant fact, about which there is more to be said.

As to the nature of this devotional habit of mind, there are no doubt many who would like a closer definition. But I am not at all prepared to say what attitude of mind may properly be called religious, and what may not. Some will hold that religion must have a person for its object; but Buddha was filled with religious

feeling, and yet he had no personal object. Spinoza, the god-intoxicated man, had no personal object for his devotion. It might be possible to frame a definition which would fairly include all cases, but it would require the expenditure of vast ingenuity and research, and would not, I am inclined to think, be of much use when it was obtained.

Nor is the difficulty to be got over by taking any definite and well-organized sect, whose principles are settled in black and white; for example, the Roman Catholic Church, whose seamless unity has just been exhibited and protected by an Œcumenical Council. Shall we listen to Mr. Mivart, who "execrates without reserve Marian persecutions, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and all similar acts?" or to the editor of the *Dublin Review*, who thinks that a teacher of false doctrines "should be visited by the law with just that amount of severity which the public sentiment will bear"? For assuredly common-sense morality will pass very different judgments on these two distinct religions, although it appears that experts have found room for both of them within the limits of the Vatican definitions.

Moreover, there is very great good to be got by widening our view of what may be contained in religion. If we go to a man and propose to test his own religion by the canons of common-sense morality, he will be, most likely, offended, for he will say that his religion is far too sublime and exalted to be affected by considerations of that sort. But he will have no such objection in the case of other people's religion. And when he has found that in the name of religion other people, in other circumstances, have believed in doctrines that were false, have supported priesthoods that were social evils, have taken wrong for right, and have even poisoned the very sources of morality, he may be tempted to ask himself, "Is there no trace of any of these evils in my own religion, or at least in my own conception and practice of it?" And that is just what we want him to do. Bring your doctrines, your priesthoods, your precepts, yea, even the inner devotion of your soul, before the tribunal of conscience; she is no man's and no god's vicar, but the supreme judge of men and gods.

Let us inquire, then, what morality has to say in regard to religious doctrines. It deals with the *manner* of religious belief directly, and with the *matter* indirectly. Religious beliefs must be founded on evidence; if they are not so founded, it is wrong to hold them. The rule of right conduct in this matter is exactly the opposite of that implied in the two famous texts: "He that believeth not shall be damned," and "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed." For a man who clearly felt and recognised the duty of intellectual honesty, of carefully testing every belief before he

received it, and especially before he recommended it to others, it would be impossible to ascribe the profoundly immoral teaching of these texts to a true prophet or worthy leader of humanity. It will comfort those who wish to preserve their reverence for the character of a great teacher to remember that one of these sayings is in the well-known forged passage at the end of the second gospel, and that the other occurs only in the late and legendary fourth gospel; both being described as spoken under utterly impossible circumstances. These precepts belong to the Church and not to the Gospel. But whoever wrote either of them down as a deliverance of one whom he supposed to be a divine teacher, has thereby written down himself as a man void of intellectual honesty, as a man whose word cannot be trusted, as a man who would accept and spread about any kind of baseless fiction for fear of believing too little.

So far as to the manner of religious belief. Let us now inquire what bearing morality has upon its matter. We may see at once that this can only be indirect; for the rightness or wrongness of belief in a doctrine depends only upon the nature of the evidence for it, and not upon what the doctrine is. But there is a very important way in which religious doctrine may lead to morality or immorality, and in which, therefore, morality has a bearing upon doctrine. It is when that doctrine declares the character and actions of the gods who are regarded as objects of reverence and worship. If a god is represented as doing that which is clearly wrong, and is still held up to the reverence of men, they will be tempted to think that in doing this wrong thing they are not so very wrong after all, but are only following an example which all men respect. So says Plato:[1]—

"We must not tell a youthful listener that he will be doing nothing extraordinary if he commit the foulest crimes, nor yet if he chastise the crimes of a father in the most unscrupulous manner, but will simply be doing what the first and greatest of the gods have done before him. . . .

"Nor yet is it proper to say in any case—what is indeed untrue—that gods wage war against gods, and intrigue and fight among themselves; that is, if the future guardians of our state are to deem it a most disgraceful thing to quarrel lightly with one another: far less ought we to select as subjects for fiction and embroidery, the battles of the giants, and numerous other feuds of all sorts, in which gods and heroes fight against their own kith and kin. But if there is any possibility of persuading them, that to quarrel with one's fellow is a sin of which no member of a state was ever guilty, such ought rather to be the language held to our children from the first, by old men and old women, and all elderly persons; and such is the strain in which our poets must be compelled to write. But stories like the chaining of Here by her son, and the flinging of Hephaistos out of heaven for trying to take his mother's part when his father was beating her, and all those battles of the gods which are to be found in Homer, must be refused admittance into our state, whether they be allegorical or not. For a child cannot discriminate between what is allegory

[1] Rep. ii. 378. Tr. Davies and Vaughan.

and what is not; and whatever at that age is adopted as a matter of belief, has a tendency to become fixed and indelible, and therefore, perhaps, we ought to esteem it of the greatest importance that the fictions which children first hear should be adapted in the most perfect manner to the promotion of virtue."

And Seneca says the same thing, with still more reason in his day and country: "What else is this appeal to the precedent of the gods for, but to inflame our lusts, and to furnish license and excuse for the corrupt act under the divine protection?" And again, of the character of Jupiter as described in the popular legends: "This has led to no other result than to deprive sin of its shame in man's eyes, by showing him the god no better than himself." In Imperial Rome, the sink of all nations, it was not uncommon to find "the intending sinner addressing to the deified vice which he contemplated a prayer for the success of his design; the adulteress imploring of Venus the favours of her paramour; . . . the thief praying to Hermes Dolios for aid in his enterprise, or offering up to him the first-fruits of his plunder; . . . youths entreating Hercules to expedite the death of a rich uncle."[1]

When we reflect that criminal deities were worshipped all over the empire, we cannot but wonder that any good people were left; that man could still be holy, although every god was vile. Yet this was undoubtedly the case; the social forces worked steadily on wherever there was peace and a settled government and municipal freedom; and the wicked stories of theologians were somehow explained away and disregarded. If men were no better than their religions, the world would be a hell indeed.

It is very important, however, to consider what really ought to be done in the case of stories like these. When the poet sings that Zeus kicked Hephaistos out of heaven for trying to help his mother, Plato says that this fiction must be suppressed by law. We cannot follow him there, for since his time we have had too much of trying to suppress false doctrines by law. Plato thinks it quite obviously clear that God cannot produce evil, and he would stop everybody's mouth who ventured to say that he can. But in regard to the doctrine itself, we can only ask, "Is it true?" And that is a question to be settled by evidence. Did Zeus commit this crime, or did he not? We must ask the apologists, the reconcilers of religion and science, what evidence they can produce to prove that Zeus kicked Hephaistos out of heaven. That a doctrine may lead to immoral consequences is no reason for disbelieving it. But whether the doctrine were true or false, one thing does clearly follow from its moral character: namely this, that if Zeus behaved as he is said to have behaved he ought not to be worshipped. To those who complain of his violence and injustice, it is no answer to say that the divine attributes are far above human comprehension, that

[1] *North British Review*, 1867, p. 284.

the ways of Zeus are not our ways, neither are his thoughts our thoughts. If he is to be worshipped, he must do something vaster and nobler and greater than good men do, but it must be like what they do in its goodness. His actions must not be merely a magnified copy of what bad men do. So soon as they are thus represented, morality has something to say. Not indeed about the fact; for it is not conscience, but reason, that has to judge matters of fact; but about the worship of a character so represented. If there really is good evidence that Zeus kicked Hephaistos out of heaven, and seduced Alkmene by a mean trick, say so by all means; but say also that it is wrong to salute his priests or to make offerings in his temple.

When men do their duty in this respect, morality has a very curious indirect effect on the religious doctrine itself. As soon as the offerings become less frequent, the evidence for the doctrine begins to fade away; the process of theological interpretation gradually brings out the true inner meaning of it, that Zeus did not kick Hephaistos out of heaven, and did not seduce Alkmene.

Is this a merely theoretical discussion about far-away things? Let us come back for a moment to our own time and country, and think whether there can be any lesson for us in this refusal of common-sense morality to worship a deity whose actions are a magnified copy of what bad men do. There are three doctrines which find very wide acceptance among our countrymen at the present day: the doctrines of original sin, of a vicarious sacrifice, and of eternal punishments. We are not concerned with any refined evaporations of these doctrines which are exhaled by courtly theologians, but with the naked statements which are put into the minds of children and of ignorant people, which are taught broadcast and without shame in denominational schools. Father Faber, good soul, persuaded himself that after all only a very few people would be really damned, and Father Oxenham gives one the impression that it will not hurt even them very much. But one learns the practical teaching of the Church from such books as "A Glimpse of Hell," where a child is described as thrown between the bars upon the burning coals, there to writhe for ever. The masses do not get the elegant emasculations of Father Faber and Father Oxenham; they get "a Glimpse of Hell."

Now to condemn all mankind for the sin of Adam and Eve; to let the innocent suffer for the guilty; to keep any one alive in torture for ever and ever: these actions are simply magnified copies of what bad men do. No juggling with "divine justice and mercy" can make them anything else. This must be said to all kinds and conditions of men: that if God holds all mankind guilty for the sin of Adam, if he has visited upon the innocent the punishment of the guilty, if he is to torture any single soul for ever; then it is wrong to worship him.

But there is something to be said also to those who think that religious beliefs are not indeed true, but are useful for the masses; who deprecate any open and public argument against them, and think that all sceptical books should be published at a high price; who go to church, not because they approve of it themselves, but to set an example to the servants. Let us ask them to ponder the words of Plato, who, like them, thought that all these tales of the gods were fables, but still fables which might be useful to amuse children with: "*We ought to esteem it of the greatest importance that the fictions which children first hear should be adapted in the most perfect manner to the promotion of virtue.*" If we grant to you that it is good for poor people and children to believe some of these fictions, is it not better, at least, that they should believe those which are adapted to the promotion of virtue? Now the stories which you send your servants and children to hear are adapted to the promotion of vice. So far as the remedy is in your own hands, you are bound to apply it; stop your voluntary subscriptions and the moral support of your presence from any place where the criminal doctrines are taught. You will find more men and better men to preach that which is agreeable to their conscience, than to thunder out doctrines under which their minds are always uneasy, and which only a continual self-deception can keep them from feeling to be wicked.

Let us now go on to inquire what morality has to say in the matter of religious *ministrations*, the official acts and the general influence of a priesthood. This question seems to me a more difficult one than the former; at any rate it is not so easy to find general principles which are at once simple in their nature and clear to the conscience of any man who honestly considers them. One such principle, indeed, there is, which can hardly be stated in a Protestant country without meeting with a cordial response; being indeed that characteristic of our race which made the Reformation a necessity, and became the soul of the Protestant movement. I mean the principle which forbids the priest to come between a man and his conscience. If it be true, as our daily experience teaches us, that the moral sense gains in clearness and power by exercise, by the constant endeavour to find out and to see for ourselves what is right and what is wrong, it must be nothing short of a moral suicide to delegate our conscience to another man. It is true that when we are in difficulties, and do not altogether see our way, we quite rightly seek counsel and advice of some friend who has more experience, more wisdom begot by it, more devotion to the right than ourselves, and who, not being involved in the difficulties which encompass us, may more easily see the way out of them. But such counsel does not and ought not to take the place of our private judgment; on the contrary,

among wise men it is asked and given for the purpose of helping and supporting private judgment. I should go to my friend, not that he may tell me what to do, but that he may help me to see what is right.

Now, as we all know, there is a priesthood whose influence is not to be made light of, even in our own land, which claims to do two things: to declare with infallible authority what is right and what is wrong, and to take away the guilt of the sinner after confession has been made to it. The second of these claims we shall come back upon in connection with another part of the subject. But that claim is one which, as it seems to me, ought to condemn the priesthood making it in the eyes of every conscientious man. We must take care to keep this question to itself, and not to let it be confused with quite different ones. The priesthood in question, as we all know, has taught that as right which is not right, and has condemned as wrong some of the holiest duties of mankind. But this is not what we are here concerned with. Let us put an ideal case of a priesthood which, as a matter of fact, taught a morality agreeing with the healthy conscience of all men at a given time; but which, nevertheless, taught this as an infallible revelation. The tendency of such teaching, if really accepted, would be to destroy morality altogether, for it is of the very essence of the moral sense that it is a common perception by men of what is good for man. It arises, not in one man's mind by a flash of genius or a transport of ecstasy, but in all men's minds, as the fruit of their necessary intercourse and united labour for a common object. When an infallible authority is set up, the voice of this natural human conscience must be hushed and schooled, and made to speak the words of a formula. Obedience becomes the whole duty of man; and the notion of right is attached to a lifeless code of rules, instead of being the informing character of a nation. The natural consequence is that it fades gradually out and ends by disappearing altogether. I am not describing a purely conjectural state of things, but an effect which has actually been produced at various times and in considerable populations by the influence of the Catholic Church. It is true that we cannot find an actually crucial instance of a pure morality taught as an infallible revelation, and so in time ceasing to be morality for that reason alone. There are two circumstances which prevent this. One is that the Catholic priesthood has always practically taught an imperfect morality, and that it is difficult to distinguish between the effects of precepts which are wrong in themselves and precepts which are only wrong because of the manner in which they are enforced. The other circumstance is that the priesthood has very rarely found a population willing to place itself completely and absolutely under priestly control. Men must live together and work for common objects even

in priest-ridden countries; and those conditions, which in the course of ages have been able to create the moral sense, cannot fail in some degree to recall it to men's minds and gradually to reinforce it. Thus it comes about that a great and increasing portion of life breaks free from priestly influences, and is governed upon right and rational grounds. The goodness of men shows itself in time more powerful than the wickedness of some of their religions.

The practical inference is, then, that we ought to do all in our power to restrain and diminish the influence of any priesthood which claims to rule consciences. But when we attempt to go beyond this plain Protestant principle, we find that the question is one of history and politics. The question which we want to ask ourselves—"Is it right to support this or that priesthood?"—can only be answered by this other question, "What has it done or got done?"

In asking this question, we must bear in mind that the word *priesthood*, as we have used it hitherto, has a very wide meaning—namely, it means any body of men who perform special ceremonies in the name of religion; a *ceremony* being an act which is prescribed by religion to that body of men, but not on account of its intrinsic rightness or wrongness. It includes, therefore, not only the priests of Catholicism, or of the Obi rites, who lay claim to a magical character and powers, but the more familiar clergymen or ministers of Protestant denominations, and the members of monastic orders. But there is a considerable difference, pointed out by Hume, between a priest, who lays claim to a magical character and powers, and a clergyman, in the English sense, as it was understood in Hume's day, whose office was to remind people of their duties every Sunday, and to represent a certain standard of culture in remote country districts. It will, perhaps, conduce to clearness if we use the word *priest* exclusively in the first sense.

There is another confusion which we must endeavour to avoid, if we would really get at the truth of this matter. When one ventures to doubt whether the Catholic clergy has really been an unmixed blessing to Europe, one is generally met by the reply, "You cannot find any fault with the Sermon on the Mount." Now, it would be too much to say that this has nothing to do with the question we were proposing to ask, for there is a sense in which the Sermon on the Mount and the Catholic clergy have something to do with each other. The Sermon on the Mount is admitted on all hands to be the best and most precious thing that Christianity has offered to the world; and it cannot be doubted that the Catholic clergy of East and West were the only spokesmen of Christianity until the Reformation, and are the spokesmen of the vast majority of Christians at this moment. But it must surely be unnecessary to say, in a Protestant country, that the Catholic Church and the Gospel are two

very different things. The moral teaching of Christ, as partly preserved in the three first gospels, or—which is the same thing—the moral teaching of the great Rabbi Hillel, as partly preserved in the Pirkè Aboth, is the expression of the conscience of a people who had fought long and heroically for their national existence. In that terrible conflict they had learned the supreme and overwhelming importance of conduct, the necessity for those who would survive, of fighting manfully for their lives and making a stand against the hostile powers around; the weakness and uselessness of solitary and selfish efforts, the necessity for a man who would be a man to lose his poor single personality in the being of a greater and nobler combatant—the nation. And they said all this, after their fashion of short and potent sayings, perhaps better than any other men have said it before or since. "If I am not for myself," said the great Hillel, "who is for me? And if I am only for myself, where is the use of me? *And if not now, when?*" It would be hard to find a more striking contrast than exists between the sturdy unselfish independence of this saying, and the abject and selfish servility of the priest-ridden claimant of the skies. It was this heroic people that produced the morality of the Sermon on the Mount. But it was not they who produced the priests and the dogmas of Catholicism. Shaven crowns, linen vestments, and the claim to priestly rule over consciences, these were dwellers on the banks of the Nile. The gospel indeed came out of Judæa, but the Church and her dogmas came out of Egypt. Not, as it is written, "Out of Egypt have I called my son," but, "Out of Egypt have I called my daughter." St. Gregory of Nazianzum remarks with wonder that Egypt, having so lately worshipped bulls, goats, and crocodiles, was now teaching the world the worship of the Trinity in its truest form.[1] Poor, simple St. Gregory! it was not that Egypt had risen higher, but that the world had sunk lower. The empire, which in the time of Augustus had dreaded, and with reason, the corrupting influence of Egyptian superstitions, was now eaten up by them, and rapidly rotting away.

Then, when we ask what has been the influence of the Catholic clergy upon European nations, we are not inquiring about the results of accepting the morality of the Sermon on the Mount; we are inquiring into the effect of attaching an Egyptian priesthood, which teaches Egyptian dogmas, to the life and sayings of a Jewish prophet.

In this inquiry, which requires the knowledge of facts beyond our own immediate experience, we must make use of the great principle of authority, which enables us to profit by the experience of other men. The great civilised countries on the continent of Europe at the

(1) See Sharpe, "Egyptian Mythology and Egyptian Christianity," p. 114.

present day—France, Germany, Austria, and Italy—have had an extensive experience of the Catholic clergy for a great number of centuries, and they are forced by strong practical reasons to form a judgment upon the character and tendencies of an institution which is sufficiently powerful to command the attention of all who are interested in public affairs. We might add the experience of our forefathers three centuries ago, and of Ireland at this moment; but home politics are apt to be looked upon with other eyes than those of reason. Let us hear, then, the judgment of the civilised people of Europe on this question.

It is a matter of notoriety that an aider and abettor of clerical pretensions is regarded in France as an enemy of France and of Frenchmen; in Germany as an enemy of Germany and of Germans; in Austria as an enemy of Austria and Hungary, of both Austrians and Magyars; and in Italy as an enemy of Italy and the Italians. He is so regarded, not by a few wild and revolutionary enthusiasts who have cast away all the beliefs of their childhood and all bonds connecting them with the past, but by a great and increasing majority of sober and conscientious men of all creeds and persuasions, who are filled with a love for their country, and whose hopes and aims for the future are animated and guided by the examples of those who have gone before them, and by a sense of the continuity of national life. The profound conviction and determination of the people in all these countries, that the clergy must be restricted to a purely ceremonial province, and must not be allowed to interfere, as clergy, in public affairs—this conviction and determination, I say, are not the effect of a rejection of the Catholic dogmas. Such rejection has not in fact been made in Catholic countries by the great majority. It involves many difficult speculative questions, the profound disturbance of old habits of thought, and the toilsome consideration of abstract ideas. But such is the happy inconsistency of human nature, that men who would be shocked and pained by a doubt about the central doctrines of their religions, are far more really and practically shocked and pained by the moral consequences of clerical ascendency. About the dogmas they do not know; they were taught them in childhood, and have not inquired into them since, and therefore they are not competent witnesses to the truth of them. But about the priesthood they do know, by daily and hourly experience; and to its character they are competent witnesses. No man can express his convictions more forcibly than by acting upon them in a great and solemn matter of national importance. In all these countries the conviction of the serious and sober majority of the people is embodied, and is being daily embodied, in special legislation, openly and avowedly intended to guard against clerical aggression. The more closely the legislature of these countries reflects the

popular will, the more clear and pronounced does this tendency become. It may be thwarted or evaded for the moment by constitutional devices and parliamentary tricks, but sooner or later the nation will be thoroughly represented in all of them; and as to what is then to be expected let the panic of the clerical parties make answer.

This is a state of opinion and of feeling which we in our own country find it hard to understand, although it is one of the most persistent characters of our nation in past times. We have spoken so plainly and struck so hard in the past, that we seem to have won the right to let this matter alone. We think our enemies are dead, and we forget that our neighbour's enemies are plainly alive; and then we wonder that he does not sit down, and be quiet as we are. We are not much accustomed to be afraid, and we never know when we are beaten. But those who are nearer to the danger feel a very real and, it seems to me, well-grounded fear. The whole structure of modern society, the fruit of long and painful efforts, the hopes of further improvement, the triumphs of justice, of freedom, and of light, the bonds of patriotism which make each nation one, the bonds of humanity which bring different nations together—all these they see to be menaced with a great and real and even pressing danger. For myself, I confess that I cannot help feeling as they feel. It seems to me quite possible that the moral and intellectual culture of Europe, the light and the right, what makes life worth having and men worthy to have it, may be clean swept away by a revival of superstition. We are, perhaps, ourselves not free from such a domestic danger; but no one can doubt that the danger would speedily arise if all Europe at our side should become again barbaric, not with the weakness and docility of a barbarism which has never known better, but with the strength of a past civilisation perverted to the service of evil.

Those who know best, then, about the Catholic priesthood at present, regard it as a standing menace to the state and to the moral fabric of society.

Some would have us believe that this condition of things is quite new, and has in fact been created by the Vatican Council. In the Middle Ages, they say, the Church did incalculable service; or even if you do not allow that, yet the ancient Egyptian priesthood invented many useful arts; or if you have read anything which is not to their credit, there were the Babylonians and Assyrians who had priests, thousands of years ago; and in fact, the more you go back into prehistoric ages, and the further you go away into distant countries, the less you can find to say against the priesthoods of those times and places. This statement, for which there is certainly much foundation, may be put into another form: the more you come forward into modern times and neighbouring countries, where the

facts can actually be got at, the more complete is the evidence against the priesthoods of these times and places. But the whole argument is founded upon what is at least a doubtful view of human nature and of society. Just as an early school of geologists were accustomed to explain the present state of the earth's surface by supposing that in primitive ages the processes of geologic change were far more violent and rapid than they are now—so catastrophic, indeed, as to constitute a thoroughly different state of things—so there is a school of historians who think that the intimate structure of human nature, its capabilities of learning and of adapting itself to society, have so far altered within the historic period as to make the present processes of social change totally different in character from those even of the moderately distant past. They think that institutions and conditions which are plainly harmful to us now have at other times and places done good and serviceable work. War, pestilence, priestcraft, and slavery have been represented as positive boons to an early state of society. They are not blessings to us, it is true; but then times have altered very much.

On the other hand, a later school of geologists have seen reason to think that the processes of change have never, since the earth finally solidified, been very different from what they are now. More rapid, indeed, they must have been in early times, for many reasons; but not so very much more rapid as to constitute an entirely different state of things. And it does seem to me in like manner that a wider and more rational view of history will recognise more and more of the permanent and less and less of the changeable element in human nature. No doubt our ancestors of a thousand generations back were very different beings from ourselves; perhaps fifty thousand generations back they were not men at all. But the historic period is hardly to be stretched beyond two hundred generations; and it seems unreasonable to expect that in such a tiny page of our biography we can trace with clearness the growth and progress of a long life. Compare Egypt in the time of King Menes, say six thousand years ago, with Spain in this present century, before Englishmen made any railways there; I suppose the main difference is that the Egyptians washed themselves. It seems more analogous to what we find in other fields of inquiry, to suppose that there are certain great broad principles of human life which have been true all along; that certain conditions have always been favourable to the health of society, and certain other conditions always hurtful.

Now, although I have many times asked for it, from those who said that somewhere and at some time mankind had derived benefits from a priesthood laying claim to a magical character and powers, I have never been able to get any evidence for this statement. Nobody will give me a date, and a latitude and longitude, that I

may examine into the matter. "In the Middle Ages the priests and monks were the sole depositories of learning." Quite so; a man burns your house to the ground, builds a wretched hovel on the ruins, and then takes credit for whatever shelter there is about the place. In the Middle Ages nearly all learned men were obliged to become priests and monks. "Then again, the bishops have sometimes acted as tribunes of the people, to protect them against the tyranny of kings." No doubt, when Pope and Cæsar fall out, honest men may come by their own. If two men rob you in a dark lane, and then quarrel over the plunder, so that you get a chance to escape with your life, you will of course be very grateful to each of them for having prevented the other from killing you; but you would be much more grateful to a policeman who locked them both up. Two powers have sought to enslave the people, and have quarrelled with each other; certainly we are very much obliged to them for quarrelling, but a condition of still greater happiness and security would be the non-existence of both.

I can find no evidence that seriously militates against the rule that the priest is at all times and in all places the enemy of all men—*Sacerdos semper, ubique, et omnibus inimicus.* I do not deny that the priest is very often a most earnest and conscientious man, doing the very best that he knows of as well as he can do it. Lord Amberley is quite right in saying that the blame rests more with the laity than with the priesthood; that it has insisted on magic and mysteries, and has forced the priesthood to produce them. But then, how dreadful is the system that puts good men to such uses!

And although it is true that in its origin a priesthood is the effect of an evil already existing, a symptom of social disease rather than a cause of it, yet, once being created and made powerful, it tends in many ways to prolong and increase the disease which gave it birth. One of these ways is so marked and of such practical importance that we are bound to consider it here; I mean the education of children. If there is one lesson which history forces upon us in every page, it is this: *keep your children away from the priest, or he will make them the enemies of mankind.* It is not the Catholic clergy and those like them who are alone to be dreaded in this matter; even the representatives of apparently harmless religions may do incalculable mischief if they get education into their hands. To the early Mohammedans the mosque was the one public building in every place where public business could be transacted; and so it was naturally the place of primary education, which they held to be a matter of supreme importance. By-and-bye, as the clergy grew up, the mosque was gradually usurped by them, and primary education fell into their hands. Then ensued a "revival of religion;"

religion became a fanaticism; books were burnt and universities were closed; the empire rotted away in East and West, until it was conquered by Turkish savages in Asia and by Christian savages in Spain.

The labours of students of the early history of institutions—notably Sir Henry Maine and M. Laveleye—have disclosed to us an element of society which appears to have existed in all times and places, and which is the basis of our own social structure. The village community, or commune, or township, found in tribes of the most varied race and time, has so modified itself as to get adapted in one place or another to all the different conditions of human existence. This union of men to work for a common object has transformed them from wild animals into tame ones. Century by century the educating process of the social life has been working at human nature; it has built itself into our inmost soul. Such as we are—moral and rational beings—thinking and talking in general conceptions about the facts that make up our life, feeling a necessity to act, not for ourselves, but for Ourself, for the larger life of Man in which we are elements; such moral and rational beings, I say, Man has made us. By Man I mean men organized into a society, which fights for its life, not only as a mere collection of men who must separately be kept alive, but as society. It must fight, not only against external enemies, but against treason and disruption within it. Hence comes the unity of interest of all its members; each of them has to feel that he is not himself only but a part of all the rest. Conscience—the sense of right and wrong—springs out of the habit of judging things from the point of view of all and not of one. It is Ourself, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness.

The codes of morality, then, which are adopted into various religions, and afterwards taught as parts of religious systems, are derived from secular sources. The most ancient version of the Ten Commandments, whatever the investigations of scholars may make it out to be, originates, not in the thunders of Sinai, but in the peaceful life of men on the plains of Chaldæa. Conscience is the voice of Man ingrained into our hearts, commanding us to work for Man.

Religions differ in the treatment which they give to this most sacred heirloom of our past history. Sometimes they invert its precepts—telling men to be submissive under oppression because the powers that be are ordained of God; telling them to believe where they have not seen, and to play with falsehood in order that a particular doctrine may prevail, instead of seeking for truth whatever it may be; telling them to betray their country for the sake of their church. But there is one great distinction to which I wish, in conclusion, to call special attention—a distinction between two kinds of religious emotion which bear upon the conduct of men.

We said that conscience is the voice of Man within us, commanding us to work for Man. We do not know this immediately by our own experience; we only know that something within us commands us to work for Man. This fact men have tried to explain; and they have thought, for the most part, that this voice was the voice of a god. But the explanation takes two different forms: the god may speak in us for Man's sake, or for his own sake. If he speaks for his own sake—and this is what generally happens when he has priests who lay claim to a magical character and powers—our allegiance is apt to be taken away from Man, and transferred to the god. When we love our brother for the sake of our brother we help all men to grow in the right; but when we love our brother for the sake of somebody else, who is very likely to damn our brother, it very soon comes to burning him alive for his soul's health. When men respect human life for the sake of Man, tranquillity, order, and progress go hand in hand; but those who only respected human life because God had forbidden murder, have set their mark upon Europe in fifteen centuries of blood and fire.

These are only two examples of a general rule. Wherever the allegiance of men has been diverted from Man to some divinity who speaks to men for his own sake and seeks his own glory, one thing has happened. The right precepts might be enforced, but they were enforced upon wrong grounds, and they were not obeyed. But right precepts are not always enforced; the fact that the fountains of morality have been poisoned makes it easy to substitute wrong precepts for right ones.

To this same treason against humanity belongs the claim of the priesthood to take away the guilt of a sinner after confession has been made to it. The Catholic priest professes to act as an ambassador for his God, and to absolve the guilty man by conveying to him the forgiveness of heaven. If his credentials were ever so sure, if he were indeed the ambassador of a superhuman power, the claim would be treasonable. Can the favour of the Czar make guiltless the murderer of old men and women and children in Circassian valleys? Can the pardon of the Sultan make clean the bloody hands of a Pasha? As little can any God forgive sins committed against man. When men think he can, they compound for old sins which the god did not like by committing new ones which he does like. Many a remorseful despot has atoned for the levities of his youth by the persecution of heretics in his old age. That frightful crime, the adulteration of food, could not possibly be so common amongst us if men were not taught to regard it as merely objectionable because it is remotely connected with stealing, of which God has expressed his disapproval in the Decalogue; and therefore, as quite naturally set right by a punctual attendance at church on

Sundays. When a Ritualist breaks his fast before celebrating the Holy Communion, his deity can forgive him, *if* he likes, for the matter concerns nobody else; but no deity can forgive him for preventing his parishioners from setting up a public library and reading room for fear they should read Mr. Darwin's works in it. That sin is committed against the people, and a god cannot take it away.

I call those religions which undermine the supreme allegiance of the conscience to Man *ultramontane* religions, because they seek their springs of action *ultra montes*, outside of the common experience and daily life of man. And I remark about them that they are especially apt to teach wrong precepts, and that even when they command men to do the right things they put the command upon wrong motives, and do not get the things done.

But there are forms of religious emotion which do not thus undermine the conscience. Far be it from me to undervalue the help and strength which many of the bravest of our brethren have drawn from the thought of an unseen helper of men. He who, wearied or stricken in the fight with the powers of darkness, asks himself in a solitary place, "Is it all for nothing? shall we indeed be overthrown?" He does find something which may justify that thought. In such a moment of utter sincerity, when a man has bared his own soul before the immensities and the eternities, a presence, in which his own poor personality is shrivelled into nothingness, arises within him, and says, as plainly as words can say, "I am with thee, and I am greater than thou." Many names of gods, of many shapes, have men given to this presence; seeking by names and pictures to know more clearly and to remember more continually the guide and the helper of men. No such comradeship with the Great Companion shall have anything but reverence from me, who have known the divine gentleness of Denison Maurice, the strong and healthy practical instinct of Charles Kingsley, and who now revere with all my heart the teaching of James Martineau. They seem to me, one and all, to be reaching forward with loving anticipation to a clearer vision which is yet to come—*tendentesque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.* For, after all, such a helper of men, outside of humanity, the truth will not allow us to see. The dim and shadowy outlines of the superhuman deity fade slowly away from before us; and as the mist of his presence floats aside, we perceive with greater and greater clearness the shape of a yet grander and nobler figure—of Him who made all gods and shall unmake them. From the dim dawn of history, and from the inmost depth of every soul, the face of our father Man looks out upon us with the fire of eternal youth in his eyes, and says, "Before Jehovah was, I am!"

W. K. CLIFFORD.

THE DUC DE BROGLIE.

Just a hundred years ago an Adored Minister was called on to perform the now-familiar office of a saviour of France. He was the great-grandfather of the statesman to whom Marshal Macmahon has confided a similar task. Little resemblance can be traced between Necker and the present Duc de Broglie. There is no likelihood that a grateful populace, animated by the French impulse of at once labelling everything with the quality which they momentarily detect in it, will ever fasten a brass inscription over his door announcing him to be a "Ministre adoré." Minds not very fanciful may detect in an event of a somewhat later date a parallel to the incident of the 16th of May last. The astonishment which fell upon France when the dismissal of M. Jules Simon by Marshal Macmahon was made known, seems like a faint copy and echo of the amazement and indignation with which the news was heard, on the 12th of July, 1789, that Louis XVI. had sent Necker about his business. In both cases France was consoled with the announcement that the Duc de Broglie would charge himself with the public security and the well-being of France. Between Necker and the Duc de Broglie of 1789 there was little or nothing in common. They did not know that they were destined to contribute in equal proportions to the present Duc de Broglie, of whom they have the honour to be the great-grandfathers. As in some chemical combinations, the product of two elements does not contain any of the qualities of either, but forms a substance entirely different, so the present Duc de Broglie presents little trace either of the homely sagacity and straightforwardness of his Swiss ancestor or of the gallant impulses of the old French noble and marshal. If, on the principle of reversion, we were to seek for his moral counterpart, we should find it perhaps by going back to the generation preceding the French Revolution. At that time there lived a Comte de Broglie, who was the secret Minister of Louis XV., employed, as recently published correspondence shows, to countermine and baffle the public ministers of the king. He acted in concert with such epicene agents as the Chevalier d'Eon, and other creatures, men and women and neither, who pass up and down the back-stairs of courts and embassies. The present Duc de Broglie is very much calumniated if he has not, out of office and in the Élysée, played a part somewhat similar to that which the Count sustained under Louis XV. He has been the Marquis of Bute to Marshal Macmahon's George III. This Comte de Broglie, a cadet of the ducal house,

was known in his secret correspondence with the king as the *substitut*, and the word probably expresses the relations of the present Duc de Broglie to Marshal Macmahon. He is described as "un être tracassier et malfaisant, jaloux, envieux, turbulent, brouillon, haut et dur." "M. de Broglie," says the editor of the Secret Correspondence of Louis XV., "se sentant hors d'atteinte, eut le vertige, et se croyant sûr de l'appui du roi, osa provoquer publiquement le ministre." He wrote a letter which is described as a "chef-d'œuvre d'impertinence." But "M. de Broglie se trompait en supposant que Louis XV. laisserait publiquement bafouer un de ses ministres;" and the Comte de Broglie had to retire in ostensible disgrace. The present Duc de Broglie would have managed matters better. He would have made Louis XV. himself write to his Minister a letter which should be a masterpiece of impertinence, and would have had himself sent for instead of allowing himself to be sent away.

The more direct and nearer ancestor, who, mounting the scaffold, bade his son be true to the principles of liberty and of the Revolution, and that son, who on his death-bed declared that he died a penitent Catholic and an impenitent Liberal, have not bequeathed their principles to the present Duc de Broglie. He has repented of his Liberalism, from the time when it became necessary to translate phrases into action, and the penitent Catholicism of his father is transformed in the son into a hardened Ultramontanism and clericalism. The late Duc de Broglie, whose lofty uprightness and perfect integrity and candour writers sympathizing as little with him as M. Louis Blanc and the late Odilon Barrot have eulogized as warmly as M. Guizot himself, left office and public life on the grounds which have re-introduced his son to power. He declined to cover with ministerial responsibility the personal action of Louis Philippe. He insisted, with M. Thiers, for whom he had little liking, and against M. Guizot, to whom he was more strongly drawn, that the king should reign and not govern; and refused to connive at his governing as well as reigning. His upright and haughty character, incapable of the smiles and shrugs of courtiership or the intrigues of the lobby, won for him the respectful dislike of the wily king, who was never easy until he was shunted out of public life. The son owes his influence entirely to those arts of management which the father would have disdained to practice, to his flattery of the personal pretensions of the President of the Republic, and to his consenting to cover with ministerial responsibility an act of personal intervention and initiative, allowable under the letter of the Constitution, but certainly inconsistent with its spirit and with the essential genius of parliamentary institutions. If the better traditions of the House of De Broglie are very imperfectly represented in its present chief, those of the Swiss family with which it united its blood are not more

conspicuous. The grandson of the Duc de Broglie, who died avowing on the scaffold his attachment to liberty and to the Revolution, in spite of the excesses which cost him his life, is the grandson also of Madame de Staël. The convert of Bonapartism and Ultramontanism is the son of the constitutional Minister who declined to make himself, under parliamentary forms, an instrument of personal rule, and of a lady in whose cultivated mind, private virtues, and public charities, the best type of French Protestantism was exhibited. Madame de Broglie belonged to the school which takes an honourable pleasure in good works and an innocent one in goody books. The organization of charitable societies and evangelical missions, especially among women in Paris, the translation, chiefly from the English, of favourite treatises of Calvinistic theology and the composition of essays on moral subjects, occupied her leisure. Perhaps the somewhat strict and austere forms in which the Roman Catholic and Protestant faiths were presented in the views and conduct of his father and mother, may half account for a certain stiffness and severity which mark the writings and public life of the present Duc de Broglie.

These and other influences of early education and association which surrounded the present Prime Minister of France are partly portrayed in three very interesting volumes which have recently been published. These are the "Miscellanies and Letters" of the late Xavier Doudan, many of which are addressed to, or otherwise concern themselves with, the Duc, then the Prince Albert de Broglie. M. Doudan was one of those men who, having made a good start both in literature and in administration, in both of which he might have won a name and done valuable work, was content to sink into an appendage of the De Broglie family, to accept from them shelter and food, to be the mentor of their children, the correspondent and gossip of their guests, and their adviser in literature and affairs. In other words, he accepted the office of a tame cat, content to purr upon the hearth and at the heels of the illustrious family, who treated him always with the consideration due to a guest. Granting the part which he was satisfied to play, no one could have sustained it with less sacrifice of personal dignity and conviction. But the position, however softened by chivalrous courtesy on the one side and guarded by easy self-confidence on the other, is not one which seems possible to a very high order of mind and character. M. Doudan was a delicate critic of men, books, and affairs, preferring to look out on them from a quiet haven of repose, to see the leaders of French thought and action in the salons, and to criticize both workers' and performance from the point of view of art and taste. In his letters we get glimpses from time to time of the direct instruction and social and domestic influences to which the young Albert de Broglie was subjected. M. Guizot has said that the greatest work

of the late Duc de Broglie was the education of his children. The result of his efforts is now submitted to the judgment of the world. Lord Chesterfield's attempts to make the booby son for whom the celebrated Letters were written, a finished gentleman of the Chesterfield type, and the experiments of the author of "Sandford and Merton" in wife-training, were crowned with success when compared with the late Duc de Broglie's attempt to make of his eldest son a wise and liberal constitutional statesman of the English school. The glimpses which are given of the young man's studies have a certain interest. His prizes and *accessits* in history and languages and philosophy; the books which he is reading or is recommended to read—Chesterfield and Chateaubriand, Bossuet and Chalmers, Middleton's Cicero, and Cicero himself; the precise habits which earned him the nickname of *exactinet*, the reference to Adam Smith, "qui était un très-grand esprit et qui parlait habituellement tout seul, comme fait Albert,"—these and similar things would be worth noting, if they marked the small beginnings of a nobler character and a worthier career than that which has changed the boyish "sotte figure" that Doudan delighted to see, into the "figure livide" haunting the disreputable backways of politics, which revolts M. Gambetta. One passage, in a very frank letter, may show how thoroughly M. Doudan understood at least one side of the character of the future Minister of Marshal Macmahon:—"Que Dieu te garde de l'orgueil, de la vanité, de l'insolence, du mépris des autres, et de la disposition d'abonder dans son propre sens, du ton décisif et peremptoire, enfin de tous les vices que donne la supériorité intellectuelle."

M. Albert de Broglie's political career had an early beginning, as was natural with the son of his father under the reign of Louis Philippe. Born in 1821, he entered the diplomatic service as soon as he reached manhood. He was attached to the French legations in Italy and Spain, and with laudable industry set about the composition of laboured academic exercises in politics and literature for the *Revue des deux Mondes* and other journals. M. de Broglie's writings from boyhood up to mature manhood have retained the same character. They are of the college theme and prize-essay sort, never young and fresh and never ripe; mechanical products, to which youth and development are strange. They are almost exclusively either religious or political; for those of them which deal with literary or philosophic topics, exhibit literature and philosophy chiefly in their relations to faith and morals. The spirit of them all is that which animates the most ambitious of them. In the preface to his "History of the Roman Church and Empire in the Fourth Century," M. de Broglie admits that the theme was suggested to him by the analogy which he conceived to exist between the condition of the Roman Empire in the fourth century and

that of France in the nineteenth. Moral laxity, intellectual indifference, and licentious speculation prevailed then as now, and now, as then, can be combated only by the Church. When M. de Broglie wrote twenty years ago, the Church was to him Roman Catholicism in the Liberal form for which Montalembert contended. Since the Vatican Decrees, the Church has become the Pope, who has denounced Liberal Catholicism as a danger of the same rank as indifference and atheism. In his view of modern society and the relations of the Church to it, of the disease and the remedy, we have at least a partial explanation of M. de Broglie's theories of the necessity in France of a government of combat and of moral order. The clerical and Ultramontane has overcome in him the doctrinaire Liberal.

The revolution of 1848 disappointed the hopes which M. de Broglie might legitimately have indulged under the monarchy of July. An Orleanist and a doctrinaire, the "catastrophe of February" was to him that "great convulsion which shook the foundations of all societies." To a De Broglie a revolution that destroyed a Constitutional Monarchy might naturally present itself in an aspect by no means agreeable. That he should take the same view of a revolution which has upset a military Empire is not so easy to understand. He once seemed thoroughly to have learned the lessons that Napoleonism had taught the better spirits of his time; and in the very year preceding that of the fall of the Empire he expressed himself in language which would now certainly render him suspect to M. de Fourtou. Offering himself as a candidate to the electors of the department of the Eure, he affirmed "his devotion to the glorious principles of 1789, for three generations hereditary in his family," and demanded in explicit language "the development of all the public liberties of which the existence, the completion, or the guarantee, are still lacking." M. de Broglie was opposed by the administrative instruments of which he has since made unscrupulous use against his adversaries, and his candidature was a dismal failure. He retained his profession of Liberal opinions some time after the fall of Napoleon III., and in spite even of the excesses of the Commune. Elected on the 8th of February, 1871, to the National Assembly, M. de Broglie was the reporter of the law which restored freedom to the press—a law unfortunately modified by that restrictive measure of 1875 the repeal of which M. Jules Simon did not resist strenuously enough to please the Marshal-President. The law of 1871, to which the present Chamber of Deputies desired to return, referred to juries the cognizance of all journalistic offences; and M. de Broglie in April defended its provisions in an elaborate speech. He pointed out that the impartiality of the French magistracy was open to doubt in dealing with the press. By their origin and constitution they were too closely connected with the executive

to give their decisions moral weight. The ratification of public opinion was essential where newspaper prosecutions were concerned; and this could only be had through the means of a jury. "The jury," he urged, "issuing from the very bosom of society, is altogether imbued, and so to speak, impregnated with public opinion, of which its verdict is the instinctive and involuntary expression." M. de Broglie went on to claim credit for the Assembly for daring to legislate in a liberal sense amid the menaces and within hearing of the very cannon of the Commune. He eulogized it for replying by a law of liberty to the violent passions surging at its gates; or rather, there was no merit but only a little memory; for twenty years of Empire had taught the vanity of measures of material repression, which drove social evils from the surface to the interior, to increase in the shade and to circulate more noxiously in the veins of society. M. de Broglie denounced the ill-dissembled distrust of trial by jury and of all liberal institutions, condemning appeals against disorder in ideas and morals to a justice calling itself inflexible, but which in truth was only a legal form of repression. "The Assembly," he said, "will not re-enter this path; it will have nothing to do with the drowsy poison of dictatorship. It prefers the painful, but vigorous and manly, remedies of liberty."

It is superfluous to compare with these professions M. de Broglie's acts as a Minister, in which he has outdone the Empire itself in measures of coercion, in acts of severity towards the newspapers, in shameful pressure on the magistracy, and in the use of the Bonapartist methods of administration. M. de Broglie, whose political essays are in large part simply the eulogy of municipal independence and of communal liberties, was the Minister who, by the law of 1874, handed over France to the central administration and to the Imperial agents, whose system and method he has denounced as corrupting the very sources of national life. In his writings the union of Liberals of all classes, a policy of conciliation, the emancipation of individuals from the state, and the substitution of independent authority for an hierarchical unity, are dwelt upon with an insistency that seems often excessive. For Liberal we now hear of Conservative union; for a policy of conciliation, a policy of combat; for individual freedom and the independence of local authorities, repression of the rights of public meeting, inquisition into private conversations, the control of the magistracy by the central Government, and the prohibition of scientific and philosophic discussions are substituted. It is not, perhaps, strange that the Home Minister who thought it necessary to change the Lycée Condorcet into the Lycée Fontanes should prohibit lectures on Darwinism and on Diderot; but that he should do so under an administration of which the Duc de Broglie is the chief, is something more than surprising.

M. de Broglie's repentance of his theoretic and abstract Liberalism was soon disclosed. The change which has come over him since he delivered his speech on the press laws is remarkable; but it may be explained. The National Assembly, Monarchical and reactionary as it was, had been freely elected, and M. de Broglie had inferred that France was Monarchical and reactionary. He was, therefore, for freedom of election. Events soon undeceived him. The National Assembly had been chosen, not upon any political issue, but to conclude peace with Germany, and to get rid of the dregs of the Empire. When political issues again emerged, France in every possible way showed that she was Liberal and Republican; and M. de Broglie came to the conclusion that she must be duped and dragooned in the old Imperial fashion. Appointed ambassador to England in February, 1871, he was almost as frequently to be seen in the lobbies of the Assembly at Versailles as in London.

Before finally undertaking the overthrow at once of M. Thiers and the Republic, M. de Broglie deemed it well to endeavour to detach M. Thiers from the Republic. A deputation waited on the President to implore him to govern through what they styled the Conservative majority of the Assembly. M. de Broglie was the chief of these *bonnets à poil*, as they were called, in recollection of the Grenadiers of the National Guard, who, in 1848, made an impressive demonstration before the Hotel de Ville in favour of their own privileges. The only effect of this attempted seduction was to elicit from M. Thiers a strong re-affirmation of his policy. "It is not enough," he said, "to refrain from attacking the Republic. We must do our best to help in consolidating it." The *bonnets à poil* felt that they had no time to lose. Whether by deliberate intention, or by an unconscious instinct, pointing to the true course and order of events, M. Grévy was driven into resigning the presidency of the National Assembly as the preliminary to M. Thiers' resignation of the presidency of the Republic. The intrigues of the Monarchists in the Chamber were thwarted by the firmness and impartiality of a speaker incapable of lending himself to partisanship; and it was desirable that M. Buffet, whom no one could charge with refusing aid and comfort to his friends, should control the Assembly before the Duc de Broglie attempted to use it for the overthrow of M. Thiers. How little delay there was in the pursuit of his enterprise appears from three dates. The project of the Thirty, committing the organization of the State to the Assembly, was voted on the 13th of March; M. Grévy having been got rid of, M. Buffet was chosen President of the Assembly on the 4th of April; the Assembly was prorogued on the 7th of April, and met again on the 19th of May; five days after, on the 24th of May, the vote was taken which led to M. Thiers' resignation. Marshal Macmahon became President,

and the Duc de Broglie his First Minister. The Duc de Broglie was notoriously the principal mover in the intrigues which brought about this result. The work was done in the lobbies and passages of the Assembly, and not in the chamber of debate—by cabals and intrigues, and by the ordinary methods of seduction and corruption. This is business for which the Duc de Broglie is eminently qualified. Feeble and unimpressive in the tribune, with none of the qualifications either of the orator or debater, he is a cunning and adroit manœuvrer. Fertile in the small ingenuities and dexterous evasions which for the moment may discomfit his antagonists, he is without the force of mind or character which can bring his own projects to a successful issue. Armed with a perpetual smile, apparently as irremovable as a life senator or as the grimace of *l'Homme qui rit*, which he uses as a sort of shield with which to confront the attacks of his enemies and to conceal the movements of his own mind, M. de Broglie advances to the combat. An imperfect articulation, and a hesitating delivery, are fatal to oratorical success, and his mechanical antitheses and copy-book maxims have little effect in debate against such an antagonist as M. Gambetta, or even much inferior men. In the lobbies, however, M. de Broglie has something of a priest's and a woman's power of personal management and persuasion. He is his own whip, and does the business very effectually. At the moment of which we are speaking, he used skilfully the alarm felt or affected at the election of M. Barodet for Paris, following the choice of M. Ranc for Lyons and M. Lockroy for Marseilles, as a ground for demanding, through M. Erneul's order of the day, the reconstitution of the ministry in a sense satisfactory to Conservative interests. M. Thiers, properly regarding the attack on his ministers as an attack on himself, and declining to govern by persons and for interests neither republican nor patriotic, fell by a hostile majority of fourteen—how won over will be known when secret history becomes public.

Under the presidency of Marshal Macmahon the Duc de Broglie, as Vice-President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, became the real ruler of France. He lost no time in showing to the world that his hostility to the Empire was due rather to hatred of persons than to disapproval of its methods of government, for those methods of government he proceeded at once to put into operation. In order to do so the more effectually he presently found it desirable to exchange the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for that of the Interior. M. de Broglie's tenure of power lasted just one year, from the 24th of May, 1873, to the 16th of May 1874, and he has come back after precisely three years' exclusion. During twelve months, the Duc de Broglie gave the lie daily to his professions of devotion —not merely to the principles of 1789, but even to those of 1830.

The son of the late Duc de Broglie and the disciple of Royer Collard, showed himself in practice the pupil of the Duc de Morny and the Comte de Persigny. Abandoning the honourable traditions of his house, he seemed to show in his own person the possibility of combining the secret intrigues of Louis XV.'s court with the political expedients of the second Empire. Some of the worst vices of the elder Bourbon rule, of the Orleanist system, and of Bonapartism, were exhibited in his administration. The reporter and vindicator of the liberal press law of 1871 was the colleague and chief of the author of the Beulé circular. The apologist of the Liberal Catholicism of Montalembert became the agent and servant of an Ultramontane clericalism. The statesman, who accepted office under a President bound to protect the actual institutions and to organize the Republican form of government, became the ally, shifty and hesitating it is true, of the Fusionists, who were bent on giving the throne of France to the Comte de Chambord with reversion to the Comte de Paris. The eulogist of municipal independence was the author of the Law of Mayors, which sacrificed that independence to the central authorities. The unceasing antagonist of personal government could only advise all honest men to rally round Marshal Macmahon, and attempt to establish a dictatorship, which afterwards, limited in powers and in duration, became the Septennate. His attempt to organize the Septennate disorganized the accidental majority which the Duc de Broglie commanded. On a merely formal vote, taken as a test of confidence on an order of the day, affecting the priority of the electoral or the municipal law, M. de Broglie found himself decisively beaten. He had as yet a sufficiently ostensible respect for a parliamentary majority to retire before its hostility. Succeeded by M. Buffet, he is understood to have remained one of the intimate private councillors of the Marshal-President, aiding or thwarting his public advisers by the arts of wire-pulling and ear-wigging. M. de Broglie had provided his successor with Bonapartist agents, and they were freely used, according to the Bonapartist traditions of suppression and corruption.

The ministry of M. de Buffet was occupied in attempts, at length accidentally successful, to organize the government of France, which the manœuvres and combinations of the Duc de Broglie endeavoured to reduce to little more than an organization of the personal powers of the Marshal-President. The controversy was practically terminated by the majority of one, which, on the 30th of January, 1874, passing the amendment of M. Wallon, established the Republic. The manœuvres of the Duc de Broglie to surround the President with institutions as little democratic as possible conspicuously failed. The uni-nominal vote for the members of the Chamber of Deputies, as opposed to the vote by list, though devised in the

interests of reaction, returned an overwhelming Liberal majority to the Chambers. The life-senators, chosen by the National Assembly, itself Conservative, were, owing to the Duc de Broglie's perverse but blundering combinations, taken mainly from the ranks of the Republicans. The Duc de Broglie himself failed to secure his return; but in the departmental elections his coalition with the Bonapartist Vice-Admiral La Roncière le Noury brought him into the Senate for the Department of Eure. The fortunes of the ballot, distributing the senators of the Departments and the Colonies into three groups for re-election in 1879, 1882, and 1885, have assigned to him the longest term of senatorial existence; so that unless the revision of the Constitution in 1880 revises the constitution of the Senate, or dispatches it altogether, the Republic will have to reckon for a long time yet with the manœuvres and combinations of its most vigilant and least scrupulous enemy. Though the elections of Senators for terms of years by the departments placed a small Conservative majority in the Upper House, the variance between it and the Chamber of Deputies has not exceeded their powers of accommodation, nor unduly taxed that spirit of compromise and concert which is both essential to the working of parliamentary institutions and one of the best lessons they have to teach. A year's experience proved that the three powers in the state were adjusting themselves to each other and to the needs and wants of France in a manner full of promise for the permanence of the Republic, and, for that reason, in the highest degree discouraging to the men who contemplated the revision, in a monarchical sense, of the Constitution in 1880. It was, therefore, necessary to interrupt the good work at whatever cost of foreign trouble and domestic disturbance. It is impossible to imagine an act more boldly at variance with every principle of constitutional government than the dismissal of M. Jules Simon and his Ministry, and the appointment of the existing Cabinet. Whether the Duc de Broglie was an accessory before or after the fact, whether he advised the action of the Marshal, or became an accomplice in it after it was perpetrated, his fault is the same. The Marshal was bound to select, and having selected to maintain, a Ministry in harmony with the Chamber of Deputies, and able to keep it and themselves in fair working relations with the Senate. The appointment of the Duc de Broglie was in substance a denial of the responsibility of Ministers to Parliament. It is vain to say that the Marshal intends, if he can obtain the concurrence of the Senate, to appeal from the Chamber to France. Neither he nor the Duc de Broglie intends to appeal to France. They intend to appeal to the Bonapartist prefects and sub-prefects, mayors and adjoints, magistrates and justices of the peace, who will do their best to speak for France, silencing its voice by every

means of administrative and judicial pressure, and substituting their own.

When M. de Broglie was endeavouring, under the Empire, to unite all Liberals in France in a common cause, he laid down as the "three indispensable conditions of freedom—the three *sine quâ non* to make a Liberal constitution—sincerity of elections, the right of discussion in the tribune and in the press, and the fullest responsibility of the depositories of power." He ridiculed the fears of those who thought that society in France would be dissolved, if all the prefects did not at the same hour despatch the same circular into all the mairies; he maintained that if the communes were self-governed they would not send less patriotic recruits to the armies, and contended that if the Imperial courts were less dependent on the Keeper of the Seals they would not apply the Civil Code less justly. "It is clear," he elsewhere says, "that if the mayor, judge, and prefect are mutually independent, the protection sought in vain from one may be gained from the other; but if they are three servants of the same master, three agents of the same thought, three aspects of the same countenance, I am locked in on all sides, and authority rears itself before me like a wall, with no opening through which a ray of light can pass or a sigh can be breathed." In this language, which is but a sample of the thoughts almost too constantly and monotonously expressed in M. de Broglie's political writings, he reprobates that Second Empire whose instruments he is now using, and whose methods of corruption and repression he is outdoing. It is right, though it is difficult, to believe that M. de Broglie is acting innocently. He is essentially a moralist as well as a politician, and the ethical and religious sides of politics are those which he especially loves to treat. He must know that in the measures which he is employing, either by himself or through M. de Fourtou, he is making sacrifice of those elements of the national character which not only constitute the honour and uprightness of individuals, but are essential to the permanent well-being of the nation. He is tampering with the integrity of the magistracy and using it, together with his army of Bonapartists, prefects, sub-prefects, and mayors, to convert the French people into a nation of slaves, obsequious and untruthful, holding their opinions at the sufferance of the political hierarchy which substitutes itself for France, and shaping their conduct at the bidding of their superiors. In proportion as this work is done will the manhood of France die away. Its industrial energy will sooner or later follow its political deterioration. M. de Fourtou's declaration is untrue, that while business is the life, politics are the death of a nation. On the contrary, the community which does not look after its own interests in politics, which does not nourish a strong and vigorous individuality in dealing with

public affairs, will lose the energy essential even for business. These considerations are so essentially a part of the political doctrine in which M. de Broglie was educated, they form so inseparable a part of the moral atmosphere he has breathed, that it is difficult to suppose that he is not deliberately endeavouring to pervert and betray France for the benefit of party combinations and personal ambition. Beranger sang long ago, with respect to Royer Collard—

> "La planète doctrinaire
> Qui sur Gand brillait,
> Veut servir de luminaire
> Aux gens de juillet."

How completely the light of the doctrinaire planet has become darkness in the latest representatives of the people of July, how thorough is the Bonapartist eclipse which it has undergone, the conduct and career of the Duc de Broglie since the year 1871 illustrate in a painful manner.

The fact is, that though M. Guizot gives the late Duc de Broglie credit for the education of his son, his real master was Napoleon III. He was trained in the traditions and taught to repeat the maxims of the Monarchy of July, but his early and mature manhood was passed under the Second Empire. Even while protesting against it and denouncing it, he learned its lessons and became contaminated with its spirit. The hope was entertained that in the men of rank and wealth who disdainfully stood aloof from Napoleon III., devoting themselves to speculation and research, the instruments were being silently prepared for a better time,—when liberty and self-government should be restored to France, the agents of national elevation and redemption would not be wanting. But, as was the case with the moralists of the Roman Empire, the education of the times in which they lived was stronger than that of their homes, and books, and inherited theories. Seneca, reputed by a foolish Christian tradition to be the correspondent of St. Paul, showed himself the contemporary of Nero. The present Duc de Broglie, trained amongst moralists and political Puritans, has proved himself, beneath their disguise, to be a pupil of the Second Empire.

The reproach which may justly be addressed to the Duc de Broglie on this account is attenuated in some degree by the intellectual infirmities which impair a respectable and elaborately cultivated intelligence. He exaggerates the fault of the doctrinaire school of politicians. These men are not to be blamed for having endeavoured to frame a body of political doctrine, of which the conduct of affairs should be the application. In having recourse to history, they made an advance upon the *à priori* school of politicians who reconstruct society by deductions from natural rights and self-evident truths. They derived their art of politics from the working of the English

constitution, as an art of poetry might be based upon Homer. They mistook, not in endeavouring to think systematically, and to connect their conduct with principles, but in supposing that any system could be framed large and flexible enough to meet the infinite variety of facts and tendencies in society. They erred in thinking that French politics could be formed to follow English analogies and could be treated according to precedents. The differences between them and a freer school of politicians has some resemblance to that which divided the classicists and romanticists in literature, the difference between the study of a model in art and the faculty of first-hand perception in nature. This is the real distinction between the two schools of French constitutional Liberalism represented by M. Guizot and his disciples on the one hand, and by M. Thiers, in his own person, on the other hand. M. Thiers has much to answer for, and the patriotic exertions and dignified retirement of his late life are not a more than sufficient atonement for the mischief wrought during the previous part of his career. No one has done more to flatter the passion for military glory and European domination than he; and to encourage and develop those elements of the French character most dangerous to the French themselves and most troublesome to their neighbours. But no one ever had a more nice and delicate perception of the actual position of affairs at any moment both in its strong outlines and in its minutest and most delicate shades, though his apprehension of what actually was, was not always informed by a perception of what ought to be. It was too often used to flatter the noxious prejudices of his countrymen and to promote his own ambitious ends. The decline, through age and satisfied achievement, of less worthy impulses, has left a residue of disinterested perception and pure patriotism, which are rather curious from the naturalist's point of view than deserving eulogy from the moralist's. Be this as it may, M. Thiers has always had the faculty of perceiving with clearness and delicacy, and in their just proportion, the actual state of things. M. Doudan, speaking of a particular political embarrassment, describes him, "la raison et la lumière même." The Duc de Broglie has never had a glimpse of France as it really is, but only has seen instead certain rules and maxims with which his mind has been stored, and which he has taken for real facts. The political pedant brought suddenly into contact with the world, and discovering that his phrases and principles are of no service to him, is obliged to fall back upon the institutions and methods of government which he finds ready-made to his hand. Unable to seize the subtle distinctions, and inexhaustible variety, and incessant fluctuations of affairs, with no power of apprehending anything less formal than a maxim, or more spiritual than an institution or an official regulation, the political schoolman becomes the red-tapist

that Legitimists and Orleanists are humoured as well as Bonapartists. M. de Broglie may find himself as skilful in juggling with three balls as the Emperor was in juggling with one; but the chances are against him. He will have the support of the clergy, but this too will be one of his difficulties; for while the official hierarchy is Bonapartist, the priesthood is Legitimist. It is exceedingly doubtful whether, except here and there in France, the political influence of the clergy is considerable; but such as it is it is essential. It is the only intrinsically and permanently reactionary force in the country. It is therefore the indispensable ally of every government of combat in France. But, if its help is to be had, that help must be paid for; and the only payment it will take is support of the temporal power of the Pope, and alliance with the Ultramontane party in the other states of Europe—in Germany, in Italy, in Belgium, in Holland, and in Russian Poland. Satisfactory diplomatic assurances will be given and politely received, but there will be distrust and hostile preparations on both sides, and the first opportunity will be taken of striking a decisive blow against what perhaps an unduly alarmed Protestantism or Cæsarism will regard as the Ultramontane plot against the peace and freedom of Europe—a plot having its head-quarters in France. The Duc de Broglie himself, except in the accident of his not having taken orders, is more a Churchman than De Retz, or Mazarin, or Richelieu. A political ecclesiastic is usually far less clerically minded than an ecclesiastical politician such as the Duc de Broglie. His favourite studies have been in Church history. Beginning in the Liberal school of Montalembert and Lacordaire, with whose free and energetic genius, his own dry, bald, and formal mind had little in common, he has inevitably, in the company of contemporary events, passed through the stages which have converted Roman Catholics into Papists, Gallicans into Ultramontanes. His own sympathies, though policy may repress them, are with the priestly party; and they only need opportunity and the hope of success to be transferred from the recesses of secret diplomacy to the open air of public policy. His ministry is, therefore, a danger not only to the internal tranquillity of France but to the peace of Europe. French opinion might perhaps be defied with impunity. But, as the miller of San Souci has it, "there are judges in Berlin."

FRANK H. HILL.

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THEY will have sought in vain who in this year's Royal Academy Exhibition have sought for anything which can be called a great painting. We may survey the region from the Dan of Gallery I. to the Beersheba of Gallery X., but, so far as such a quest is concerned, we find it all barren. And what does one intend by a great painting? The question is pertinent enough; and if we endeavour to analyse and reduce to rationalism that seemingly instinctive sympathy whereby we recognise and do homage to such a work, we shall conclude that certainly in the first instance a picture, to obtain this response from us and claim this place among our sources of intellectual refreshing, must embody or suggest something which can be called a great idea—some motive appealing to our higher and more serious sympathies, or to our consciousness of some of the deeper problems or emotions of human life. It may be the record of some great deed; it may be the portrayal of human passion through the medium of personages or scenes created by the artist; it may be that realisation of abstract force and grandeur in design which, embodying no definite meaning or moral, we yet feel to be representative of what is at the very basis of intellectual life, and even of much which is called moral feeling;—which, in the noble and pregnant words of Mill, brings home to us "all those solemn or pensive feelings which, without having any direct application to conduct, incline us to take life seriously, and predispose us to the reception of anything that comes before us in the shape of duty."[1] And with this seriousness of purpose or of feeling must be combined, of course, as the necessary condition of artistic expression, a mastery of the highest technical capabilities of the art, displayed in setting forth the essentials rather than the accidents of the subject. This technique is indispensable; its defect can be adequately compensated by no profession of elevated feeling or aim; but it is all-important as a means, not as an end.

An instance from the present exhibition may serve to remind us where the interest of technical excellence stops. One of the ablest and one of the highest in his aims among contemporary English artists exhibits his diploma picture, painted in accordance with the requirement that each academician shall deposit a practical example of his attainments in the art. *The Fortune Teller*, which thus stands sponsor for Mr. Poynter's place among his colleagues, represents a sorceress of some indefinable classic epoch, a seated richly draped figure, examining through a crystal sphere the

(1) Address at the University of St. Andrews, February 1, 1867.

countenance or figure of an entirely disrobed fair client seated opposite to her. Obviously the painting is intended as an example of the artist's proficiency in technique, in painting the naked figure and the texture of costume, and of the marble and other materials around; and this object is quite in keeping with the occasion of the work. The end of an academy is to promote technical excellence, which is all that is within its power; and a painter who is elected naturally gives proof of his attainment in this respect, just as the candidate for a degree in music exhibits his mastery of counterpoint by writing double fugues; not that he necessarily prefers that style of composition, but that he proves thereby his capacity for handling his materials, and his knowledge of the art on its scientific side.

But something in the composition and motive of the painting in question happened to recall another work in which the opposition of a nude and a draped figure is the prominent fact of the design—that noble production, namely, of the early period of Titian's career, long misnamed *Earthly and Heavenly Love*, but the obvious intent of which, the symbolising of virgin and matronly love, the artlessness of maidenhood and the self-possessed dignity and reserve of full womanhood, has been pointed out, for those who need such guidance, in a recent admirable biography of Titian.[1] Without going into the question of difference of outward beauty in the two works, which would be ungracious, may we not profitably contrast the difference of intellectual interest? In the modern picture there is hardly, there was perhaps hardly intended, a thought below the surface. We admire, some more, some less, the figure of the girl; we recognise that there may be a logical excuse for her nudity (the real motive of which is only academical) in the idea that it was a necessary condition of the success of the incantation; but, beyond that, she has no interest for us, we care not what her "fortune" has been or may be; she is a good study of the figure, and that is all. In Titian's painting we never think of the maiden as a figure-study. She, in her naked simplicity, is the very embodiment, the fullest realisation possible, perhaps, through the medium of painting, of the ideal of innocent girlhood, swayed only by the instincts of a free and artless nature, as the fully clad (even gloved) figure, slightly haughty in mien and expression, is the embodiment of the ideal of woman cognisant of the fruit

(1) It is worth while, as throwing a side-light on the relation of art to moral feeling, to remark what a far higher tone and meaning this picture takes, regarded in the aspect suggested by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's admirable criticism, than under the idea implied by the title long tacked to it. The implied moral in the words "Earthly and Heavenly Love," besides begging a whole shoal of questions, was utterly limp in its application. As an artist remarked to the writer, "I never know which was earthly, and which was heavenly, love." Take away the "moral," and substitute what was unquestionably the real thought of the artist, and the painting actually acquires a grandeur and pregnancy of meaning which it never could have under the light in which it has been habitually regarded.

of the trees of Life and Knowledge, who has quitted perforce the Eden of naked simplicity and entrenched herself within the reserves and conventionalisms of maturer life. Beautiful as the painting is in mere outer form, pointed and effective in its contrast, we feel that it has an interest beyond all this in its large and profound symbolism, suggesting thoughts which carry us far beyond the mere admiration for a piece of cunning handiwork, at which so much of our interest in even the best contemporary painting seems to stop. If, however, we are led thus to follow out a thought which Mr. Poynter's picture, in its accidental semi-resemblance to that of Titian, at once suggested, this is neither in forgetfulness of the fact that Titian himself in late life descended too often to mere materialism in his art (painting "nudes" for wealthy and sensuous patrons), nor in disparagement of a gifted English artist who has given us noble works and will give us more, though he has been content for once to be academical.

If, however, there is, as has been observed, no great picture at this year's Academy, the exhibition is not without its acknowledged central point. "Where is Mr. Leighton's statue?" has probably been the first thought of a large proportion of those who come to Burlington House with anything like a serious interest in the progress and accomplishments of modern art. This is a question prompted not merely by the feeling that what Mr. Leighton has done he is likely to have done well, but by the consideration of the new step in modern English art—the different view of the artist's position and aims, which seems to be suggested by the fact that one long known as an eminent painter only has this year appeared also as a sculptor. It seems almost odd, certainly, that any persons should need to be reminded, as many do need, that there is nothing new in this pursuit of two forms of art by the same hand and brain; that such a simultaneous command of various media of expression was the rule rather than the exception in what we think of as the great age of art in Europe. We have become so accustomed to think of artists as divided into professional groups, each devoting himself to one form of execution, that we almost forget that there was a time when the practice of art was under no such arbitrary restrictions, and when it seemed to be regarded as a matter of course that the man who could produce what was beautiful in one medium could do so in another. It must be confessed that the outside public are likely to have their prejudices on this head rather confirmed than otherwise by the feeling and tone of some of the artists themselves. When we find a sculptor condescending only to look round the pictures with a critical air, and observe "how wretchedly these painters draw!"—and then hear a painter say, "I never look at the sculpture,"—we can hardly wonder that no greater breadth of view is shown by those who see different groups of artists thus regarding each other with the same

kind of interest and temper manifested by homœopathists and allopathists.[1] If the fact of Mr. Leighton's essay in sculpture does anything towards breaking down this middle wall of partition between those who should be of one heart and of one mind, it may have marked a fresh point of departure in the practice of modern English art. As for the bronze group itself, which commands the attention of every eye in the lecture-room, there can be no question that it is a remarkable achievement as the first public exhibition by the painter of his power over a form of art not hitherto connected with his name. Taking its intrinsic merit and its artistic significance together, it must certainly be judged to be the most important work of the year, although we find no trace in it of the moral grandeur of aim which distinguished the work of Stevens in the last exhibition. We could hardly say that there is anything about it to "incline us to take life seriously." It must be judged simply as a representation of that grand machine, the human figure, in a state of nervous and concentrated action, for which the subject supplies a motive certainly obvious enough. As a representation of the figure, it would be difficult perhaps to find a finer specimen of vigorous and muscular manhood, with none of that exaggeration which characterizes some famous examples. Mr. Leighton's *Athlete* is, we can see, fleet and supple as well as muscular; a figure well proportioned and symmetrical at all points; a man prepared to accomplish any feat of activity and endurance that may be required of him. To say this, remembering the number of limp and by no means heroic figures that we see in modern sculpture, is to say a good deal.

There may be more room for question as to the attitude and action of the figure. The position of the feet and legs has been found fault with, as a difficult and improbable one for a man endeavouring to stand firm against the reptile that is attacking him; but it must be remembered that the action is momentary, the movement of the left leg with the heel raised arising from an effort to shake the limb clear of the coil. The action of the left hand is more doubtful. Every one probably feels instinctively that its position is one of the weakest in which the limb can be placed, and that the strength of the arm thus placed could not be adequate to thrust off the thickest part of the body of the serpent from behind, if it requires all the force of the right arm in its strongest position to keep the brute's head at arm's length. It is in the position of this outstretched right arm, and the parallel line of the serpent stretch-

(1) As an instance of this unfortunate mutual indifference among the two branches of artists, even on the part of individuals who are not swayed by anything so small as professional jealousy, I have met with one painter who had visited last year's Academy without seeing Stevens's *Valour and Cowardice* (unquestionably the greatest thing of the year), and with a sculptor, and an able one, who had never heard of Mr. Brett, or noticed any of his works.

ing along it, with the human and the brute head at either end of the line glaring at each other, that the great point of the group consists. The action here is forcible and grand; the head of the man is thrown forward, with an expression on the countenance of intense and almost contemptuous antagonism, as if he would annihilate his adversary with a look: there is no trace either of fear or rage in the countenance, which has been found fault with accordingly, as not representing the situation with sufficient reality. But this is a criticism which does not take into account the conditions of sculpture; this reticence of expression is obviously intentional; and had this boundary been overstepped the sculptor would have wrecked his work, and would have produced a painful and even grotesque impression of a splutter of contest between two animal natures, undignified in itself, and completely out of keeping with that comparative calm and reserve of action which a work in sculpture must maintain. Any representation in art of a violent momentary expression of the features, especially if it involves distortion of the countenance, is apt to become annoying; partly, perhaps, from the contrast between the immobility of the representation and our knowledge of the necessarily transient nature of the incident in a living countenance; but more particularly, of course, because it is usually un-beautiful in effect, and is a perpetuation of an abnormal condition of the features. The reason why this restriction applies the more strongly in the case of sculpture, seems to be that this art depends entirely on form for its effect, and is more conventional in its relation to nature than painting. The sculptor cannot therefore afford to distort form when he has no help from colour and effect to carry it off, while the fact that he cannot imitate nature in detail also leads to a broader generalisation of form and expression in typical rather than special aspects.

Taking this group as a whole, therefore, we must attach a very high value and interest to it, not only as a fine example of sculpture falling only just short of the highest or moral interest, but as furnishing proof that the technical power over more than one medium of expression in art, on the part of the same inventor, is no more an impossibility now than in the days of the Renaissance. And it may be allowable to hope that this possibility of less restricted practice on the part of the artist, if recognised and acted upon, will tend to influence both artists and the public towards looking more to intellectual and less to material excellence in a work than is now generally the case, when so much of the labour of the artist seems to be concentrated on the effort to outstrip his fellows, and bid for public applause and success, by the realisation of exceptionally high imitative finish in some special line of manipulation, rather than by giving outward expression to a living and original idea.

Yet if we turn round one moment from the bronze group to another piece of sculpture in the lecture-room, we meet with what seems to give us pause in our conclusions as to the nature of the interest attaching to sculpture, as considered in its relation to nature and to contemporary life. M. Dalou's *Une Boulonnaise allaitant son enfant* seems at first sight so complete a contrast, in regard to subject and treatment, to the *Athlete*, that one might be tempted to say for a moment that if one were right the other must be wrong; and we might suppose that the authorities had intentionally placed the two works in opposition as a suggestive, not to say sensational, contrast. Yet, if we consider it further, we may conclude, perhaps, that the contrast is more in accidents than in essentials. True that the *Athlete* is a nude figure, partially Greek in type, and represented under circumstances foreign to our every-day experience; while the figure by the French sculptor is that of a peasant woman arrayed in a very nearly realistic costume, engaged in an every-day duty of nature. Yet in his choice of the peasant woman, with her simple costume and unaffected natural action, the artist has, half unconsciously perhaps, shown his adherence to some of the most important principles which decide the choice and treatment of subject in sculpture. His peasant woman, regarded as a mother, presents the maternal character in its natural and typical aspect, free from the conventionalities of a more self-conscious social state; and her simple costume, realistic as it is in a sense, comes more near to the abstract idea of dress than could be the case with a dress more emphatically exhibiting a contemporary and transient fashion. Indeed, it is curious how near an approach is made to the broad sculpturesque style of Greek drapery, in the manner in which the surfaces and vertical folds of the cloak on the left side of the figure are treated. In that respect this fine work shows a change for the better, a reconsideration of the æsthetic of sculpture, as compared with former works by the same brilliant and forcible modeller. If M. Dalou startled us out of our artistic proprieties, when first we knew his work on this side of the Channel, by some fripperies and impertinences of detail in the costume of his figures, he has of late shown an unmistakable practical repentance of the error of his ways, and his recent works, like the one before us, have exhibited a breadth and simplicity of treatment and a largeness of style which put them in quite a different category from the displays of embroidery and drapery goods carved in marble, to which the modern Italian school of sculpture has debased itself.

The question of material of course affects our judgment in regard to costume sculpture also; for it may be worth while, in giving completeness to a subject of real life, to model in terra-cotta details which it would not be worth while laboriously to

carve out in (what is to us) a precious material like marble, more worthily applied to realising in a durable and minutely complete manner the fine contours of the rude form. In this respect the use of terra-cotta, so much favoured by French artists, may be said to have thrown open to the sculptor a wider choice of subject, without rendering him liable to the accusation of misusing his material upon details unworthy of it; and this practice again ought to lead to a greater preference for thought and invention over mere material workmanship; though, unfortunately, some French and German sculptors appear to have considered the increased facility and economy of terra-cotta in the light of an excuse for modelling vulgarities and commonplaces. But M. Dalou, at least, is not of these; nor is there less minute care and refinement of modelling bestowed on the figures of mother and child, so far as unconcealed by drapery, than if they were in the finest Carrara. The infant's head is a masterpiece, as well as the expression of eager, half-convulsive movement towards its source of life and comfort. As to the suitability of the subject for sculpture or for artistic illustration, there may, perhaps, have been differences of opinion. We have heard it questioned whether such secrets of the nursery were suited for public exhibition, and, *per contra*, have heard also a suggestion as to the additional marriages or engagements that might possibly be traced this season to the naturalising influence of this work upon the conventional social mind. Neither suggestion was quite called for, perhaps. It is enough that the sculptor has shown how art can emphasize and dignify the simplest act which forms a link in the continuity of human life, in a work which might be paralleled, perhaps, by Clough's curious but fine and suggestive little poem, founded on an equally homely subject, called "Natura Naturans."[1]

We have felt moved to say some words in the first instance on these two works of the sculptor's art (an art so neglected by the ordinary run of visitors to the Academy, so little recognised or sympathised with by many painters), as being unquestionably two of the foremost works of the year, and the two which most distinctly stand out from the mass of the productions exhibited, and challenge special attention. Yet if the Academy of 1877 has not its great picture, it has not a few interesting and beautiful works, some of which let us now glance at, rather with the view of estimating their meaning in reference to the ends of art, their value in regard to the "strengthening and refreshing" of our souls, than their mere testimony to the manipulative skill of the painter; still less in the *dolce far niente* mood of those who are content to traverse the rooms

(1) Now unfortunately suppressed, through a comprehensible but surely rather superfluous delicacy on the part of the editor of the posthumous edition of his works.

for the idle pleasure of receiving a certain number and variety of impressions on the retina; whom let us not, however, too rashly despise, seeing that they, too, are God's creatures.

A modern Gainsborough! we exclaim, on turning into Gallery I: but what catches our eye is in fact Mr. Ouless's portrait of *Miss Ruth P. Bouverie*. Though it would seem that in this portrait the artist has obviously been thinking of Gainsborough, even to some extent in regard to manner of execution and detail, what specially suggests the comparison is the open-air feeling of the whole, and the freedom and natural pose of the sitter, and above all the fact that the artist can paint a lady in the spirit in which Gainsborough could, though with a certain difference. His subject, seated under a tree with a garden hat on, and sketching materials in hand, has, with much of the air and attitude of the portraits of ladies by Gainsborough, something at the same time which belongs to the present day; a certain air of quietness and thoughtfulness different from the more lively but, perhaps, less intellectual style of the Gainsborough lady. It is in the power to realise this very delicate distinction, to make the picture essentially modern while borrowing from the artistic inspiration of a painter of a different social period, that much of the interest of this very beautiful portrait consists. It is a positive pleasure to look at it; and its contemplation sets us off, being in an excursive humour, upon looking for other examples of portraits in the exhibition, and on some consideration of the aims of portraiture, and the various forms it assumes in different corners of the various rooms. There are some portraits which merely depict a man's or a woman's dress, and add a head more or less resembling the material circumstances of the sitter's head—"a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose." To anathematize these would be a sinful waste of epithets: we may be thankful that there are fewer specimens than usual in the present year.

Among portraits that have a claim to artistic standing, we may recognise three or four shades of character and æsthetic intention. There are those, of which the portrait by Mr. Ouless just mentioned is such an admirable specimen, which aim at giving the real manner, appearance, and usual costume of the subjects, their habit as they live, with as much realism as is consistent with the forcible exposition of character, without attracting so much attention to the costume and accessories as to weaken the main interest in the personality of the sitter. In these it may be said that the aim is to produce a portrait, not excluding pictorial effect; and, perhaps, it would be difficult to show that portrait-painting can have any better aim and principle than this. To give you a record of what your friends at a certain period were really like, including their ordinary costume, but without drawing more

attention to the latter than would be the case in real life, seems to be about the best that portrait-painting can do for the majority of those at whose instigation portraits are painted. And if we accept this view, there can hardly be a doubt that Mr. Ouless carries off the palm in the present year. If we compare with his portrait of Miss Bouverie that of the Recorder of London, we must recognise an unusual power of depicting character in an artist who can give two such different types of personality with so much force and reality. And the difficulty of dealing with the scarlet gown, also, is admirably met in this legal portrait, which in that respect may be contrasted with another portrait of a similar character (338) with manifest advantage to the former. As a fine specimen of this class of powerful portrait-painting without picture-making, Mr. W. B. Richmond's *Sir Harry Verney* deserves also all the recognition it has obtained as a work full of concentrated character. As an example of the contrast between portrait-painting with and without character, we may compare with Mr. Ouless's *Miss Bouverie* the portrait by Mr. Wells (No. 333), representing a young lady passing quickly in through a pillared vestibule, her scarf flying back a little with her movement: this is well meant as an effective portrait, and there is a certain "go" about it, but as to character it really tells us nothing. The figure is the type merely of a section of society; all that we gather from it is a general notion of the probable *entourage* of the lady's life.

In contrast to the class of portraiture just mentioned, is that in which the aim, on the other hand, is to make a picture, not excluding portraiture. Under this head may come those portraits in the costumes of various periods which have become fashionable, and of which we are getting rather tired. Under this head, too, such a painting as Mr. Millais' *Yes*, which is apparently a portrait-picture, though no names are given. The nature of the incident portrayed insures attention to this work, which has been much decried, partly in a cynical spirit of contempt for "sentiment," partly from motives better grounded. There is a certain manliness of tone about it, and a real feeling in the action of the hands of the two figures, which has not been sufficiently recognised; but if the portrayal of such a moment of deep interest in the life of a man and woman is attempted, it should be in a more serious and abstract manner than this. Even were the personages made more interesting to us (we doubt if either of them have gained much in the exchange of hearts), we feel that the umbrellas, the portmanteau, the elaborate travelling cap, and the very conspicuous Ulster, are impertinences which in real life would be forgotten at such a moment, and should not be obtruded on us here. We remember Browning's various poems in which some supreme moment in the

relation of friends of opposite sex is brought before us, so powerfully, so abstractedly, that no detail even of recognisable time or place is intruded, only the mere element of the opposition or mutual recognition of two human souls. We remember, too, Giorgione's *La Richiésta,* in which a similar effect is actually realised in painting; and we feel that Mr. Millais in comparison is cold, dead, and prosaic, not to speak, by the way, of the very coarse painting of the young lady's face. Of his other portrait of an old man in a beef-eater's costume one can only wonder, while admitting the uncompromising realism of the costume, why anything so stiff, glaring, and uninteresting should be painted at all.

Another distinct class consists of what may be termed decorative portraits, in which the countenance of the sitter is enshrined, so to speak, in a general scheme of decorative effect produced by the elaborate painting of rich costume and accessories. Mr. Poynter is a master of this class of portrait, of which, however, his large work, *Mrs. Henry Hart Milman,* though powerful in effect, is not so favourable a specimen as he has produced. Fine effect, especially of colour, is of course procurable by this method of treating a portrait, but it is almost more than questionable whether it is not foreign to the real object of portrait-painting. Then there is the entirely opposite treatment, in which even the ordinary details of dress are thrown into the shade, the whole attention concentrated on the countenance, and in which the attempt seems to be to paint, by a happy seizing of prominent characteristics of expression, the mind rather than the mere personal appearance of the sitter. This class of portrait-painting, of which Mr. Watts is almost the sole representative, is unquestionably the most intellectual application of the art to portraiture; perhaps it best fulfils its object in the case of men whose name is a power before the world, and in whom those consequently have an interest who do not know them except through their intellectual side. For the personal friends of a sitter there is too much of the artist's own personality of feeling in this style of portrait, which really conveys the painter's opinion of the sitter rather than the real facts of his personality; as if the artist would have the sitter to say, in the words of the hero of *Amours de Voyage,* to Society—

"Do I look like that? You think me that? Then I am that."

Mr. Watts has portrayed some of the leading intellects of the day on this principle with splendid success: his chief portrait this year (125) is a noble expression of abstract chivalry in the style and countenance of his very fine-looking subject; the work may be instructively contrasted with the common-place likeness which forms a pendant to it. An able portrait by a young artist,

which deserved better hanging, is that of an old lady, by Mr. Blake Wirgman (294), which shows both character and refinement in the careful painting of the face. Perhaps there is no portrait which, in its circumstances and description, has a more direct bearing on problems beyond the limits of painting than that representing, as we are told, *His Grace the Duke of Rutland, K.G., on his shooting pony, on his Derbyshire moors, with two of his keepers*, and painted, we suppose, by "his" artist, who appears in this case to be the President of the Royal Academy.

Our disquisition on portraits has taken us a long way from Gallery I., and we may take a fresh point of departure from what is, on the whole, the most ambitious in aim of the paintings of this year, Mr. Long's *Egyptian Feast* in Gallery II. It combines drawing and grouping of many figures with study of ancient architecture and costume, and with a *morale* in the subject, which represents the legendary custom of the introduction of the mummy, the skeleton at the feast, as a *memento mori.* As a study of antique figures, costume, and architecture the painting shows the most brilliant ability and conscientious labour. Among other things may be noted, what is not noticed of many, the admirable perspective drawing of the inlaid floor; but the great point of the subject, the effect of the warning upon the guests, is not brought out so as to impress us: there are evidences of an attempt towards it, but partial and unimpressive. Very possibly the habitual exhibition of the corpse would have had little more effect on the spectators than a sermon on the shortness of life has on a London congregation; but if so, there was hardly sufficient motive for an elaborate painting. The result is, that so far from "inclining us to take life seriously," the picture produces only a scenic effect; put a very little more clothing on the dancing girl in the foreground, and it might pass as a scene from an Egyptian opera at Covent Garden. If we may class together, as in a certain sense occupying common ground, pictures which endeavour to revivify the life and scenes of the past, we might contrast this with Mr. Gow's painting of *The tumult in the House of Commons on March* 2, 1629; nothing like so brilliant in drawing and design, certainly, but which has this merit, that it really does quicken our idea of the reality of the scene portrayed. We see the old dusty meeting-room of the members, with its wainscoted wall and bare benches—much as it probably did exist—and the Third Estate of the period, a homely-looking company enough, whose general style and manners remind us how little dignified have often been the beginnings of great popular movements for liberty—

"With the fear of change
Perplexing monarchs."

The centre group are engaged in a personal scuffle with Mr. Speaker; a stout old country member looks on with eyes of stupefied astonishment; a fellow in the corner by the window shakes his riding-whip and shouts at the top of his voice across the room. In detail the picture is capable of much improvement; the individual characters are not sufficiently studied or made out; but as a protest, quite in the spirit of Mr. Carlyle, against the conventional "historical picture" ideal, the work shows merit of no ordinary kind, and deserves more credit than critics have given it. It may be questioned whether what is called "composition" in a picture has not at times proved a false light, luring painters away from the central and real interest of their subject. At the place of honour at one end of Gallery III., for example, is a large work by an artist of proved and known ability as a learned draughtsman, representing the magnanimous manumission of his slaves by a Saxon noble at his death (when he could no longer avail himself of their services); a painting most carefully composed, every figure in its right place and position, and yet it just leaves us as cold and unmoved as if we were looking at a puppet show. There is not a touch of reality in it, only a conviction that so many models have been properly posed for their parts. There is, of course, an *ars celandi artem* in these matters, as in Mr. Wallis's fine picture called *The Physician* (Gallery X.), a work one would like to dwell more on; but when we get the *ars* without the *celare* we resent the too palpable receipt for picture-making. Still more do we resent the use of personages great in human history as lay figures for the conventionalisms of painting. Mary Stuart and Darnley, indeed, deserved little better than to be painted; but what forgiveness can be extended to the A.R.A. who has vulgarised Shakspere and Elizabeth down to the level of an upholstery picture, or to his confederates who have put it on the line? We look at the thing with a kind of rage; it is too much for human nature (outside the circle of the Royal Academy) to bear with equanimity. As for the sugar-candy piety of the good-little-girl picture of Princess Charlotte in Gallery I., if we passed it over in silence, this would be less in courtesy to a lady who knows no better than to exhibit such things, than because it really gets beneath serious comment: but we may ask, with a sort of despair, whether in any country but England it would be possible for such a piece of sanctimonious *fadaise* to find a place on the line of the representative exhibition of the country, and be pointed as a religious lesson by mothers to their children?[1]

(1) Seeing that the Academy, by placing such works as these in good positions, say by implication to the visitors "These are among the best pictures of the year," it can hardly be surprising if those who know better are goaded into a little plain speaking in return.

Among the works of Mrs. E. M. Ward, who has in past days produced pictures worth recollecting, it is gratifying to find one, the last interview between Napoleon and Queen Louisa of Prussia, which shows some real character in the retreating figures of Napoleon and Talleyrand, the latter turning for a last look at the victim of his diplomatic spells; indeed, the outer mask of this intellectual libertine was so characteristic that one might expect painters to serve him up to us oftener; if you get anything like a good likeness of him, it is difficult not to get character in the picture. It is impossible to refuse our recognition to the power and even pathos with which Sir John Gilbert has treated the figure and countenance of Wolsey, on the occasion, made famous by Shakspere, of his reception, after his fall, at Leicester. Whatever we may think of the stagey effect which this artist can never get rid of, there is real dignity in the figure, and in that of the Abbot who receives him; and Sir John interests us, too, by a new experiment, and at all events an exceedingly clever and telling one, in his picture of *The Venetian Council of Ten*, which is unlike anything we have seen of his, and certainly more refined in manner, though not a work involving any very special study. Mr. Orchardson's *Queen of the Swords* is another picture illustrating the costume and manners of a past time in a very spirited way; exhibiting, too, admirable drawing of the figures of the row of silk-stockinged gentlemen who hold up their swords to form a triumphal arch. The peculiar dull grey tones of colour, and what may be termed the smeary handling of the whole, though not very pleasing abstractedly, may be pardoned as part of the incidents of what is at least an original style, borrowed from no one; and that is something to say for a painter who has hardly attained the "first force" in his art, at a time when so many artists of secondary genius endeavour to "harmonise with the environment" by systematically reproducing, as far as they are able, the style or manner of those more gifted ones who have made a success.

Mr. Yeames's painting of Foster and the valet looking at the dead body of Amy Robsart demands notice, from its large size and the fact that the Academy have bought it with part of the Chantrey fund; but it is difficult to name any other reason. No doubt, seeing what is on the line, the Academy might have done worse. Mr. Crofts' *Cromwell at Marston Moor* is a good continuance of the interest with which this able and rising painter is investing historical battle scenes; it is hardly so successful, perhaps, as the *Morning of Waterloo*, but is a work conceived and executed in a thoroughly honest and true spirit. A more peaceful recollection of another period is given by Mr. Storey in his painting of the interior of *The old Pump-room at Bath*, the best thing he sends. The figures are piquant and characteristic; but it is almost surprising that an artist, in depicting this

room, should neglect the gallery of figures that exist in literature ready to his hand. English artists should really read their Jane Austen more. What a capital and characteristic picture might have been made of this room if occupied by some of the figures whose names have made Milsom Street classic ground—shy, gentle Kitty Morland; dull Mrs. Allen, intent on the wear of her muslin gown; the Tilneys; and bragging John Thorpe, with his mouth full of oaths.

If we turn to consider what there are of purely poetic or ideal figure subjects in the Academy, we shall find the list a short one, but it will lead us in the first instance to what has been regarded as one of the great attractions of the year, the *Music Lesson* of Mr. Leighton. In this group of mother and daughter, as they seem to be, seated on a marble dais at the side of some quasi-Venetian hall, there is combined exquisite colour in the costume, beautiful drawing in the fair naked feet and ankles which are left to droop above the pavement (just too low for them to touch it), and a most refined and delicate expression of slight embarrassment in the face of the girl, which is given with a subtlety that has hardly been appreciated. We have heard it remarked that she seems asleep. Not at all; she is a little puzzled at the fingering of the guitar over which she bends; and even the position of her leg, slightly compressed against the marble behind it, seems to help this expression of constraint. The hands we like less—they seem too smooth and pink and boneless for real life; nor can we rate the intellectual interest of the picture as quite proportionate to its exquisite workmanship. It is a kind of realised dream, but has hardly the interest belonging to human nature and character. This is not the case with Mr. Leighton's other painting, less looked at and talked of, but to our thinking more interesting, called *Study*, representing a child somewhat fantastically arrayed, seated on a floor amid costly accompaniments and gazing intently into a large book open on a desk. The decorative effect of the blue tiles on the wall forming the background is not quite pleasing, and the general aspect of the whole seems at first sight a little *bizarre*, but it grows upon one remarkably. The intensity of concentration in this strange and *spirituel* little countenance is something quite out of the range of ordinary experience, and yet by no means impossible or unnatural. One would feel curious to know if the expression is painted from real life, or is idealised; if the former, the original of the painting should certainly be a child of genius. In the same room is Mr. Calderon's large and elaborate painting in illustration of Tennyson's well-known lines—

"Home they brought her warrior dead,"

which must take rank among the ideal pictures, though its very cause of failure is that it is too realistic. The artist has surrounded the

uncircumstantial pathos of Tennyson's poem with a crowd of prosaic circumstances entirely removing it from the abstract region to which the poem belongs; and even the realism is not real, for the warrior laid on the bed has not been brought home from fight, since his armour is as clean and bright as if he had just put it on new from the armourer's. Looked at as an illustration to the poem, the picture is a failure, in spite of its containing excellent drawing and painting, since it weakens rather than strengthens the effect of the poem.

The works of Mr. Tadema this year, who has on former occasions dipped us so deeply into the spirit and reality of ancient Roman life, are not fortunate, save in that extraordinary power of imitative painting of the most refined and beautiful kind, in which he is without a rival, though by no means without imitators, and which has perhaps exercised a doubtful influence on the bent of his art by inclining him to that in which he is certain of triumph, but which should really be a secondary object. Thus his largest work this year is almost incomprehensible in motive and uninteresting as far as the figures are concerned, though superb in the drawing and painting of Greek armour and other concomitants. And the set of figures called *The Seasons*, though presenting truly remarkable points, seem to fall short through a certain oddity and want of grace in a class of subject which must be beautiful or nothing, since it appeals almost entirely to the sense. That seems to make the difference between our estimation of these and of the *Bacchante* of last year. That had no more intellectual interest than these, and perhaps was less brilliant in details of execution; but then it was beautiful—charming, which these can hardly be said to be, at least as to form, though the colour in *Spring* and *Winter* is very fine. A work of the ideal class also is that entitled *Harmony*, by Mr. Dicksee, which has been bought by the Academy out of the Chantrey fund. One would not grudge a young artist such an encouraging success almost at starting as this implies, but we should look upon the application of the fund as a little doubtful, in regard to a picture which really consists of an effect of light through a stained window. Remarkably given, certainly; but where there are figures they should be preeminent in interest, which these are not, and the figure of the lady seems stiff and round-backed. There is superior power in another small picture purchased from the same fund, Mr. J. Clark's *Early Promise*, which is somewhat weak in colour, but as a study of character, in the modest expectation of the lad whose drawings are being examined, the kindly half-parental interest of the elder sister, and the eager look of the child, there is a delicacy of insight and realisation in this which is rare indeed in contemporary painting of the class.

The mention of this picture should naturally have led to a few remarks on the *genre* or character pictures of the year, which, however, we must almost necessarily pass over. We have only left ourselves space for a word or two as to landscape. It is disagreeable to feel forced to take a line of opposition to so brilliant a painter as Mr. Millais, but it certainly seems to be the case that since his first landscape, *Chill October*, in which there really was sentiment and feeling, every step he has made in the power of imitative painting has been a corresponding step away from the power of giving the freshness and the sentiment of nature. This year's picture shows splendid painting of rocks; delicate but rather "niggled" representation of foliage; water which seems to us less successful, except the swim of the bubbles along the level stretch between the falls, which is a real touch. But there is no unity in it—it is all separate detail. There is none of that pervading sentiment without which landscape is paint—paint, *et prœterea nihil*. But for the knowledge of the way people follow the leader in these matters, one would be at a loss to understand what they mean by standing and rhapsodising before this painting as they do. Landscape is not very strong this year (it seldom is of late years at the Academy), but there are landscapes of far more power and sentiment than this in the rooms. Mr. Brett's *Mount's Bay*, in one sense a realistic landscape too, has, however, complete unity of feeling and of treatment in its intense representation of land and sea under glaring heat. Mr. H. Moore's two sea pieces—the one in which an unfortunate bark is hopelessly settling down into the cruel foam, the other where we stand on the beach at twilight and almost hear the quiet wash of the receding tide; Mr. Hook's *News from the Missing*; Mr. Hunt's grand bit of rocky coast, almost metallic-looking in its iron-bound character, with the bit of wild surf flying in the distance; these and others have the spirit of sea and land in them—they are something beside mere collections of facts. One characteristic of modern landscape strikes one, however, in considering these and other works—namely, that there has been of late something like a division of labour in the treatment of landscape, under the influence of the desire for realism in modern art. Sea painters of the last generation, such as Stanfield, landscape painters preserving to a certain extent the traditions of the last generation, as Mr. Linnell, had a general style which did duty, as it were, all round. Stanfield's sea was a general sea, just as Mr. Cooke's and Mr. Duncan's have been since; it was rough or it was smooth, but always had much the same tones and effects. Now Mr. Hook paints with wonderful reality, and a keen perception of the precise power of pigments in imitating nature, one aspect of the sea, and one only; Mr. Moore paints another, and Mr. Brett another, and each seems

to concentrate himself on perfecting his own particular sort of sea; and to a certain extent this is the case also with landscape. The danger is, that while intensity is thus gained, breadth and sentiment may be lost, and landscape painting become a mere expression of the idiosyncrasies of the painter's feeling in regard to one aspect of nature. On this account it is satisfactory to see such works as those of Mr. Fisher and Mr. Farquharson; the latter especially shows something of the real poetry of landscape in his beautiful painting, *When Snow the Pasture sheets.* Mr. A. Hunt is probably the only English landscape painter since Turner who has in the same kind of way (we do not say to the same degree) combined intensity of effect with truth to nature, and with a total absence of mannerism or of devotion to one set of effects.

We have tried to read between the lines of the Academy exhibition a little, to take note of what is coming and going, to consider what is the meaning behind the mass of pictures here displayed. What is it all for? Well, we feel that those works answer the query most satisfactorily which aim at something beyond the reproduction, however brilliantly, of the physical facts of nature. "Why do you make the oak," said a country fellow to M. Rousseau, as he was painting from nature, "when it is there and made already?" And the clown, like Touchstone, spoke more wisely than he was aware of. The question is a pregnant one. We want to have what is behind the oak, what it means to us, in the kind of sense expressed in the words of Drummond (which may stand here with a double application), in the fine sonnet wherein he comments on our neglect of the inner meaning "of this fair volume which we World do call," which has such deep truths for us if we would only read it aright—

"But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with coloured bindings, leaves of gold,
Fair dangling ribands, leaving what is best,
On the great writer's sense ne'er taking hold;'

Or if perhaps we stay our minds on ought,
It is some picture on the margin wrought."

Yet the grave and serious text of life may have its coloured margins too, its decorative frame-work, nor lose thereby any of its loftier meaning.

H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM.

VIRGIL IN ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

Eclogue VIII.—Pharmaceutria.

Sing we the song of the shepherds—of Damon and Alphesibœus—
When with each other they strove, of the grass unmindful, the heifer
Listened admiring, and even the lynx stood entranced at their singing;
Rivers forgot to run and paused in their devious courses.
Sing we the song of Damon—of Damon and Alphesibœus.

Pollio, whether you scale the crags of the mighty Timavus,
Or by Illyrian shores thread your way, shall it ever be given
Me of your deeds heroic to sing and the fame of your verses,
Worthy of Sophocles' sock, trumpet-tongued thro' the universe echo?
Oh of my song the beginning, the end—set on foot at your bidding,
Take I beseech you my lays, and, twined with the conqueror's laurel,
Suffer to creep round your brow this wreath of homelier ivy.

Scarcely the night's cold shade had fled from the face of the heavens
And, on the tender blade, the dew to the cattle was sweetest,
When thus Damon began, on his staff of smooth olive wood leaning:
Dam. Lucifer rise, and coming the kindly light drive before you.
Duped by the love unworthy of Nisa, my cruel betrothed one,
Vainly I cry to the gods—for what boots it to call them to witness?
Vainly I cry and my soul in death's last agony outpour.
Wake, my flute, and, with me, give forth Mænalian numbers!
Mænalus, home of the murmuring woods and the whispering pine-trees!
Mænalus, ever awake to the lovelorn songs of the shepherds—
Songs of the great god Pan—who left not the reed to grow idle.
Wake, my flute, and with me, give forth Mænalian numbers!
Nisa to Mopsus is wed! Oh what may we lovers not hope for!
Griffins with horses already are matched, and the next generation
Timorous does will behold with the hound to the waterside flocking.
Mopsus, hew wood for the torches—a wife is brought home to your bosom!
Scatter the nuts! 'Tis for you that Hesperus Œta is leaving!
Wake, my flute, and, with me, give forth Mænalian numbers!
Worthy the wife of the spouse! while you deem yourself better than all men,
Hating my pipe and my goats and my long beard and rough shaggy eyebrows,

Think you that none of the gods give heed to the sorrows of mortals?
Wake, my flute, and, with me, give forth Mænalian numbers!
Gathering the dew-gemmed apples, a child by the side of your mother,
(I was your guide at the time) I saw you first in our orchard—
Scarce, I remember, the second year of my teens I had entered,
Scarce could I reach the frail boughs from the ground with the tips of my fingers—
Saw you—and seeing I fell—oh what dire illusion held me!
Wake, my flute, and with me, give forth Mænalian numbers!
Now I know what is Love. For him on the desolate mountains
Either did Tmaros or Rhodope bear or the far Garamantes.
No such boy could be born of fair Italian lineage!
Wake, my flute, and, with me, give forth Mænalian numbers!
Barbarous Love! who of old in the blood of her children the mother
Taught to embrue her hands—but thou too art cruel, oh mother!
Cruel, more cruel is she—but the boy is a reprobate urchin,
Reprobate urchin the boy—but thou too art cruel, oh mother!
Wake, my flute, and, with me, give forth Mænalian numbers!
Now from the sheep let the wolf fly scared and the crabbed old oak trees
Golden apples bring forth and the daffodil flower on the alder,
And from the tamarisk's bark distil the luminous amber,
Screech owls with cygnets' compete and Tityrus turn into Orpheus,
Orpheus in the woods and among the dolphins Orion.
Wake, my flute, and, with me, give forth Mænalian numbers!
Whelmed be the earth and the air in mid ocean! Adieu, oh, ye forest!
Into the deep sea waves from the beetling brow of a mountain
Headlong I cast myself down. Take the gift that, dying, I offer.
Still, my flute, be still, and give o'er Mænalian numbers!"

So sang Damon; and now what answer made Alphesibœus?
Daughters of Pieris, tell—all things are not given to all men.

Alph. Bring forth water, and wind round this altar a soft woollen fillet;
Richest of vervein and strongest of frankincense burn on the altar.
These be the magic rites whereby the cold heart of a husband
Fain would I seek to entrance! 'Tis but the charm that is wanting.
Back to his home from the city, my charms, draw the wandering Daphnis.
Charms have power to draw down the truant moon from the heavens;
Circe by charms transformed the trusty band of Ulysses;
Crushed by the force of charms, the cold snake lies dead in the meadow.
Back to his home from the city, my charms, draw the wandering Daphnis!
These three threads round your head with triple colours resplendent
First I will twine, and then three several times round the altar

Carry your image; the god delights in numbers unequal.
Back to his home from the city, my charms, draw the wandering Daphnis!
Bind, Amaryllis, three true lover's knots of three several colours,
Bind, Amaryllis, and say, "I bind the fetters of Venus."
Back to his home from the city, my charms, draw the wandering Daphnis!
Like as this image of clay grows hard and the waxen one liquid,
Under the self-same fire so let my love work upon Daphnis!
Sprinkle the cakes and light up the crackling laurel with sulphur,
Daphnis burns me and I burn this laurel and wish it were Daphnis.
Back to his home from the city, my charms, draw the wandering Daphnis!
Daphnis, be such thy desire, as when weary with seeking the bullock,
Far through the distant groves and the mountain forests the heifer
Lost near the water's edge falls flat on the verdurous rushes,
Falls and forgets that the night is far spent and 'tis time to hie homeward.
Daphnis, be such thy desire, while I lift not a finger to heal thee.
Back to his home from the city, my charms, draw the wandering Daphnis!
These are the garments he left of old—the faithless one—with me,
Pledges dear of himself, which now in front of my threshold,
Earth, I deliver to thee—such pledges should bring me my Daphnis.
Back to his home from the city, my charms, draw the wandering Daphnis!
These are the herbs and these are the poisons gathered in Pontus,
Given me by Moeris himself,—they grow quite common in Pontus—
Moeris, I've seen by their aid the dead from the charnel house summon,
Turn himself into a wolf and lie hid for days in the forest,
Or to some far distant land transport the obedient harvest.
Back to his home from the city, my charms, draw the wandering Daphnis!
Bring, Amaryllis, the ashes and into the swift flowing river,
Cast them over your head, but be sure you look not behind you,
So will I Daphnis assail, though of gods and of charms he be heedless.
Back to his home from the city, my charms, draw the wandering Daphnis!
See how the quivering flame has laid hold of the horns of the altar.
Now, while I dally, it burst forth unbid—be the sign of good omen!
Something is certainly there and Hylax barks on the threshold—
Shall we believe it?—Or is it a dream from the brain of a lover?
Stay my charms! From the city he comes—the wandering Daphnis.

George Osborne Morgan.

EVOLUTION AND POSITIVISM.[1]

DURING the two centuries that followed Des Cartes' death, the impossibility of his enterprise became more and more apparent. He had tried, as we have seen, to deduce the Evolution of the universe from the axioms of geometry. Postulating the facts of magnitude, figure, and motion, he undertook with algebra for his sole instrument to explain the activities of matter; those of inorganic matter lying, as he thought, completely within his grasp; the organic world already in great part accessible, and the rest to be won, if not altogether by himself, yet surely by the following generation. He had proved the potency of the new mathematics. He had shown that the inexhaustible combinations of the algebraists were capable of interpretation as the abstract expression for distinct lines, that is to say, for distinct motions—in other words, for distinct activities of matter. The complexities of motion, molar or molecular, he well knew to be endless. But to each of those complexities it was now, as he conceived, possible to adjust an equation soluble by the methods discovered by previous algebraists, especially by the great Vieta, and largely extended by Des Cartes himself. A road was opened into the inmost recesses of nature.

Had he lived to see the growth of the transcendental calculus during the half century that succeeded his death, under the hands of Wallis and Huyghens, followed by Leibnitz, Newton, and the Bernouillis, his hopes of being able to follow the complexities of physical phenomena by algebraic formulæ would possibly have been strengthened. The higher calculus enormously increased man's powers of indirect measurement. No curve could be found, it was thought, so subtle as to evade analysis. The contour of every human countenance, so it was said, could be expressed by an equation.

And yet the lapse of time, which brought accessions of strength to the calculus, brought also such new revelations of the complexities in the workings of nature, that even so audacious a geometer as Des Cartes, supposing him to have survived into the eighteenth century, might well have despaired of grasping them in any algebraic synthesis. Let us examine some of these.

By an amazing effort of scientific abstraction, Des Cartes had denuded his primary matter, from which he evolved his universe, of all properties except magnitude, figure, and motion. The notions of mass, and of density, that is of the quantity of matter in a given

(1) Concluded from the *Fortnightly Review* of June, 1877.

space, had been systematically excluded. Every department of space was alike and equally a *plenum*. A vessel from which air had been exhausted was as full as if it had been filled with gold or silver coin.[1] Mass, and gravity as one of the symptoms of mass, were secondary qualities, derived in ways which he takes care to explain in detail. All this was necessary for Des Cartes' purpose of explaining the universe by algebra. And if there are any who cannot listen to such a scheme with patience, let them ask whether it is so far less reasonable than the modern attempts of molecular physicism to resuscitate it. We are again asked to imagine space filled with a frictionless fluid, to suppose that portions of this fluid have become "rotational," and, gaining rigidity by rotation, can be "proved" by the latest efforts of hydro-dynamics to be indivisible and indestructible. The constitution of matter is again to be revealed by equations.

And again this question recurs, amongst innumerable others, How do you propose to "explain" gravity? Des Cartes, as we have seen, explained it by the pressure of ethereal particles upon grosser substances, due to the difference in the rapidity of their revolutions. The ether moving swiftly had greater centrifugal activity than matter. Consequently the result was the same as if a direct centripetal force had been acting upon matter. Modern science, or say rather modern materialism,—for science it is not,—is equal to the occasion. But of this hereafter. For the present let us return to Des Cartes and his successors.

Gravity was the first and most prominent of the facts of matter not following as a geometrical deduction from the facts of size, figure, and motion, but revealed by the plainest teaching of the muscular sense. As such Newton accepted it. Finding that a given space filled with lead required greater effort to lift, or indeed to move, whether horizontally or vertically, than the same space filled with wood, he was content to say that there was more matter in it. It had greater Mass. He troubled himself but little with conjectures as to the cause of gravity. His famous *hypotheses non fingo* was specially aimed at the Cartesians. Of hypothesis in the truly scientific sense Newton of course made as great a use as every other great discoverer. His "Regulæ Philosophandi," with which the third book of the "Principia" opens, show this very clearly. Make, he says, such an induction from the phenomena before you as your observations permit; to this hold provisionally until more accurate observations confirm, correct, or refute it. This is the principle on which every astronomer proceeds when from a few observations of a new comet he ventures to predict its future course. In this sense of the word the whole progress of astronomy, as of all other science,

(1) "Principia," part ii. § 19.

has been guided by hypothesis; for, thus interpreted, it is simply generalisation to be tested and corrected by future observation.

What Newton deprecated, as a purposeless waste of man's scanty stock of intellectual force, was the tendency to endless conjecture when, from the nature of the case, no verification was possible. Antiquaries may go on till doomsday discussing the truth of early Roman history or the unity of the Homeric poems. But where no controlling evidence is produced, and probably none is producible, such discussions are not fertile in result. If we could get outside the sidereal system, and watch the operation of the "extra-mundane" particles pressing on the ether, we might then perhaps find out how the ether pressed on solid matter and thus produced the phenomenon known to us as gravitation. Unfortunately the very ether itself, to say nothing of the "extra-mundane" particles, is an unknown substance; invented, some wise men tell us, for the same purposes as a geometrical diagram, on account of the frailty of human faculties; but believed in most devoutly by others as the source, indeed almost the creator, of the world in which we live and have our being.

Newton, however, was content to leave the nature of gravitation alone. His object was to find out, not what it was, but how it worked. His discovery consisted in showing that the tendency of a falling stone to the ground, of the moon to the earth, and of the earth to the sun, were facts of the same kind; and that, assuming this tendency to vary in certain ways at certain distances, the planets would move precisely in the way in which Kepler many years before had shown that they did move. This was enough for Newton. He started from the properties of matter as revealed by the common sense of man. If an explanation as to their origin, an Objective Synthesis in short, could only be found by chimerical and unverifiable conjecture, he was content to do without one. *Hypotheses non finxit.*

The course of scientific discovery during the eighteenth century was not of a kind to encourage any further schemes of the Cartesian kind. Great results were attained in Physics, in Chemistry, and in Biology. But few attempts were made to show their dependence upon a single principle: to frame an Objective Synthesis. Not indeed that each of these sciences was followed in the purely positive spirit. The metaphysical stage of thought showed itself everywhere in wild and unverifiable conjectures evolved as links to bind the facts of each science together. The nascent science of Electricity was encumbered with a pair of fluids: Thermology with caloric; Chemistry with phlogiston. A substance was combustible because it had much phlogiston, just as opium sent people to sleep because of its dormitive virtue. A body was hot because it had much caloric, and this caloric sometimes, as in the case of water raised above boiling point, became mysteriously latent. Two isolated conductors affected by

the same electricity were found to repel each other, or with different electricity to attract each other; and light was supposed to be thrown upon this fact by imagining two invisible and impalpable fluids, each of which was self-repulsive but attractive of the other. As to Biology, few efforts were made, till the close of the eighteenth century, to arrive at any large generalisations. Great and valuable collections of materials were brought together. But scientific biology was impossible till Lavoisier's researches had disclosed the analogy between combustion and respiration.

Summing up then the state of scientific thought during the century and a half succeeding Des Cartes' death, we may describe it as one of speciality, and of dispersion of effort. There was a complete divorce of science from philosophy; England being the only country where the latter word was still employed in reference to the facts of astronomy and physics; and where the absurd expression, "philosophical instruments," was used of the appliances of the laboratory. The phenomena of man and of society were laboriously studied, but by a different series of thinkers, and for the most part by methods thoroughly alien to those of Newton or Franklin. Certain departments of social phenomena, especially those relating to industry, were scientifically investigated by the French and English economists. Moral phenomena were examined and analysed more or less precisely by Hume, Butler, and Georges Leroy. But the subjection of the whole sum of human phenomena, individual or social, to natural laws, as real and as certain as those of the planetary bodies or of chemical combination, was a conception still far distant.

Enough then had been done in the eighteenth century to prove that the Cartesian attempt to establish an objective synthesis, to deduce the phenomena of the world from geometrical axioms by algebraic methods, was an impossible dream. From Des Cartes to Leibnitz, and from Leibnitz to Lagrange, the progress of the calculus had been vast; and yet if confronted with the new revelations every day increasing of the complexities of nature, inorganic, organic, or human, it might well seem insignificant. If such a comparatively simple problem as the mutual gravitations of the sun, moon, and earth strained the powers of analysis to the full, so that even yet the assignment of the moon's future positions with the desired accuracy is a matter of the greatest difficulty; was it likely that the complex activities of electricity, chemistry, and life, should yield themselves to algebra, when the simplest data required for a mathematical solution, such for instance as the size, the structure, the rapidity of vibration, rotation, or translation of a single molecule must remain for ever in the domain of conjecture?

Of the few general thinkers who followed the scientific movement in the eighteenth century, Diderot was the first to see that the

binding influence, the source of Synthesis, must be sought elsewhere than in geometry. In the profoundest of his works, his "Thoughts on the Interpretation of Nature," commenting on the extreme difficulty of passing from the abstract (and necessarily unreal) postulates of the mathematician to the concrete realities of nature, from lines without breadth, rigid bars, frictionless fluids, &c., to the actual facts of the case, Diderot makes the following remark: "We are on the brink of a great revolution in science. From the tendency I see around me to the study of Ethics, of Art, of the history of nature, and of experimental science, I could almost venture to predict that in a hundred years from now there will not be three geometers of the highest rank in Europe. This science will stop short where the Bernouillis, the Eulers, the Maupertuis, the Clairauts, the Fontaines, the d'Alemberts, and the Lagranges have left it." This was written in 1754. There have been worse prophecies than this; though it would be too much to expect that the mathematicians of our time should accept its veracity.

Diderot goes on to foretell the brilliant future of physical and biological science that we all know so well, and yet even here he is tempted to ask the question, After long centuries of observation and experiments, how many volumes will be needed to register the results? And were they all written down for us by the hand of the Almighty himself, who would be able to read the volume? Would it be easier to understand than the universe itself? . . . . Natural science, he concludes, and he is the last man to be accused of narrow utilitarianism, must be limited by human wants.

From Diderot we pass, by a natural transition, to the tremendous crisis which ended the eighteenth century. In the midst of this earthquake Condorcet, soon to be one of its victims, gave, in his immortal *Esquisse des Progrès de l'Esprit Humain*, one of the first indications of the new science, the position of which relatively to the rest was destined to supply the answer to Diderot's questions. Thirty years afterwards Auguste Comte's discovery of the laws of intellectual development constituted the science of Sociology.

Of the intrinsic importance of that discovery this is not the place to speak fully. It was reached under the inspiration of strong social sympathies by a mind well stored in every department of science, equally versed in eighteenth century rationalism and in mediæval tradition, and deeply penetrated with the fervour of the revolutionary crisis. To such a mind it seemed certain that the only issue of the war then as now waging between anarchy and despotism, freethought and authority, stagnant order and disorderly progress, lay in science.

In other regions of thought science had turned the wilderness of conflicting opinions and idle hypothesis into a fruitful garden. In astronomy, in chemistry, there was no dissociation between free-

thought and firm conviction. *Without pressure of traditional or priestly authority*, there was willing and complete convergence. Here, then, lay the solution of the European problem. Politics must become a science of observation. To the moral world of man, with its complicating passions and aspirings, must be applied that search for natural laws, for uniformities amidst diversities, which had already led men to such wonderful results in physics and astronomy.

But for the moment we are less concerned with the social import of this discovery than with its logical import, as the corner-stone of a new Synthesis of scientific conceptions; framed on a plan wholly different from that of Des Cartes and the Evolutionists, but more real, more positive, therefore more fruitful.

And first let it be noted that the great doctrine on which every scientific philosophy must rest—the truth that all phenomena are subject to uniformities of co-existence and succession—became for the first time clearly perceptible. The universality of natural laws is a conception which previous centuries could never fully grasp. Even Des Cartes had not put forward his claims for science beyond the region of inorganic nature and the lower phenomena of biology. His scientific Synthesis did not embrace the phenomena of social and moral action. These were left to metaphysical handling; and apart from the few imperfect glimpses gained in the latter part of the eighteenth century, by Hume, Turgot, Condorcet, and Kant, they remained in the hands of the metaphysicians till the time of Comte. Special departments of human life, legal, constitutional, economical, had been investigated in a Positive spirit by his predecessors; but now for the first the whole sum of human phenomena was subjected to scientific treatment. The shifting phases of Faith, and the consequent changes of political action and institutions, were shown to take place in accordance with definite laws. The highest spiritual aspirations, disregarded by rationalists, or claimed by theologians as their peculiar province, were seen to be normal functions of social man. In a word, when Religion became Positive, there remained no more worlds for science to conquer. The work of the future was to take possession, to cultivate, and to build.

The universality of Natural Law has by this time become a familiar word to thinking men. Yet it is placed by many upon a very flimsy and uncertain foundation. It is sometimes regarded as a deduction from some ulterior principle—"the Persistence of Force," for instance—this principle being itself laid down as a primary axiom the contrary of which is unthinkable. But of most of these "unthinkable" things it has to be said that the majority of men have thought and do still think them. The Persistence of Force, whether interpreted as the conservation of *Vis Viva* or energy, or in

the larger sense given to the words by Mr. Herbert Spencer,[1] which includes the power by which a body occupies space, is not believed as a necessary truth by those, and they are many, who believe in the daily miracle of Transubstantiation. It is stated to be a self-evident truth that matter is indestructible. Yet even Mr. Spencer doubts whether Shakespeare himself "in his poetical anticipations of a time when all things should disappear and 'leave not a wrack behind,' . . . . was not under the influence" of a belief directly contrary. Probably he was. And probably Shakespeare, if he had understood from Professors Helmholtz or Clerk Maxwell that a molecule of matter was nothing but a portion of the universal ether that had somehow become rotatory, might have thought it no very impossible conception to imagine those rotations gradually or suddenly to cease, and the universe to melt away like a morning mist.

The universality of natural law, as put forward in the "Philosophie Première" of Auguste Comte, rests upon no such dubious reasoning as this. It is announced as a truth obtained inductively like other truths of science. The conception of a permanent Order of Nature is, as Comte[2] has shown, one of which the growth has been extremely slow. The origin of it in the simplest order of phenomena can be traced back earlier than theology itself. In the most complex phenomena, those of sociology, the conception has only been reached in our own time, and is grasped as yet by a very small minority of mankind. It rests, and must continue to rest, on observation solely. Complete and absolute certainty with regard to it is, and will for ever remain, unattainable. Certainly sufficient for the needs of human life has at last been placed within our grasp; but any attempt to deduce it as a corollary of some *à priori* truth will but weaken its force, by provoking the most facile refutations. Until the creation of Sociology had extended the conception of law to the complexities of human life, it remained incomplete, however strong. Henceforth it stands as the chief corner-stone on which the life of the future, stabler and therefore nobler, is to be built up.

Already, then, we begin to see one startling difference between the Synthesis of Comte and the Synthesis of Des Cartes or of the Evolutionists. Comte's Synthesis is no attempt to deduce an explanation of the phenomena around us from one or two elementary axioms. The inductive spirit prevails throughout over the deductive. The very foundation of the whole, the belief in the Universality of Law, is put forward, not as a self-evident truth, but as the slow growth of patient observation.

And what is true of the foundation is true also of the super-

(1) Mr. H. Spencer's "First Principles," pp. 173—188.

(2) See "Positive Polity," vol. i. pp. 19 and 334 (English Translation); also vol. iv. p. 164.

structure. *It is frankly admitted that since the conception of* law implies an Equation, implies therefore precise quantitive measurement, the ideal perfection of a scientific philosophy would be that every phenomenon in Nature should be traceable by deduction, more or less prolonged, from one general principle. If in the same way in which the planetary movements can be brought under the law of gravitation, so the molecular movements of heat, electricity, chemical affinity, and organic growth could all be viewed, together with the phenomena of gravitation, as more or less complicated cases of one and the same law, then would there be a unity and harmony in scientific doctrine to which the Synthesis of Auguste Comte makes no pretension whatever. Yet, be it noted, that even from this very visionary Utopia, visionary because framed without regard to man's intellectual stature, the highest phenomena of all would be utterly excluded. The facts of sensibility, that is to say, the whole spiritual world of man, would find no place in it whatever.

The fact is, however, that, even in the humbler regions of Inorganic Physics, the hopes of realising the dream of unity are of the very faintest. Granted that light, heat, sound, electricity, magnetism, are molecular movements transmutable one into the other; granted that arrested molar movement displays itself as molecular movement; granted that the pressure of a gas is due to the varying motion of its molecules impinging on the walls of the vessel that contains it; granted that the rigidity, or space-occupying power of matter, is due to the formation of vortices in a frictionless ether, each vortex-atom being henceforth indestructible; granted all these conceptions to be real, and granted, also, the far greater postulate that their equations of motion could be formed and algebraically solved, still the question recurs, Has one step been made towards accounting for the fall of Newton's apple? To resort to "extra-mundane" atoms, which by their pressure on the ether of the universe caused pressure and mutual approximation between masses of matter (that is to say, between those portions of the ether which, by becoming rotatory, had lost their repellent character) might be a satisfactory explanation to the Hindoo cosmogonists, who rest their world upon an elephant and the elephant on a tortoise, and are content to inquire no further. But whom else could it satisfy? The law by which gravity works has been explained for us by Newton and his predecessors. The ultimate nature of gravity is likely to remain for a very long time to come, and, so far as we can yet see, for ever, an insoluble mystery.

Enough has been said to show that in the Positive Philosophy no attempt is made to describe the universe as an Evolution from one or two simple principles. The unity of this Philosophy is a unity not of Doctrine but of Method. To find fixed relations of co-existence or

of succession in every department of phenomena is the primary object. Sometimes the more special relations established by Induction in one department can be shown to be deducible from some more general relation in another. Lagrange's *Mécanique Analytique* is an instance in point. Such an operation, when it can be legitimately conducted—that is to say, when it does not depend on chimerical and unverifiable hypotheses—constitutes a real progress in science. But though valuable, it is not essential to the positivity of the speculations; and the Positive philosopher watches it in every case with jealousy, remembering that "idol of the tribe," long ago pointed out by Bacon, which tempts "the human understanding to suppose a greater degree of order and equality in things than it really finds."[1]

But if Positivism is content to rest on the inductions of each science, without attempting the task of deducing all the sciences from one, how, it will be asked, can there be any question of a Scientific Synthesis? Chemistry, Biology, Mathematics, Physics, are left as so many independent, disconnected bodies of truth; and are we not thus thrown back again on the interminable dispersion of scientific specialities, under which even the scientists themselves are beginning to groan, and which the public has long since found intolerable?

The creation of the science of Sociology supplies the answer. Taken in connection with the dependent science of Ethics—that is to say, of the Conduct of Man as member of a society and moulded by social tradition—it forms the most complicated class of phenomena with which the mind can deal. Like other sciences, it consists first and principally of inductions proper to itself. In the sum of phenomena visible in societies of the present and past, the thinker observes certain general facts, certain fixed relations amidst the multiform divergences. These form the inductive body of the science. Yet, in pushing his inquiries to their limit, the thinker is inevitably led to consider the physical nature of the unit of which societies are made; and also the physical environment of those societies. It needs but little consideration to see this. Such facts as fall under the head of climate, fertility of soil, the laws of population, the relation of the sexes and the comparison of their faculties, the comparison of races, the influence of institutions and employments on health, and numberless other classes that might be named, show how incomplete the science of Sociology must be if severed from biology and physics. Biology, in like manner, dealing

(1) "Novum Organum," Book 1, ch. xlv. Among the strange misconceptions of Comte's philosophy to be found in Mr. Mill's criticism, perhaps the strangest is his charge of exaggerated straining towards Unity. Unity of Method, certainly; but not the unity of the Materialist.

with the mutual action and adjustment of Organisms and their Environment, presupposes the study of that environment—the study, that is, of physics or cosmology. This latter, again, falls naturally into the two divisions of the physics of the earth, and the physics common to the earth and the solar system. It will be remembered that this last distinction, no more than the others, pretends for a moment to rest upon any intrinsic difference between the two such as would be remarked by a being of superhuman powers placed outside them. It depends simply upon man's position and man's faculties. On the Earth man is in a position to observe and to experiment upon chemical phenomena, electrical phenomena, thermal phenomena, and so on. In the Sun and in the planets he has very limited powers of observing these, and no power whatever of handling them by experiment. But, on the other hand, he has in Astronomy the immense advantage of being able to study the most general class of physical phenomena—those of mechanical motion—undisturbed by friction, by resisting media, or the countless other forces which impede its observation on the earth. And, finally, this last study brings us back to that which is the most perfect type of all science, the study of those space-relations which enable us to measure magnitude indirectly, so that inaccessible distances, velocities, or volumes can be determined precisely by their relation to a unit which lies within our reach.

Surveying once more this series of scientific conceptions, we see that they have been arranged in the order of their increasing generality and decreasing complexity. Sociology is less general than Biology, and more complex. It deals with the life not of all species, but of a single species. To the complexities proper to Biology, it adds those which spring from the filiation of successive generations. So Biology adds to the facts of inorganic matter, the more complicated facts peculiar to organized matter. Passing to the domain of unorganized matter, we find that Chemistry, in like manner, superadds to those properties common to all substances the study of the properties peculiar to special kinds of substance, and of the combinations of two or more of these kinds. And so on till we come to the most general relations of all, those of Extension in space.

Here then we have a simple linear series of seven classes of scientific truths, easily apprehended by the mind, held together by logical links of the most natural sort, and in which every great scientific conception from the times of the earliest Greek geometers to our own, finds a fitting place. It will be remarked, however, that the classification is not one of Beings, Objects, or Substances, but rather of Properties, Facts, or Occurrences. Every sensible object consists of a group of diverse phenomena, vital, chemical, electrical, optical, thermal, mechanical, geometrical, &c. A science

in the strict sense of the word, as opposed to mere erudition, is formed by abstracting from various objects each class of phenomena in turn, and studying the laws or fixed relations that obtain in it. The perfection of knowledge would of course be that our measurement of each class of relations should become so quantitatively precise as to enable us to pass back again from the abstract to the concrete, and forestall the exact mode in which any complex object would behave. But it very rarely happens that we are able to do this. In the case of the solar system, where the facts that come within our range are almost exclusively facts of mechanics, the mutual action of the different bodies composing it can be estimated, and the condition of the system on a given day foretold, with very great accuracy. We have here a rare and exceptional instance in which Nature, so to speak, has herself abstracted for us most of the complicating conditions which render the study of motion on the earth so difficult. But when friction or a resisting medium have to be taken into account, the case is very different. The motion of a cannon-ball shot through the air is by no means a matter of pure science. Empirical observation must be brought in to correct the calculations of the geometer. Yet a bullet flying through the air would seem to be one of the simplest of natural objects. Take one of the more complicated, as for instance the state of the weather at any given time and place. Of the various conditions which determine weather, astronomical, barological, hygrometrical, electrical, thermal, &c., each can be determined with various degrees of precision, separately; but to interpret the congeries of phenomena, or accurately to predict them, far surpasses our powers. "Storm warnings," says a recent writer in *Nature*, "are not founded on laws that can be distinctly stated. . . . They depend to some extent upon practical experience, which, like that of the shepherd and sailor, cannot easily be communicated to others. . . . After a century of research by men of the greatest eminence—mathematicians, physicists, meteorologists—we cannot tell why the air presses heavier at ten o'clock than at four o'clock." And if this is so with inorganic bodies, is it likely to be otherwise with such far more complicated objects as living bodies, or organized societies?

What is called Descriptive Science, therefore, finds no place in the Positive Synthesis, except so far as the materials afforded by it may be needed for the study of each group of abstract laws. The purpose of the Synthesis being to penetrate the mind with the conception of the uniform Order of Nature, it is evident that the description of any one concrete object, such as a crystal, a state of weather, an animal, a nation, &c., will not forward that purpose. What is wanted is the analysis of each object into the various phenomena, activities, properties, forces, which, taken together, compose it; and then the discovery of the uniformities which are found to exist in

each group of phenomena as observed in this object and in any others. A lump of gold, a mass of air, the blood in the arteries of the brain, have the common property of gravitating. From the observation of these gravitating phenomena we construct the abstract science of gravitation. They all have certain thermal properties, certain luminous qualities. From searching into these and countless other substances which also exhibit the like, we discover the uniformities which constitute the abstract sciences of light and heat. The passage back again from the abstract to the concrete, from the uniformities in each group of abstracted phenomena to the complex of phenomena of different kinds which we call a Thing or concrete Object, is possible, as we have seen in astronomy, but very rarely possible elsewhere.

It will be noted that this distinction rests not upon any absolute difference in the nature of the things to be studied, but upon the nature and extent of human powers of investigation. It was said once of the Deity that he geometrizes. If we were as gods, we might do the same. If we had been there to see when the foundations of the world were laid; if, to use modern language, we could have observed the moment when the motionless ether began to rotate, and thus to form vortex-atoms; if we could measure the rotatory velocity of these, the shapes which they assume, the groups which they form, the vibrations of each atom separately, and of the group as a whole, their translations to and fro, the frequency and the force of their collisions; and if, having carefully observed and measured all these separately, our deductive powers were great enough to construct the equations of all these complicated motions, then perhaps we might have been in a position to consider why gold is yellow, and silver white; and we might have looked forward then to a time, some thousands of years hence, when we should find out why the fowls of the air and the herbs of the field bring forth after their kind. But these powers of exploration failing us, all attempts to explain the ultimate properties of objects either resolve themselves into learned repetitions of the thing to be explained, as when opium is said to send to sleep owing to its *dormitive* influence, or involve the assumption and clever manipulations of chimerical hypotheses which can never be brought to the test of fact, and lend themselves to any and every use that it is sought to make of them.

The Positive Synthesis then is no encyclopædia of knowledge. There are numberless branches of concrete and practical knowledge, as mechanical engineering, geology, natural history, medicine, law, politics, &c., which may be left each to be studied by the various classes whom they concern with the degree of detail that may be needed in each case. It has already been said that from these practical studies, carried on by men previously well-trained in the whole range of scientific method, fresh light will continually be thrown

upon the Positive Synthesis. The purpose of that Synthesis, it cannot be repeated too often, is to present such a clear conception of the *Order of the World* as may suffice for the development of man's powers and for the guidance of his life. This is needed not for this or for that section of society, but for all citizens of whatever class, of either sex. It is not the acquisition of knowledge that is the essential thing here, but the implanting of method; the impression upon the mind and on the whole nature, by a connected course of teaching, of two things: first, of the existence of a Universal Order in every department of thought and observation; secondly, of the greater range within which this Order can be modified, as we pass gradually from the simpler and the more general phenomena to the more complex and more special; from the facts of astronomy to those of biology; from the facts of biology to those of human life and conduct.

It will be remarked that each science consists of two classes of laws; first, of Inductions gained by observation and generalisation in its own special domain; these being controlled, secondly, by Deductions from the more general and more simple sciences that precede it. This controlling influence is partly logical; partly, that is to say, an influence of method; partly it is one of scientific result. A rational study of Physics in all its branches presupposes, both on account of the training given to the mind, and on account of the result to be obtained, the study of the laws of Space and Motion; Chemistry, in like manner, presupposes Physics; Biology again is impossible without both Physics and Chemistry; Sociology, to those who would go beneath the surface, implies both the methods and the leading results of the foregoing; and Morals, or the scientific study of human conduct, implies in addition to these, a knowledge of the laws of social filiation. But the prevalent tendency to exaggerate the deductive influence of the more general, and, so to speak, *coarser*, science over the more special, to deduce, that is to say, physical phenomena, as Des Cartes and the molecular physicists have endeavoured, from mathematical, chemistry from physical, biological from chemical, and so on—has been generalised by Comte under the very pregnant title of Materialism; Spiritualism being the name given to the converse error of attending exclusively to the phenomena of the more special science, ignoring the methods and results of the more general, on which it depends. A physicist exaggerating the influence on his science of mathematical truth illustrates the first error; one who should ignore it, as was to some extent Faraday's case, exemplifies the second. A very simple instance of materialism, or exaggerated deduction in physics, would be the following. Mariotte and Boyle, early in the last century, discovered a mathematical law according to which the volume of gases, at equal temperatures, depended on their pressure. Relying on the principle that equal mechanical force would produce equal effects, it might be supposed that a continuance of the pressure would continue to

produce the same decrease in the volume. But observation shows that this is not the case. "The law of Boyle is not perfectly fulfilled by any actual gas. . . . When a gas is near its point of condensation its density increases more rapidly than the pressure."[1] Again, it might have been thought that an extremely simple mathematical law could have been formulated to express the way in which the volume of a liquid will diminish with diminishing temperature. A pound of water at boiling point fills a certain space; lower the temperature a degree, the volume diminishes; a degree lower, the ratio of diminution is still apparently the same; and relying on the broad principle that heat is a motion of molecular repulsion, the observer might suppose that a simple arithmetical law would enable him to predict the result of a yet further diminution. But no such very simple law is discoverable; and, strange to say, when the water falls to 39.1°, the diminution ceases altogether. Lower the temperature a degree further, the water instead of contracting expands. There is no crystallization, no turning into ice, no visible molecular change, the water is water still; but from that point onwards cold continues to expand it until the freezing point is reached, and it attains at a bound a volume considerably larger than that with which it started. These are facts which no deductive process, resting on general principles of mechanics, could have enabled us to predict. Any such predictions substituted for direct observation and experiment would have been justly described as crude. In Comte's phrase they would be materialistic.

Of similar crudeness visible in applications of physics and chemistry to biological phenomena the history of recent thought is full. Early in the last century Boerhaave founded the great school of medicine based on the application of mechanics to physiology. "He supposed that the adaptation of the calibre of the vessels to the size of the globules of the animal fluids was the principle which regulated the circulation of the humours, their separation from the blood in the different organs of secretion, as well as the morbid congestion of the blood in defluxions, tumours and inflammations; so that in the treatment of disease all the efforts of the physician were to be directed to the establishment of this mechanical equilibrium."[2] This is biological materialism. We have had plenty of it in our time: explanations of nervous phenomena by electricity, explanations of life by disquisitions on the character of the chemical elements of organized bodies, and so on. Nor have the opposite spiritualistic errors been absent. But for the moment these are in abeyance.

Apply Comte's extended sense of the word Materialism to the celebrated controversy of our time, whether men and animals are automata. "Animals," says Professor Huxley, "are conscious

(1) Clerk Maxwell, "Theory of Heat," p. 29.
(2) Penny Cyclopædia, Art. Boerhaave.

automata."[1] Orthodoxy starts at the words. But orthodoxy apart, the common sense of men suspects either a gigantic error in fact, or else a strange diversion of words from their common meaning. Let us see if this is so.

The word Automaton has a well-defined and commonly accepted meaning. It is used of a machine so constructed as to imitate actions of men or animals. Vaucanson, in the last century, constructed a flute-playing figure, described by D'Alembert. It undoubtedly played upon the flute. It forced air from its mouth against the opening, the lips by opening more or less widely produced different octaves, the tones were regulated by the fingers. If the question is asked us, How does the machine differ from a living flute-player? our first simple answer is that the one lives and the other does not. And if pressed to explain a little further, we go on to say that the machine is moved by a coiled spring, which acts upon levers; while the flute of the living player is managed by masses of soft substance called muscular tissue capable of contracting and relaxing under the influence of another kind of substance called nerve-tissue. Now the activities of a coiled spring and those of the simplest living substance are so extremely different, that for the purposes of language and of thought it is found very convenient to distinguish them. Many other activities of an intermediate degree of complexity, as those of chemistry for instance, lie between them. It is inconvenient and far-fetched to endeavour to describe chemical action in terms of mechanical action. And the degrees of vital activity are many, and their extremes wide apart. Before comparing the activity of an automaton with that of a dog or man, would it not be wiser to compare it with that of a plant or of a jelly-fish? The characteristics of the simplest living thing are, its inter-action with the world around it, its growth, and its producing after its kind. In every living cell, animal and vegetal, we find a species of protoplasm with an apparent power of self-motion for which we have no other word than *spontaneous*. We cannot imitate this protoplasm by any process of synthetic chemistry, though we have tried very hard to do so. Much less will any mechanical combination imitate it.

Yet this is the very lowest stage of the vital hierarchy. As we go higher we find this spontaneity assuming very complex and curious forms. Growth, for instance, is a most unmechanical phenomenon when we look at it closely. The plant producing after its kind is exceedingly unlike anything done by a coiled spring. From plants we pass to the higher animals, and find there, along with these wonderful facts of growth and reproduction, and so on, certain muscular actions of ants, bees, and the like, extremely different from anything we have seen in Vaucanson's flute-player;

(1) See *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1874, p. 577.

and finally we come to still more remarkable doings of dogs, elephants and men, for which, most men think, and I am commonplace enough to agree with them, that the word *automaton*, suggestive as it is of Vaucanson and Mr. Maskelyne's Psycho, is perhaps the most ill-chosen word that could have been found in the language. The vital spontaneity has assumed here extremely complex shapes; but in its primitive protoplasm it is quite hard enough for the mechanician to explain or imitate.

What then? Do you deny the existence of natural laws in the phenomena of living bodies? Assuredly not. But a "law" for me is no expression of an outside reality. It is an expression of an altogether human fact. It is simply the perception on man's part, more or less perfect, of regularity in the midst of irregularity, of unity amidst plurality. I see before me a thousand triangles, and I could easily construct a thousand or a million, none of which shall have the same shape. But in one thing they all agree; viz., that their three angles are equal to two right angles. That perception of unity amidst divergence is what I call a law. Passing from these simple geometrical facts through the less simple facts of physics and chemistry to the still more complex facts of living bodies, I find here, amidst amazing divergences of all sorts, certain uniformities, certain facts, universally prevalent, of inter-action with the environment, and growth, and death, and reproduction; and to these and others, I give the name of biological laws. They seem to me very different from mechanical laws, therefore I give them a different name.

And if to all this it be said—Yes, but if we only knew everything about it, we should see a great deal more than that unity amidst diversity of which you speak; we should see that each of the diversities had also its *raison d'être*, and was dependent upon some play or other of molecular forces, ultimately resolving itself into a motion or motions of the universal ether; I should give way at once. No one can deny that if man were God, he might very possibly know everything, past, present, and to come. All that can be maintained is that for this purpose his faculties, which are at present human, must become divine or semi-divine. If we were as gods we should see, perhaps, and be able to render a geometrical account of the numerous atomic forces, in both lines of Shakespeare's parentage, which resulted in an organism capable of producing Hamlet. You may call this organism an automaton if you will, just as the Calvinist speaks of man as "clay in the hands of the potter." But I see little use in such a strained application of the word. It seems to me to resolve itself finally into a repetition of the old Theology in terms of Atheism.[1]

(1) It may be well to say that I do not accuse Professor Huxley either of Theism or Atheism; understanding him, like myself, to disavow either. I only wish to point out it seems to me that consistency leads.

It may help to illustrate the difference between the Positive method and that recrudescence of metaphysics which is now passing current for science under very distinguished names, to contrast Comte's mode of presenting biological truth with some of the favourite modern speculations on the same subject.

I believe Comte to have been the first thinker who seized, amidst all the manifold phenomena of living bodies, the one fundamental fact, that life consisted in the constant action and reaction, tending to adjustment, between Organism and Environment[1]—("conciliation permanente entre la spontanéité intérieure et les fatalités extérieures").

Comte makes no attempt to account for the origin of life. We know with what remarkable zeal such attempts have been made of late years. The final result, however, so far, has been that such eminent physicists as Helmholtz have been obliged to resort to the singular hypothesis that the germs of life have been deposited on our planet by a meteor. Such a conjecture, though it again recalls Hindoo cosmogony, placing the world on an elephant and the elephant on a tortoise, and the tortoise on nothing, at any rate expresses the conviction which has forced itself even on those who are most keen in the attempt to evolve the universe from a nebula, that the study of vital phenomena cannot be treated as a mere corollary of chemical sciences. Be this difference objective, *i.e.* dependent on some radical distinction in the phenomena themselves, or be it merely subjective, *i.e.* dependent on the greater complexity of the phenomena, and the limitations of human faculties, so that the mind is incompetent, from its own infirmity, to deduce the facts of life from the laws of chemistry and physics, this may remain for a time in doubt; it in no way affects the practical conclusion, that biology must remain a separate science. Comte's linear classification of the sciences remains utterly unaltered by the discovery, should it prove to be one, that the gradations of transition from one science to another are imperceptible. Granted that in the intense heat of Sirius all the elements turn out to be decomposed into hydrogen, still, for terrestrial beings, the distinctions of chemical science and chemical methods would stand unchanged. To treat chemistry as a corollary of any of the other physical sciences, would be just as

(1) Mr. Herbert Spencer, in vol. i. p. 76 of his *Biology*, throwing doubt on the initiative of Comte in this matter, represents him as speaking of this harmony between the organism and the *milieu* or environment simply as one among the conditions essential to life. But Comte's words are, even in the passage quoted by Mr. Spencer, "*la condition fondamentale* de la vie" (*Philosophie Positive*, vol. iii. p. 289, 1st ed.). Only a few lines before, Comte had been criticising Bichat's definition of life (the antagonism of the organism and its surroundings), on the precise ground that it suppressed "l'un des deux élémens inséparables *dont l'harmonie constitue nécessairement l'idée générale de vie.*" But these words are not quoted by Mr. Spencer. In page 301 Comte specially explains the meaning attached to the word *Milieu*, as including not merely the circumambient fluid, but "*l'ensemble total des circonstances extérieures, d'un genre quelconque*, nécessaires à l'existence de chaque organisme déterminé."

impossible as it is now. Human action and observation are limited to a range of heat far lower than that of the sun; and in the solar heat at least these elements remain undecomposed. So, even should it prove ultimately to be the case that as the result of chemical combinations, the lowest forms of life arise, biology would none the less be made up of distinct inductions of its own, though resting on the foundation of the universally applicable truths of physics and chemistry.

Gravitation acts on the blood or on the sap exactly as on the waters of a river; so with the laws of electricity, of heat, or of chemical action. It is the way in which all these are combined in a living organism that makes the difference. Granted that the lowest organisms were producible in a laboratory, yet the higher are not; any claim to the contrary being justly classed with spiritualist miracles. According to received theories of evolution these higher forms have taken many hundreds of millions of years to evolve out of the lower. These millions of years, like the heat of Sirius, are things with which we cannot easily come into any sort of mental contact. But at any rate they imply the admission of what for human purposes is the all-important fact, that these various forms of life *within a period sufficiently long to cover the history of human society*, are permanent or very nearly so. If it takes a million of years to evolve a species (*i.e.* to produce by natural selection a variety so distinct as to be infertile or to produce infertile offspring with the parent stock), then it follows that within a hundred thousand, or at any rate within fifty or twenty thousand years, species may be practically regarded as permanent. Now, considering that we are not thirty centuries distant from Homer or King David, five hundred or even two hundred centuries seems a very fair margin to allow for the extension of our sympathies and interests. And if this be called Utilitarian—a word which when used reproachfully, implies, I suppose, too strong a sense of immediate practical utility,—I fear Positivism must submit to the imputation.

But let us consider the matter a little further. The scientific world has been in a state of strange excitement since the appearance of Mr. Darwin's book on the Origin of Species. We are told that the Newton or the Kepler of the science of life has at last appeared. A new intellectual era is supposed to have begun. Natural selection, or the survival of the fittest, is applied as a master-key to unravel all manner of problems, not biological merely, but social and moral questions of every kind. Even chemistry acknowledges the influence. Various elementary substances are supposed in some past period to have existed in competition with each other, and the fittest to have survived.

The notion of the gradual Transmutation of Species, by a passage from the simpler to the more complex, is of course, as Mr. Darwin

has taken such care to explain, very much older than his book. It was worked out with extreme care, for instance, by Lamarck at the beginning of the century.[1] But in England the strength of theological prejudices was too great, till the century was half over, to admit of its being popularly canvassed. The consequence is that the name of Darwin has been commonly attached to a conception which does not in reality belong to it. The specialty of Mr. Darwin was in suggesting, not the fact that species were transformed, but the particular way in which the transformation has taken place; namely, by the competition of crowded generations for subsistence, and the survival of the varieties best adapted to the environment.

The extreme modesty with which this hypothesis was put forward by its author, the candour with which the obvious objections to it were acknowledged, the undoubted reality of the alleged source of modification, and above all the valuable and truly positive researches into the actual laws of heredity which have been associated with it, were such as to take the sting from all adverse criticism. It is the amazing confidence with which, not by Mr. Darwin, but by his advocates, the modest hypothesis has been inflated into a scientific doctrine, that invites attack. In Professor Haeckel's "Anthropogenie,"[2] which is recognised as one of the most authoritative expositions of the subject, there is no trace of doubt or hesitation. The correspondence between the two records upon which the doctrine rests, the Embryonic record, and the Geologic record, is boldly stated to be so perfect that nothing but theological blindness or hardness of heart can resist the obvious conclusion. The enormous gaps and discrepancies in this correspondence, if not absolutely ignored, were passed over with the most astounding levity. Many of the stages in embryonic life have in the course of countless generations come to coalesce, we are told. Or again, the animals corresponding to a certain stage have been very much altered by the struggle for existence so as to be unrecognisable. Or finally, the geologic record is "imperfect." Imperfect, indeed, it is—how imperfect is hardly ever realised by the popular audiences before whom this frail hypothesis is propounded as a new gospel. Take this one single instance, amongst countless others.

Much time is spent by Professor Haeckel on the description of the Amphioxus or lancelet,[3] the lowest of the vertebrates, and distinguished from all others by being headless. Its similitude to an embryonic

(1) The three principles worked out with such vigour and mastery of detail by Lamarck in his "Philosophie Zoologique," were (1) that organic structures increase with use, and diminish by disuse; (2) that changes in the environment lead to the increased use of certain structures, the diminished use of others; (3) that the resultant modifications become fixed in the organism by heredity.

(2) Leipsic, 1874.

(3) "Next to Man," Professor Haeckel observes, "Amphioxus is the most interesting of all vertebrates: *das interessanteste aller wirbelthiere!*" Man ought to be very grateful that the first place is still reserved for him.

condition of Ascidians, marks the nearest point of contact between the vertebrate and invertebrate domains. It has been classed as a fish; but with perfect truth Professor Haeckel says, that in any sound system of classification, the distance between Amphioxus and the lowest Fish is greater than that between the lowest fish and Man. Here then we have a series of three equidistant terms, Man, Fish, Lancelet. Of the innumerable orders, genera, and species that can be interpolated between the two first terms, every one has some knowledge. It is possible to construct a more or less perfect linear series from man through the apes, and half-apes, to the marsupials and monotremes, thence to certain reptiles and amphibia, which shall lead down very gradually to the fish. Even here the series, with all the help of geology, is excessively imperfect; and it becomes desirable, as Comte long ago pointed out, to construct certain artificial types so as to fill the interval. Of this privilege Professor Haeckel largely avails himself.[1]

But of the equidistant period between the fish and the lancelet what have we to say? Even if we regard the lamprey and other cyclostomous fishes as stretching a plank over the enormous gulf, yet these have a cranial cavity with a brain to fill it, and clearly defined organs of sight, smell, and hearing. They have also a heart with two chambers and blood with red corpuscles. The lancelet has none of these things. Between the lancelet and the lamprey there is no trace extant of any intermediate link. The millions of years, or rather, as Professor Haeckel would imply, the hundreds of millions, required for the transition, by survival of the fittest, between the brainless vertebrate and the lowest that have brains, hearts, and eyes, have left not the faintest sign. Nay, there is the best reason for supposing that all the records have long ago disappeared. For the lancelet, like most of its supposed successors, had no bony parts capable of survival as fossils. We have then a gap in Evolution of at least a million centuries. Now a million of centuries is a long time. It is possible that things may have happened in it that are not dreamt of in the Darwinian philosophy.

It is needless to say that the attitude of Positivism to Darwinism is

(1) It may be remarked that these artificial types as suggested by Comte were of course purely subjective. The fundamental error of Professor Haeckel lies in attributing to them with such unhesitating confidence objective existence. Of the twenty-two terms in his linear series, from Man to Protoplasm, some, as, for instance, the Protamnion (No. 15), have not even a near relation, either now alive, or discoverable in the geologic record. Haeckel evolves it, however, and endows it with objective existence, without a moment's hesitation. Similarly he invents a new species of inarticulate Ape-men (Alali or Pithecanthropoids) between the higher apes and ourselves. It is with this as with so many of the hypotheses of the physicists: useful very often as subjective artifices, they become mischievous and misguiding when treated as external realities. They propagate, amongst other things, a stupendously exaggerated estimate of the scope of human faculties. In this way they popularise science for the moment, but ultimately discredit it and retard its progress. A clever Jesuit, for instance, could hardly wish for more pleasant sport than to dissect them.

not one of adverse argument. To attempt to disprove what is alleged to have happened a million years or a million of centuries ago, the evidence on either side being none, or of the scantiest, would be as bold a task as to refute the Athanasian creed, or the latest theory as to the authorship of Homer. The transmutation of species was always regarded by Comte as an open question; though, considering that such transmutation takes place in periods of such length that *relatively to human destinies* it may be regarded as equivalent to permanence, the definition of the particular mode in which it may have taken place was regarded by him as a problem wholly beyond the scope of human powers. But for Lamarck, the author of the first systematic theory of evolution, he entertained always the most sincere respect. And he would have recognised, so much I think is certain, the value of certain indirect results of the vortex of controversy raised by the recent revival of Evolutionism in the Darwinian phase. In the first place Mr. Darwin's profound and truly positive researches into the laws of vital heredity, researches wholly separable from any hypothesis as to the origin of life or of species, would assuredly not have been undervalued by a thinker who had invariably, in his "later" as well as earlier writings, indicated this as one of the most fertile regions of future biological research. And in the second place, it is not uninteresting to note that the extreme Evolutionists, in their zeal to construct man's genealogical tree, have practically brought again into use the linear mode of expressing the scale of life, as opposed to classification "in three dimensions," which Comte is regarded as so benighted for having failed to adopt. The criticisms of Mr. Herbert Spencer and others on this point fail of their mark, from entirely misapprehending the purpose which the classification of animals, or, indeed, of anything else, was intended to serve. Classification, Comte considered, was made for man, not man for classification. The scale or hierarchy of living beings is no expression of an objective reality: it is a powerful logical instrument for explaining the structure of the more complex beings, by examining analogous beings or structures that are less complex. And as the mind is so constructed that the act of comparison involves the presentation in sequence, and not simultaneously, of the things to be compared, classification is *necessarily*, in the last resort, linear. Comte was as well aware as his critics of the necessity of the preliminary process of arranging groups according to natural affinities, without regard to linear sequence. But the final result, when the instrument, thus prepared, is to perform its logical function of comparative reasoning, is to range the objects of enquiry in the linear sequence of increasing or diminishing complexity. It may well happen that the terms of the series may differ considerably in different problems. When Embryology is the dominant question, as it is likely to be for a long time with those who regard the question of the

origin of species as of overwhelming importance, the series will be like Haeckel's, passing from ape to lemur, thence to kangaroo and platypus, and so on to reptile, amphibian and fish; omitting all the quadrupeds with which we are most familiar; omitting also the whole province of birds, as side-growths, branching off from the main stock in divergent directions. When the object is to trace the increasing complexities of brain-structure, and this on the whole will ultimately be considered a more important purpose, seeing that increase of brain-complexity implies increase of life, more multiform relations, that is to say, with the environment, then a series will be formed, such as Professor Owen has long since put forward, though the excitement of the recent search for origins has thrown it for a time into the shade. The familiar series Beast, Bird, Reptile, Fish, still remains a "natural" series for many of the most important purposes for which series are needed; the heart, the lungs, the hot blood, and the highly stimulated brain-life of the bird, bringing it near the mammalian none the less that its evolution from the reptile a million centuries ago may have been different from our own. A truer conception of the association of Man with the higher animals than is yet commonly dreamt of will one day be realised. Hunting them to death no longer, and substituting for the vivisection of them when drugged, agonised, or mutilated, their *virinspection* in the full integrity of their life and motion, and thus concentrating upon their study the full powers of our reason, kindled then by sympathy, as it is now stunted by indifference,—we shall find it of the greatest importance to examine the degrees in which their life approximates to our own. From the series constructed with that purpose it is probable that the dog and the horse will not be omitted, and that Amphioxus will cease to be looked on as the "most interesting of all the vertebrates."

Enough has been said to illustrate the fundamental differences between the Positive and the Evolutionist modes of regarding biological science. I have dwelt upon them, because they illustrate more clearly perhaps than instances drawn from other departments of knowledge, the contrast between the Objective and the Subjective Synthesis. If I am right, the Objective Synthesis, the attempt to conceive the past and present of the universe, is a contradiction in terms: a dream, a chimera. The Subjective Synthesis, an orderly grouping of our knowledge in nearer or more distant relation to human destinies, largely and broadly conceived, is alone possible. Supposing for a moment that it be otherwise, and that the choice between the two be open to us, it is no doubt strictly consistent with the more ambitious scheme to concentrate more attention on the long past than on the momentary present, on the billions of geologic years than on the paltry thousands of human history, on the immensity of sidereal hosts than on the second-rate satellite of a second-rate

star, itself perhaps a satellite. The marvel is that any should come to think that such speculations bring them farther forward on their way. Grant your "space of four dimensions,"[1] there remains outside it one of five, and yet another and another. Grant your matter resolved into vortices of ether, yet outside the ether you have to postulate your storm of ultra-mundane particles, and outside them again yet another storm. Grant Cypher for your denominator, and what matters it how little or how great your numerator be? In the presence of infinity a thousand years are as one day. The tower of Babel is no nearer the sky-roof than the lowliest cottage.

We are now in a position to answer the question asked at the beginning of the previous article: What is the relation of Positivism to Evolutionism? Both claim to be based upon the realities of science, on the laws of nature. Both endeavour to group those realities together, and to present them to the mind as a coherent whole. Both recognize that science, apart from its technical and practical applications, misses its highest aim till it rises above the labyrinth of incoherent specialities. In what then do they differ?

The first answer must be, that while to Positivists the first question is, How things are? the first question for Evolutionists is, How did they become? Each school asks the other question also, but it is in the relative importance attributed to them that the difference lies. The Positivist begins his researches by trying to form a just measure of man's intellectual stature. Having done that, he sees that the problem of the Evolutionists is essentially insoluble. To show how all living forms sprang from the simplest form, is only a special case of that general attempt to deduce all complicated things from a few simple things, which was first made on so gigantic a scale by Des Cartes, and which in his powerful hands so utterly broke down. Our deductive faculties are simply unequal to the task. A demigod's would hardly suffice. For man to attempt it, implies recurrence to hypotheses as unreal as the fictions of the primeval creeds.

Therefore the Positivist does what seems to him possible. He arranges the phenomena of nature in groups according to their

(1) Professors Tait and Balfour not merely regard the conception of Space of four Dimensions with much complacency (see *Unseen Universe*, p. 220), but go on to say, with entirely irresistible logic, that outside this space of four dimensions there may be another space of five dimensions, and so on *ad infinitum*. They go on to suggest that these were the heavens into which St. Paul was lifted in his vision; only that as "the notion of four dimensions would have been totally unintelligible to any one eighteen hundred years ago," he was able to give very little in the way of definite description of them. Most of us, I fear, are still eighteen hundred years behindhand in this respect. This treatise illustrates very significantly how readily all these super-scientific hypotheses may lend themselves to the service of theological orthodoxy. But it will surely occur to those who are considering the question of disestablishing the Church, to doubt whether the study of the Catholic mysteries should be disendowed for the benefit of demonstrations that space has four dimensions, and that the two ends of a straight line will ultimately meet.

degree of generality and complexity, the more simple and more general being placed at one end of the series, the more special and complex at the other. Each of these groups is studied separately—has its own distinct inductions. But each of the more special groups is also subject to the deductions from all the more general that precede it. The molecules of the brain obey the law of gravitation.

In this way the rival claims of deduction and induction are balanced. The all-pervading influences of Astronomy and Chemistry are fully recognised, but the danger of explaining Life by Chemistry, and Conduct by Medicine is avoided. It will thus be seen that in the positive Synthesis, contrary to the commonly accepted prejudice, of the two great intellectual procedures, induction, and not deduction, holds the more important place. It is by induction, not by deduction, that we reach the greatest and most necessary of all modern truths, the universal prevalence of Law. And, in fact, essential as the combination of both may be, it is by induction that the most subtle and difficult truths of each science are first discovered. Even in mathematics, where deduction is easiest, this has been far more frequently the case than is usually thought.[1]

In the two highest and most complex branches of scientific inquiry, the laws of Social Existence, and of Individual Conduct, the danger of giving too great prominence to deduction becomes very much greater. This is conspicuously seen in the mode in which the social science, the existence of which since Comte's time it has been impossible to deny, is commonly handled. An overweening amount of attention is given to the earlier, as compared with the later, history of our race. Strange to say, it is where the data are fewest and obscurest that the unwillingness to concede the title of science is least. The word Anthropology is practically limited to the study of men of the tertiary or quaternary periods. The laws of mental and social development during the last three thousand years, where materials for forming a sound judgment are really at hand, are still very commonly regarded as lying outside the pale of science, and as belonging to the domain of literature.

It need hardly be said that so far as these primeval facts are within the range of scientific observation, and are not merely used as pegs on which to hang the tissues of individual conjecture, the Positive historian eagerly accepts and studies them. If Evolution means the early life of an animal or a nation, then, so far as we may have data for studying that early life, the Positivist is an Evolutionist. Embryology has always been a part of Positive science. The whole science of Sociology, as Comte conceived it, rests upon the notion of development. Progress, in his view, was the advance from the

(1) A signal instance of this is found in Wallis's "Arithmetica Infinitorum," where the inductive method of research is frankly avowed and followed.

simple and incoherent to the complex and harmonious.[1] But the Positive study of Evolution always stops short of ultimate origins. The limitations of our faculties and of our means of observation interpose insuperable obstacles. The origin of matter, the origin of species,—these things are like the authorship of Homer's poems: we have not the necessary documents for forming an opinion.

Therefore the Positive sociologist, while not neglecting the fragmentary materials that reach him from earlier epochs, yet seeks the main body of his materials in the social world that is known to us, not in the social world that is comparatively unknown. But what tempts the Evolutionist into the obscurer field is the desire to treat sociology exclusively by biological methods, ignoring or throwing into the shade the inductions which specially belong to it.

And the resultant mischief is the greater, that Materialism, using this word in the sense above indicated, of overstrained deduction, leads to a neglect of the subtler and more fruitful means of observation. For let it be noted, as the phenomena become more complex, so do the means of observation increase. We have far more ways of observing terrestrial phenomena than celestial. In the most complicated of terrestrial phenomena, those of life, in addition to the methods used in physics, the method of Comparison first assumes its full measure. In sociology the method of Filiation superadds itself to this. In morals, that is to say the study of human life as the resultant of long ages of social tradition, there comes in over and above all the rest, the method of Sympathy. It is not every one to whom it is given to observe a moral fact. As one man has an ear for tones, and another an eye for colour, so some have, and some have not, the responsive delicacy of feeling which alone can enable them to perceive the subtler shades of Character and Conduct. In the future as in the past, in the future more than in the past, the noblest thoughts will come to men by Inspiration.

To resume. The three closely-connected intellectual features of the Positive Synthesis are:—First, the precedence given to inductive over deductive reasoning, to such a point that the primary law on which the whole depends, the universality of the Order of Nature, is regarded as an inductive result. Secondly, the Synthesis is Relative in a double sense—relative to human needs largely and broadly conceived, relative to human faculties, of which, as compared with other philosophies, the estimate formed by Positivism is more modest, and, we think, more true. Finally, it is Subjective, not Objective; it is no picture of the universe, but only of the relations of the universe to human life.

It may be said, no doubt, that it is perfectly competent for Evolu-

(1) See, amongst innumerable other passages which might be cited, "Positive Polity," vol. iii. p. 8, English Translation.

tionists to follow a similar course; to make Man their final object, and in the general arrangement of their inquiries, to follow practically the linear arrangement introduced by Comte.[1] It is no doubt competent for Evolutionists to devote themselves to the particular branch of the differentiating tree on which man is situated. But there is nothing, it would seem, in the principle specially compelling them to take this course. It is idiosyncrasy, tradition, or habit that determines whether more attention shall be devoted to our own solar system than to others, to our own planet than to its fellow-wanderers, to things that have life than to things that have not, to vertebrate life than to invertebrate, to mammals than to fishes, to man than to other mammals, to the history of man in the last three thousand years than to the primitive tribes of glacial epochs, to the supreme social and religious problems of our own time than to minute inquiries into Early English constitutions.

But for the Positivist these relative values are graduated by the very principle of his Synthesis. He is no obscurantist. He does not deny the lesser lights because the greater exceed them in glory. The intellect is not with him, as in Egyptian or Jesuit theocracy, the slave of the heart. But though not the slave, it is assuredly the free ministering servant. The most complex intellectual questions of our time are also the questions of the greatest moral urgency. Good citizenship is compatible with philosophy of every school; but of the Positive Synthesis in its full maturity it is the direct logical consequence.

The character of the Subjective Synthesis is summed up in Comte's enlarged definition of the word Logic: "the combined action of feelings, images, and signs, inspiring the conceptions adapted to our requirements, moral, intellectual, or physical." It follows from this that the conduct of human life is the crowning problem, the central object of research. It follows that researches which lie outside human destinies, and which have no relation to human powers, are spontaneously abandoned. But round this central problem the great results of thirty centuries of thought group themselves naturally. Every intellectual energy is taxed, every method elaborated in the simpler investigations of the world around us is called into play. And, like each of the preliminary studies, the study of human life evokes methods of its own, in which within the range defined by our rigorous yet merciful destiny, thought is widened by imagination and kindled by passionate ardour for the ennoblement of Man.

J. H. BRIDGES.

(1) See, for instance, the programme to Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Systematic Philosophy," where the arrangement is thus: First Principles, Cosmology, (indicated, but left vacant), Biology, Psychology, Sociology, Morals. This is very nearly Comte's arrangement; the First Principles answering to the *Philosophie Première* ("Positive Polity," vol. iv. p. 154) and the *Théorie Cérébrale* occupying the place of Psychology though not treated as a separate science.

ON THE NEW PLAN OF SELECTING AND TRAINING CIVIL SERVANTS FOR INDIA.

THE conditions regulating the entrance of civil servants into the judical and fiscal service of India are not only of great interest to the future administration of our Indian possessions, but are also of much importance to the educated youth of this country, who are entitled to enter the Civil Service of India by a free competition. It is not too much to say that the high character of the competitive examination has already modified the education of the middle classes of this country, and that any material changes in it must produce a serious effect for good or for evil, both in our schools and colleges. Under the existing system some thirty or forty Indian Civil Service appointments are annually given, and from two hundred to two hundred and fifty candidates compete for them. They may do so at any age between seventeen and twenty-one, and at any of the four examinations during that period. The subjects of examination are such as can be acquired in our public schools. But as schools vary considerably in the relative importance which they attach to certain branches of education, considerable latitude is given to candidates in the selection of subjects, which include classics, English, modern languages, mathematics, natural science, and moral philosophy. In the working out of the examination, classics and mathematics are favoured by marks. The very able committee which regulated the scheme of examination laid it down as a principle that they framed it with "an anxious desire to deal fairly by all parts of the United Kingdom, and all places of liberal education."

The successful candidates have now to undergo two years of probation before going to India. During this time their general education is supposed to be ended, and they have to qualify themselves in political economy, law (English, Roman, Anglo-Indian, Hindu, and Mohammedan), history and geography of India, and Oriental languages. If they pass satisfactory examinations in these subjects, and retain a good character, they receive at the rate of £150 for each of their two years of probation, and go out to India about twenty-two or twenty-two-and-a-half years of age.

That is the present system; but from July of next year it is to be altered. The minimum of age of competition remains at seventeen as before, but the maximum age is to be reduced from twenty-one to nineteen, and the two years of probation may be spent wherever the successful candidate likes at his own cost; but if he select a university approved by the Secretary of State, he is to receive £150 a year. Practically, however, the changes are twofold.

1. Reduction of the maximum age from twenty-one to nineteen.
2. University attendance during probation.

Now, to do Lord Salisbury justice, he has not made these changes hastily or without full consideration. He recollected that this was more an Indian than an English question, and he, in the first place, corresponded with the Civil Service Commissioners and the two English universities, and then forwarded that correspondence to the governments of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay in April, 1875. These governments circulated the correspondence among their representative Civil servants in the presidencies, and as a result, if we add to them the governors, members of council, and judges, one hundred and ten persons in India reported on the subject. With these reports fully before them, the Secretary of State and his council, in February, 1876, resolved upon the changes above described.

Let me take the reduction of age from twenty-one to nineteen first into consideration. It is clear such a serious change should not have been made without a preponderating—I would almost say overwhelming—amount of evidence in its favour. Lord Salisbury admits that the opinion in India is divided on the subject; his words are: "Thirty-three are in favour of raising the age; twenty-seven in favour of lowering it." But this statement gives a very inaccurate view of the case, for not only does it omit allusion to the large number who preferred the existing age of twenty-one, and reported against any alterations, but it does not include the opinions of all the hundred and ten reporters in the Blue Book. They may be classed as follows:—

41 reporters were in favour of twenty-one as the maximum age.
41 reporters thought the maximum should be twenty-two or upwards.
13 reporters were in favour of twenty as the maximum age.
15 reporters were in favour of nineteen as the maximum.

All this, no doubt, coincides with Lord Salisbury's statement; that the opinion in India is divided, but, as I have shown, it is divided into two very unequal parts—that is, ninety-five reporters are against reducing the age to nineteen, and only fifteen are in its favour. Now with the overwhelming evidence against the course, so far as Indian opinion went, what evidence in England had Lord Salisbury to justify him in making such an important reduction of age?

The Civil Service Commissioners were consulted, and they gave the most cogent reasons why no reduction of the maximum age from twenty-one to nineteen should be attempted. But Lord Salisbury says the universities are in favour of the reduction. He has given no proof of this. There are ten universities in the country, and he consulted only two, Oxford and Cambridge. Dean Liddell, writing

on the part of Oxford, advocated the reduction, though Professor Jowett strongly protested against this view. But in the Cambridge letter from the Vice-Chancellor, no opinion at all is given in favour of the change, and the other eight universities were not consulted.

And so the sum of the evidence in favour of reducing the maximum from twenty-one years of age to nineteen is, that fifteen Indian officials are in favour of it, and one university; while opposed to the adoption of nineteen as a maximum are ninety-five Indian officials and the Civil Service Commissioners, and nine of the ten universities gave no opinion on the subject.

Lord Salisbury and his council, then, must have acted from an inner conviction, and not from external evidence. Indian opinion was overwhelmingly against the reduction to a maximum of nineteen years of age, but Lord Salisbury and a distinguished member of his council, Sir Henry Maine, were strongly in its favour. In fact, the latter claims the reduction of age as his plan, for he says, "I frankly own I would reduce the age to nineteen if I had my own way." And Lord Salisbury himself, in his first minute on the subject, rests his opinion "on the plan advocated by the University of Oxford and Sir Henry Maine, rather than on that of Dr. Jowett and Lord Northbrook." In fact, the Chancellor of the University of Oxford himself, Lord Salisbury, leans to the councils of Oxford and one of its professors, also a member of his council, against the opinion of ninety-five Indian officers, who try to pull the Secretary of State, Lord Salisbury, in another direction.

India was no doubt strongly against the reduction of age, but then Oxford was in its favour, so Oxford was deemed wise and India foolish, and the reduction of age was determined. The reasons which guided Lord Salisbury and Sir Henry Maine no doubt appeared very cogent to them. They had high, perhaps exaggerated, opinions of the benefit of Oxford education, with its professed moral responsibility for students and its discipline. They saw that Oxford and Cambridge candidates for the Civil Service were decreasing, and they attributed this to the fact that as students only entered these universities at eighteen or nineteen, they could not obtain their degrees and compete with success before twenty-one. To raise the age to twenty-two, as it once was, when students from these universities were very successful, had the disadvantage of sending out men at an advanced period of life to India. But by lowering the age to nineteen, probationers, if they could not have university training before competition, could have it afterwards. The value of this subsequent training was enhanced in their eyes as a means of removing probationers from the perils of London. It was not sufficient to reply that the Civil Service Commissioners have never, in a single instance, had to refuse a certificate from any deterioration of cha-

racter acquired by a London residence, for the theoretical perils appeared greater than the practical immunity of danger established by a long experience. It is true that Oxford and Cambridge have been of late sending fewer men to the Indian competition, but the Scotch and Irish universities, either directly, or conjoined with special training, have not failed in their supply, because their students enter at seventeen instead of nineteen as at the English universities, and thus they are able to give them a sound general university training, which ought to precede competition and not come after it.

The error into which Lord Salisbury and Sir Henry Maine have fallen by reducing the age, is the conviction that no other course would be suitable to the English universities. Previous to 1866, when the age was twenty-two, Oxford and Cambridge supplied no less than two-fifths of the competing candidates. The reduction of the maximum age to twenty-one gave a great premium to the special preparers, just as the present reduction to nineteen will do still more effectually. From 1870 to 1874, the universities have directly sent forty-four of the successful candidates, though only fifteen of them have been from Oxford and Cambridge. It would have been easy to have raised this university contingent without altering the existing maximum of age, by the simple device of giving five hundred or one thousand marks to all candidates who possessed degrees in arts. It is quite true that this would have obliged them to take degrees in our English universities by twenty-one, but that sort of compulsion is what the legislature has recently attempted to enforce by adopting Mr. Trevelyan's clause in the Oxford and Cambridge Bill, and by the amendment of Mr. Gregory—lost only by a majority of four—in favour of a two years' curriculum for B.A. All the advantages of university association might thus have been secured, without monopoly to any university, and by the retention of the obviously sound and universally recognised academic principle that university culture should precede and not follow technical instruction. But the new regulations dislocate all our ideas of school and college education, and in the end will benefit no one but the special trainers.

I will return to the general evils attending this reduction, especially in relation to other universities, but now I desire further to examine the evidence in the Blue Book. The most important question after that of age was whether, during the years of probation, the successful candidates should be associated in their further studies, and if so whether they should be associated at a special school or at the universities. In regard to the desirableness of association, the evidence was most decided, and in favour of it being at a university the balance of evidence was also strong. The statistics on the subject will be found fairly summed up in a table in the Governor-

General's report, page 238 of this Blue Book. It may suffice to state that sixty-one reporters were in favour of association at the universities, and only fourteen advocated a special college. But, on the other hand, as only fifteen desired to reduce the maximum age of competition to nineteen, the great preponderance of opinion is that the study of the probationers after successful competition should be limited to technical subjects, and that they should not mix general with technical education. On this point the opinions of the Indian civil servants are very emphatic. Of one hundred and ten reporters, only nine attach much value to the universities as a place of general education, while one hundred and one are in favour of a purely technical education, which the large majority think the universities would give, although a minority would have more faith in getting it in special technical colleges. So, putting into one sentence the testimony of the Blue Book, there is a vastly preponderating evidence against reducing the age from twenty-one to nineteen as has been done by the Secretary of State, and there is a practical unanimity of opinion in favour of using the universities as places for the technical education of probationers.

If the technical training of probationers at universities were deemed of such paramount importance, it might still have been adopted without reduction of the age of competition. Then all universities would still have participated in their education. The Scotch and Irish universities might, as before, have played their part in the general education of candidates before competition, and the two years of probation might have been spent at English universities; for Lord Salisbury frankly acknowledges that his new system will not succeed in sending out civil servants to India much earlier than formerly; in fact, in Lord Salisbury's own words the new and the old plan "contemplate that candidates should leave for India at the same age as now."

In its original conception the scheme was no doubt similar to that discussed, and rejected as impolitic, by the Civil Service Commissioners in their letter of the 3rd August, 1864. At that time it was proposed to send probationers to a single college, either at Oxford or Cambridge, where they might receive the benefits of association and technical education for their future calling. The Commissioners admit that this might produce an *esprit de corps* such as was fostered at Haileybury, but that this, acquired by a practical isolation from the general university work, would give the probationers little benefit of a university association. This abandoned plan of 1864 still seems to be at the bottom of Lord Salisbury's new changes. But as the Commissioners then foretold, it would be impossible to select a single college, for the jealousy of the other colleges would defeat such a plan, and it would be equally impossible to select a single

university, with the other nine universities left out in the cold. They all recollected that the Civil Service of India was promised to be opened up in such a manner that—"No part of the kingdom and no class of schools should exclusively furnish civil servants to India, and with an anxious desire to deal fairly by all parts of the United Kingdom and all places of liberal education." These conditions are so wise and fair that, though the original purpose of Lord Salisbury probably was to limit the training to a single college in Oxford, the notion has been abandoned, at least nominally, and now all universities and colleges are invited to co-operate in the training of probationers. Yet this is practically impossible under the new conditions. We may assume by the experience of the past, that the great majority of the successful candidates will be close on the maximum age of nineteen, for age tells in a keen intellectual competition, just as weight does in a boat race. Doubtless, a few clever boys will be immaturely forced at younger ages. Forty probationers yearly, or eighty during the two years of probation, will be the supply for which the ten universities of the kingdom are to organize schemes of technical instruction. If the co-operation were general, we may assume that Oxford and Cambridge would, from their superior resources, get forty, or one-half of the probationers, and that the remaining forty might be scattered about the other universities at the rate of four to five for each. But even in the case of Cambridge and Oxford, each with twenty men distributed through their numerous colleges, how are the *esprit de corps* and the benefits of association to be fostered? The probationers, under such a system, might acquire university feeling, but they could not enjoy the old Haileybury advantages of being brought into close personal contact. But no doubt any one university, if it specially devote itself to the work with adequate resources, may secure a practical monopoly of technical training. Oxford has already appointed four readers, in Hindostance and Persian, in Telegu, in Indian history, and in Indian law, and has made their salaries a charge on the university chest. Its enterprise will doubtless be crowned with success, and we may assume that it will certainly attract at least forty out of the eighty probationers. If Cambridge follow suit by the aid of its poorer university chest we may credit it with securing at least twenty of the remainder. The remaining twenty may be scattered through the other eight universities. But in them no professoriate of special Indian subjects could be organized for three or four students in each. Hence Lord Salisbury would be fully justified in refusing to sanction them as places for study, and thus he throws all probationers upon Oxford and Cambridge, and renders illusory the promise "to deal fairly by all parts of the United Kingdom, and all places of education."

Association, after probation, is only possible under a monopoly

conferred on a single university. The general co-operation of all universities would defeat the purposes of the change by disassociation. Practically the scheme will work in favour of Oxford only, as always has been intended. I do not, however, believe that Oxford will succeed in keeping a permanent hold on these probationers. The bribe of £150 a year is not sufficient for at least a pleasant university life in Oxford, which at a moderate computation will cost £200. Nor do I believe that Oxford students can ultimately compete with the probationers who choose to continue under special preparation in London with the view to earn the money prizes of the examinations. If London beat Oxford, as is quite possible, in these prizes, the bribe of £150 will break down, and Oxford training will be less and less sought for. The other universities are practically driven out of the field by the new system, and need not be discussed. I also disbelieve in these probationers, alien to the ordinary studies of Oxford, benefitting much by the discipline of the colleges; while, with a secure future before them in the way of income, which they may discount for the pleasures of the present, they will be sadly tempted by the sharks of money-lenders who infest our higher universities.

The policy of devoting £12,000 a year of Indian money for aiding the education of young men for the Civil Service, is in itself very doubtful. By lowering the age to a maximum of nineteen, the public service undoubtedly will get imperfectly educated youths, but still that is no reason why their education should be completed at the public expense. In all other professions, parents, and not the public, are responsible for training their children in technical knowledge. And generally the ordinary professions hold out far less certain conditions of success than the Indian Civil Service. When a young engineer succeeds in competition for the Indian College at Cooper's Hill, he has still to pay for his technical education at that institution. But when the Civil Service probationer, usually the son of more wealthy parents than the class which supplies men to the department of public works, is stimulated to go to Oxford or Cambridge, he must carry with him £150 a year of public money, in order to bribe these wealthy universities to provide for him a technical instruction.

There is much in residence at Oxford and Cambridge to benefit students in a social point of view, and to give a top-dressing to their manners, but, as Lord Northbrook aptly points out, they are not the only agencies at work:

> "For manners are not idle, but the fruit
> Of loyal nature, and of noble mind."

The experiment is a new one, and its result uncertain, in regard to a system of special training which must have the effect of

separating these civil servants from ordinary academical students. Even Sir Henry Maine admits that the education of the probationers cannot be academic, but must be specially fitted for the future vocation of the future judicial and fiscal administrator of our Indian Empire. In support of this view I have already stated that Indian opinion is all but unanimous. The successful candidates are not to go to the universities for general but simply for technical education. As Lord Macaulay put it in 1854, "The general education should precede the special education which must qualify the civil servant to dispatch the business of his cutchery." Yet, in spite of a practical unanimity on this point, there is all through the official correspondence a hazy sort of notion that the universities may combine both general and technical education, and send out candidates to India with academic culture, as testified by a degree. How would this work? It is admitted that two years are fully required for the special technical education of the probationers. These two years, and more if required, at private cost, are to be spent at universities in the hope that a degree of some sort would be taken. If the degree were to be a B.A., one year would be required to enable him to pass moderations alone, and then only a single year would be left for technical work, on the supposition, which is not probable, that he could take his degree in two years. In the Scotch universities he could not do so under three years. The new scheme does enable a man to stay at a university without pay for a year and a half longer in order to take a degree, but we may assume that this, except in the most rare instances, will be inoperative, for it would throw the probationer back in the service and act injuriously on his future prospects and pension. Of course all the universities may abandon their old traditions and grant a technical degree without evidence of general culture. But this would be to establish a suicidal precedent and break down the main difference between a university and a mere technical school. Not even Oxford, which has bid high for the £12,000 a year of public money, dare make such a proposal. What will follow? Certainly a clamour will arise for a change in the character of the examination for candidates to the Civil Service. It would be difficult for an ordinary boy of seventeen to nineteen to pass the present scheme of examination, and therefore it may have to be modified to a limited extent by the Commissioners. The effect of the change will undoubtedly be to sacrifice a year of bright boyhood at school, and place the intending candidate under special preparation, at the low age of fifteen or sixteen. It is obvious enough that mathematics, pure and mixed, mental science, and higher English literature, can only be acquired as an effort of memory, but not as mental discipline by future candidates of an immature age. 'There will be no lack of candidates; as some apprehend, because the age for competition being

lower than in other branches of the public service, many will make a first shot at the high prize of an Indian Civil Service appointment, because if they fail, they can go on to other competitions. But the disappointments of failure will be keen when public schools find that boys direct from them fail, as they surely will. The public schools and the universities will then demand that the examinations should be assimilated to those for university scholarships, and if this agitation succeed, the broad and catholic system of education would be narrowed to the ordinary curriculum of Eton, Harrow and Rugby. This is not a danger for the present, because the Civil Service Commissioners are still able, backed as they are by the force of public opinion, to prevent it, but it is a danger of the future, against which the public must be very jealous to preserve the privileges which they now possess, and which have broadened the conception of education to a great degree throughout the kingdom. Still, another consequence may happen which will tend to lessen the danger. The candidates, already admirably prepared by a special training for competition, will go up and win scholarships in the colleges at Oxford, where they are to pass their future probation. This will lead, in the future, as it already has in the past, to a collision between them and the collegiate authorities. For these scholarships are intended to promote academic training, and they will be won by men who are to receive purely technical instruction. Oxford may then find that it has made a bad bargain, and may loosen itself from the connection which it has coveted and secured.

I now return to a consideration of the general injurious effects of the changes which have been made. The first effect of the change will intensify the apprehended evils which it was framed to avoid. The main object was to prevent young men of eighteen to twenty-two from being corrupted by residence in the metropolis. As a fact, they were not corrupted, but the fears that they might be were great. The effect of the change is to sow the seeds of corruption at an earlier age, for the youths must come to London for a special training, or course of cramming, two or three years earlier, and before they have acquired habits of self-control. Of course I am aware that the masters of public schools think that they can send candidates direct for competition under the new regulations, but Lord Salisbury sees the future more clearly when he admits that there is no use combatting special training, for he says, "Crammers must in the long run win and remain masters of the field," not only against the public schools, but also against the universities. If this be true, his scheme delivers over the youths of the country to these crammers at a tender age, with no solid foundation of learning acquired either at public schools or universities. The second effect of the change is, that it practically destroys the co-operation of the Scotch and Irish

universities in favour of a monopoly of the English universities, and practically of Oxford alone. I have shown that this is against the principles of free competition, on which the scheme was originally arranged by Lord Macaulay and his coadjutors. At the same time it is thoroughly detrimental to the Indian service, which ought to be recruited from all parts of the United Kingdom. Scotland and Ireland, in proportion to population, have hitherto been more successful than England in the supply of successful candidates. In the nineteen years ending 1874, Scotland supplied eighty-nine, Ireland one hundred and fifty-six, England three hundred and fifty. According to population, Scotland should have sent fifty, and Ireland only seventy-seven. The Scotch universities, in proportion to population, have hitherto trained twice and a half as many successful candidates as the English universities: indeed, they have supplied up to 1876, ninety-seven out of the nine hundred and two successful candidates, or one-tenth of the whole. Yet the Scotch universities are obliged to throw up the sponge, and acknowledge that they can be of no further use under the new regulations. But what does Lord Salisbury say as to the past? "It was undoubted that most of the great men to whom the Indian Empire was owing were Scotchmen, and that the Scotch universities had done a noble and splendid work in preparing the civil servants for the administration of India." Then why, in the face of a universal testimony that the present system has answered well, change it for a scheme which must shut out Scotland from future co-operation in Indian administration. The early age of competition renders it impossible for the Scotch universities to prepare students for it, or to take part in the technical training, after competition. Oxford alone can succeed. But this is not the only evil. The new scheme favours the rich as against the poor candidates. Formerly Scotchmen, with a view to the Civil Service, could, in spite of their poverty, acquire a sound academic training at their universities. But Scotland possesses no Etons or Rugbys, and cannot pay the high fees for a long course of special preparation, which Lord Salisbury admits will be essential for future success in competition. So the poor in Scotland will in future be shut out by the rich in England. The past history of India, as recited by Lord Salisbury himself, points to this as a deplorable mistake.

The agitation which led to these changes was one of public schools and universities against the training of crammers. Now what is "cramming," as interpreted by the experience of the Civil Service Commissioners? The latter have given abundant proof that no special trainer succeeds by teaching many subjects superficially, but only by instructing in a few thoroughly. Yet that is the highest object of all true education. Cramming, as an art, is chiefly suc-

cessful owing to two conditions: firstly, because the youths subject to it are not only willing but anxious to be taught; and, secondly, because the teacher knows the best method of teaching them. Lord Salisbury admits this when he says, "The crammers have succeeded in distancing all competitors simply by the excellence of their work." Hence the original grounds for the agitation have been proved to be wholly baseless.

Yet in spite of Lord Salisbury's own statements, and the opinion of the Civil Service Commissioners, who tell us that the existing system is working admirably, the new regulations take effect next year. They cannot fail to be prejudicial to the Indian Empire as well as to education in this country. They will inevitably have the effect of removing boys from school at a very early age. School life and school association are certainly as important to a future career as the association of probationers at Oxford. The latter might have been secured, as ninety-five of the one hundred and ten Indian witnesses intimated, without lowering the age of competition to nineteen. But I contend that there was no need even for this change, for the civil servants of India, sent out under open competition, have not failed to give proofs of competency and fitness. They have been trained in London, not to a narrow academic but to a many-sided life and experience. Thus, in addition to the advantage of being trained near the courts of law, they have acquired habits of independence and self-control which have stood them in good stead in their isolated posts in India. Dangers as to this mode of training have been asserted, but are disproved by the testimony of the Civil Service Commissioners, and by Indian experience of the success of the men who have gone out under this system. The former have no doubt on the subject, for they say, "Further reflection and observation have tended to confirm the Commissioners in the belief that with young men who have already given the best possible proof of steadiness and self-control by success in an arduous competition, a system under which they are left free to choose for themselves the place and manner of their studies, is a better preparation for the perfect liberty which they are so soon to enjoy in India than any supervision that the discipline of a college could supply." A discussion on this subject is, however, pending in the House of Commons, and perhaps new arguments for the serious changes made by the new regulations will be adduced; but in the debate of last year the only novel argument for transferring the probationers from London to Oxford, which the Under Secretary for India deigned to use, was that the water-supply of London was very bad, and that probationers might get better water in Oxford—a statement even questionable in point of fact. This airy jauntiness of treatment is surely misplaced when the great interests of our Indian Empire are concerned.

LYON PLAYFAIR.

A NEW POLITICAL ORGANIZATION.

It is probable that the true significance of Mr. Gladstone's visit to Birmingham has been seized by the great majority of those who are interested in the matter. The exceptions are certain persons who, having previously constructed out of their inner consciousness the theory of a deeply laid conspiracy between a statesman out of employment and Radicals in search of a leader, now profess disappointment because the Birmingham meetings have not fulfilled these somewhat absurd anticipations. According to some of these false prophets, Mr. Gladstone was formally to announce his adhesion to the views of the Liberation Society, and was to be invited to put himself at the head of the advanced Liberals, who were to take the opportunity of finally severing themselves from Lord Hartington and his colleagues. Of course nothing of the kind took place; Mr. Gladstone delivered a great speech on the Eastern Question, and no attempt was made to commit him to any public expression of opinion on the general policy of the Liberal party. The new federation was formed, and a constitution adopted which expressly precludes anything like a formal programme, since the only qualification required from its members is that they shall be representatives freely chosen by the popular vote of all Liberals in their respective districts.

On the other hand, there is no reason to conceal the fact that it is the confident expectation of the promoters of the new organization that it will result in greater definiteness being given to the aims and objects of the party, and that Mr. Gladstone's presence and support has raised the hopes of all who are interested in its success. The ex-leader of the Liberal party, and the most popular statesman of our time, has expressed his cordial sympathy with the efforts of those who are striving to retrieve the fallen fortunes of the Liberal cause; and he has frankly admitted the claims of the Radicals—the men who are in earnest—to recognition and fair consideration in the party councils. After this we may hope at least that the persistent efforts of some, who call themselves Liberals, to rule out of the party as rebels and pariahs all who protest against the Fabian policy of inaction which has so long hindered union and stifled enthusiasm, will be discontinued; and that we may be permitted to remind our leaders that we are tired of marking time, without being accused of mutiny or even of unreasonable presumption. Surely we may strive to impress Lord Hartington with the necessity for giving direction to the labours of Liberals, without having imputed to us disloyalty to our chief, or a reckless eagerness to break up the party.

It will be admitted that the party is an instrument to achieve some more definite results than the return to office of a certain

number of persons of undeclared opinions. We have not lost confidence in its efficacy, but we are anxious to know what are the purposes which those who direct the machine intend it to serve. At the present moment we are groping blindly in the dark. Liberals are at a loose end, each advocating some favourite reform, and producing little impression, because there is no uniformity or consistency in the agitation. Even Mr. Bright, who has just told us that he hates a programme, has been beating the air like lesser mortals, and in three successive speeches to his constituents has advocated, one after the other, the completion of National Education, the Disestablishment of the Church, and the Reform of the Land Laws and County Administration. If this is not a programme, it is at least a considerable advance towards one; but would it not be better that we should all know which of these great reforms is the question of the immediate future, and which should, therefore, receive the concentrated attention of a united party?

There are times, no doubt, when politicians must be content to test public opinion without attempting to control it; to feel the pulse of the nation without committing themselves definitely to what may turn out to be a Quixotic enterprise. This is the excuse of those Liberals who justify their inaction by the alleged indifference of the country. The people, they have been repeating for the last four years, are tired of change; complete rest and freedom from agitation is required to restore their healthy appetite. If this view of the position be the correct one, there is nothing for it but to lay up our liberalism *en retraite* for an indefinite period. Our occupation is gone; there is no question of a programme; no need for a leader; all that is required is the service of a political charwoman or two, who will keep the dust from the furniture and the flies from the chandelier.

Unfortunately, however, for this hypothesis, it is contradicted by the facts. The evidence is all the other way. Without a word of guidance or a sign from their official leaders, the Liberals in the constituencies have on three or four occasions spontaneously asserted their influence and have altered the policy of the Government. In the cases of the Merchants' Shipping Bill, the two Slavery Circulars and the Burials Bill, the rank and file have positively dragged their officers into action; and the course of Conservative legislation has been turned by popular agitation. The initiative which the Opposition in Parliament have failed to take has been seized by public meetings. The Assembly has been directed by the Conventions. How long is this to last, and to what length is it desired that it should go?

Take the case of our Eastern policy. For three months after the meeting of Parliament the Liberal leaders refrained from challenging the action of the Government, and discountenanced every attempt to raise a definite issue. Liberal members were divided, the Irish vote was more than doubtful, and though consultations were

frequently held, they had only the natural and proverbial result. Councils of war never fight. But during this prolonged abnegation of its functions by the Opposition, the Liberal party in the country was anxiously expecting some distinct protest against the pro-Turkish policy of a portion at least of the Cabinet; and the enthusiasm excited by Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions was due to the fact that, whatever might be said by way of criticism as to details, they at least represented a profound popular sentiment;—they expressed the hatred of Turkish misrule, the sympathy with the oppressed, and the eagerness to secure some improvement in the condition of the subject races, which have been fixed ideas in the public mind since the Bulgarian massacres.

If the policy of the Resolutions was mistaken, or came too late, why did not the objectors suggest an alternative which might probably have been adopted by Mr. Gladstone? Their invention was only equal to the modest feat of moving the "previous question," and they seem to have altogether misconceived the strength of feeling on the subject, and the growing impatience of the constituencies. In the first instance it was confidently asserted that the Resolutions would not be approved in the country, nor supported in the House by more than twenty or thirty members. Yet it is as nearly certain as anything in such matters can be, that, if they had been pressed to a division, the majority of Liberal members would have followed their old leader, while many of those who were ready to vote against him would have had a *mauvais quart d'heure* when they next met their constituents. The most provoking part of the whole difficulty is that, except as regards the members of the Peace party, whose fidelity to well-known convictions would of course be anticipated and respected, there was no real difference of principle, but only a divergence as to the policy to be pursued, due in great measure to a mistaken impression of the mind of the country.

It will be not the least of the objects of the new Federation to prevent from time to time the possibility of such misconceptions, and to reflect accurately the opinions and the wishes of the majority of Liberals for the information of all who are responsible for party management. By its constitution, membership is restricted to associations based on popular representation, *i.e.* to those which secure the direct participation of all Liberals in their respective districts in their management and general policy. The Birmingham Liberal Association is the type to which all these organizations approach. The managing committees are elected by *public meetings annually called in each ward, and open to every Liberal resident.* Thus the constituency of the Association is the whole body of Liberals in the borough. The divisions which are so often caused by sectional or personal interests are rendered impossible or harmless by the width

of the base on which the association rests, and its thoroughly representative character is so well understood that no imputation of individual dictation or management by clique can possibly be sustained.

The Liberals of Birmingham have fully recognised the altered conditions under which they have to carry on their work. Owing to various causes, and notably to the extension of the suffrage and to the increased interest taken by the mass of the people in general politics, it is not only desirable but absolutely necessary that the whole of the party should be taken into its counsels, and that all its members should share in its control and management. It is no longer safe to attempt to secure the representation of a great constituency for the nominee of a few gentlemen sitting in private committee, and basing their claims to dictate the choice of the electors on the fact that they have been willing to subscribe something towards the expenses. The working class, who cannot contribute pecuniarily, though they are often ready to sacrifice a more than proportionate amount of time and labour, are now the majority in most borough constituencies, and no candidate and no policy has a chance of success unless their good will and active support can be first secured. The object of a Liberal association should therefore be to secure a perfect representation of the opinions of the whole party, and to gain their confidence in the absolute fairness and impartiality of the means by which the decision of the majority can be ascertained, in order that the whole force of the organization may afterwards be employed in securing the success of the candidate or the policy adopted.

It will be understood that such an association does not profess to achieve impossibilities. It will not turn Conservatives into Liberals, or secure for a Liberal minority a representation to which its numbers do not entitle it. Possibly its permanence as a source of activity and discussion may help to form opinion, and truth may be evolved out of the constant clash of agitation and public movement; but this is only an indirect and secondary result, the main object being the full expression of Liberal opinion, as it exists, and the prompt and practical application of it.

In Birmingham, where the Liberals form at least two-thirds of the constituency, it has given them the control of the representation and of the local government of the town; and has enabled them to defeat the various devices wherewith some political philosophers have sought to secure the representation of minorities by the practical disfranchisement of the majority. This result is described by a writer in the *Saturday Review* as "the unjustifiable monopoly of municipal privileges and duties by one political faction." He is, however, unprejudiced enough to admit that the monopoly in question has been attended with considerable advantage to the population, and it is the fact that the municipal Liberals of Birmingham have

had a programme (*pace* Mr. Bright), and that their triumph has been followed by a determined effort to root out old abuses, to promote the health, comfort, and happiness of the town, to increase the opportunities for education, to multiply the facilities for innocent recreation, and so to put in practice the creed of Radicalism and to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

It is difficult to see in all this the evidence of the political bigotry and factious intolerance, the suspicion of which so exercises the mind of the Saturday Reviewer. Because the promoters of a particular policy, which they honestly believe will add to the happiness of their fellow-citizens, do not connive at or assist in the return to local office of opponents who would do their utmost to delay and to prevent its execution, they are stigmatized as the inventors of a new and specially obnoxious form of tyranny, by those who would be the first to reproach the local authorities with culpable apathy, if an equal division of power hindered, as it would, all progress and improvement. The nice balance of parties which some people affect to desire, means stagnation in public business. In this country the minority is always represented on the platform and in the press; it performs in this way its useful functions of criticism and examination, and it is desirable that the majority, which has all the responsibility of government, should not be prevented by artificial restrictions on the popular vote from fairly trying its conclusions, under condition of being displaced if its policy is unsuccessful or is carried further than public opinion is ready to support it. In any case, if the return of Liberals by immense majorities in Birmingham is tyranny, what word will the Saturday Reviewer use to describe the state of things in seventy-nine boroughs and twenty-eight counties in England and Wales, in which the Parliamentary representation is at the present time wholly monopolised by Tories? Has he no indignation to spare for the Conservative associations which contribute to secure these victories for their party, or is it only the organization of Liberals which constitutes an unpardonable offence?

Meanwhile the principles on which the Birmingham Association is formed are rapidly commending themselves to Liberals in other towns. Nearly one hundred boroughs were represented at the Conference, and applications are daily received from all parts of the country for information and assistance to enable the local associations to re-form themselves on the Birmingham model. In this way it may be anticipated that local representative bodies will soon exist in every Parliamentary constituency, and these will in turn be represented in proportion to the population of their respective districts on the council and committee of the new Federation. A meeting of the central organization will therefore be a meeting of delegates from popularly elected local associations, and will thus collect with unerring certainty the opinions of the majority of

the Liberal party in each of the places represented. This collection of opinions from time to time on the questions of the day will be one main object of the Federation, and as the local organizations are intended to ascertain the feelings of their separate districts, the central body will gather this information to a focus, and will be enabled to decide if there be sufficient unanimity and enthusiasm to justify them in recommending further action.

It will be seen that no programme could be imposed on such an organization, as each member will attend its meetings because he is a representative Liberal, and he cannot be asked to produce any other passport. Besides, Liberalism should not be narrowed by any stereotyped creed: it is an open trust, changing and broadening with every advance in intelligence and freedom. Nevertheless, no one who knows the constituencies will doubt that on great questions of principle there will be considerable argreement. When the whole party is represented, the majority will not be for standing still. They belong to what they believe to be the party of progress, and they will not take the trouble of organization on their shoulders without tolerably definite notions of what is to be the outcome of it all.

This matter may be easily tested. Call a public meeting of Liberals in any borough in England or Wales, and ask for its opinion on the question of the extension of the county franchise, or the disestablishment of the English Church. There are many constituencies where the Liberals, so long as these questions are not formally before the country and *faute de mieux*, will accept representatives who candidly express their unwillingness to promote either of these changes. But it is doubtful if there is a single one in which the unbiassed opinion of the majority of Liberals would not be given in favour of both. If it be not so, the meetings of the Federation will record the divergence of opinion and justify the inaction of the official leaders; while if, on the contrary, the result should prove that the only people who do not know whither we are going are precisely the persons who have undertaken to direct our advance, and that while party managers have been hesitating public opinion has been ripening and is now formed, it will then be the next duty of the Association to give clear expression and political influence to these opinions, and to secure for them greater attention than they have hitherto enjoyed. It does not follow that the questions named will be the first to attract the consideration of the delegates; they are only used as illustrations of possible differences between the objects which Liberals may have in view, and those which engage the attention of their present representatives in the House of Commons.

The mode of operation is objected to by a hostile critic as an attempt to govern the country by the agency of a gigantic political union. It is not worth while to quarrel about terms. The objects, as stated in the constitution, are the organization of Liberal associa-

tions based on popular representation, and the promotion of Liberal principles in the government of the country. To persons to whom Liberal principles still have a definite meaning, these objects do not appear illegitimate nor unworthy of serious effort. The machinery is sufficiently simple. There is to be a council composed of delegated representatives from each Liberal association, appointed in a certain proportion according to population. This council will hold annual meetings in the different towns in succession, and its visit will be made the occasion of a demonstration in favour of Liberal policy. The ordinary work of the Federation is entrusted to a committee, also consisting of delegated representatives elected in proportion to population, but in smaller numbers than the council, and meeting at the call of the chairman and secretary or at the joint request of any three associations.

The functions of this committee are:—

1st. To aid in the formation of new Liberal associations based on popular representation, and generally to promote the objects of the Federation.

2nd. To summon the annual meeting of the council, or any other general meeting of council which may be deemed proper.

3rd. To submit to the federated associations political questions and measures upon which united action may be considered desirable.

The last of these is of course the most important, and the nature of the influence exerted may be gathered from a consideration of recent proceedings in connection with the debate on the Eastern Question, when nearly one hundred and fifty public meetings were held all over the country at a few days' notice in response to a suggestion from the Birmingham Liberal Association alone, and as many more on the recommendation of other political associations.

It must be repeated here that the committee will of course be powerless, if the opinion of the associations represented is adverse, or much divided. But where a feeling in favour of action is unanimous or nearly so, the influence of the Federation will be effectually exerted to secure its concerted expression. It will be seen, therefore, that no interference with the local independence of the federated associations is proposed or contemplated. Each one of these will arrange the details of its own organization and administer its own affairs; but from time to time, and on all occasions of importance, the representatives of all the associations will be summoned to consider the course which will be recommended to their respective organisations. By these means the opinions of Liberals on measures to be supported or resisted will be readily and authoritatively ascertained, and the whole force, strength, and resources of the party may be concentrated on the promotion of reforms found to be generally desired.

Mr. Gorst, the member for Chatham, when addressing a meeting

of the Metropolitan Alliance of the Conservative Associations, claimed that they had set the example which their opponents were now following. It may be that the idea of the co-operation of independent associations is common to both parties, but the basis of the Liberal Federation is not borrowed from, and cannot be imitated by, any Conservative organization. Conservatism naturally works from above downwards, while Liberalism best fulfils its mission when it works upwards from below. The popular element is not the one in which the Tories are strong, and in their manifestations the leaders are everything and the followers nothing. From their point of view the bulk of their party are a class to be governed and managed, and are not entitled to share freely in the direction of their own affairs. Now, the special merit and characteristic of the new machinery is the principle which must henceforth govern the action of Liberals as a political party—namely, the direct participation of all its members in the direction of its policy and in the selection of those particular measures of reform to which priority shall be given. A fear has been expressed in some quarters that such proceedings may interfere with the proper independence of members of Parliament, and may be used in the coercion of the House of Commons. This theory is surely not complimentary to Liberal members, and it may be asserted in contradiction that, while all of them would resent a French *mandat impératif*, none are unwilling to interchange opinions with their constituents, or to have the advantage of a thorough knowledge of their wishes.

The practical working will be made evident by an illustration. Suppose at a meeting of the committee, at which the delegates from different places are present, that a resolution is carried unanimously in favour of the extension of the county franchise. This would be followed by a recommendation to the separate associations to call public meetings, to obtain petitions, and to take other steps in support of the proposition. The resolution containing these recommendations would then be brought before the local associations at their next meeting. If they approve of the suggestion, they will make the necessary arrangements to carry it out, and will no doubt request their members in Parliament to vote for the motion. But this can only be done if they agree to the recommendations of the central committee. In this case the members will be made acquainted with the desire of their supporters; but it does not follow that any further pressure will be put upon them if they are, on consideration, unable to comply with the request addressed to them. There are two classes of members, in any case, who need fear no coercion: those who are fortunate enough to agree with their constituents, and those who, being in general accord on important principles, occasionally find themselves compelled to differ on a particular question. The constituencies are not so ungenerous nor so unjust as to allow honest differences on

certain subjects to outweigh long service and general agreement. Mr. John Bright has nearly completed twenty years' service in the representation of Birmingham, the town which it is now sought to describe as a hot-bed of intolerance and the home of a narrow spirit of dictation. During that long period his relations with the borough, honourable alike to the constituency and to its eminent representative, have never been for a moment disturbed, although on some important occasions Mr. Bright has found himself obliged to differ from his friends. His right of private judgment has in such cases been uniformly respected, and his seat has always been as safe as that of the most pliant member of the House of Commons. The only persons who can have cause to dread communications from their constituents, are those who have practically ceased to represent the voters by whom they have been elected. Their case is hardly one for commiseration.

An attempt has been made to represent the new Federation as hostile to Lord Hartington and the official leaders. This is really nonsense. It is quite possible that the effect of conference and union will be to show that the Liberal opinion of the country is more advanced than has been hitherto supposed, and it is true that many Liberals think that a somewhat bolder declaration of policy is wanted to give heart and courage to the supporters of the Liberal cause. But what reason is there to believe that the present leaders would resist satisfactory evidence of the wishes of their supporters. If they have been silent and motionless hitherto, they have been justified by the absence of proof that more activity has been desired by the party. With the exception of Mr. Gladstone, there is no Liberal leader who would command as much confidence and support as Lord Hartington has secured, and what is sought is not a change of persons, which might be anything but an improvement, but only the formation and the expression of such an amount of public opinion as would encourage our present leaders to move a little quicker and a little farther.

After all there is, perhaps, some reason for the dislike and fear with which what the *Times* calls the new Liberal Caucus is regarded by a certain class of politicians. Those who distrust the people and do not share Burke's faith in their sound political instinct—those who reject the principle, which should be at the bottom of all Liberalism, that the best security for good government is not to be found in *ex cathedrâ* legislation by the upper classes for the lower, but in consulting those chiefly concerned and giving shape to their aspirations whenever they are not manifestly unfair to others—these all view with natural apprehension a scheme by which the mob, as they are ever ready to term the great bulk of their fellow-countrymen, are for the first time invited and enabled to make their influence felt by means of constitutional machinery. J. CHAMBERLAIN.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

The month of June has not been fruitful of events in the great drama of Eastern Europe. Something like impatience has been manifested among those who, from the safety of the West, watch the contest, at the slow progress of the war between Russia and Turkey. The rapid succession of stroke upon stroke which marked the campaign of Sadowa, and distinguished the struggle of 1870-1, from its commencement to its close, served to obliterate the memory of the prolonged duration of former contests, if it has not depraved the taste of the passing generation. Much of the apparent delay on the banks of the Danube, and the retardation of Russian advances in Armenia, can be easily explained; but for the moment we may turn to the development of the French crisis, the interest of which seemed also to flag for a time, but only to revive immediately upon the re-assembling of the Chambers. The excitement caused by the *coup* of the 16th of May abated, because it came to be universally believed that neither the Marshal nor his principal advisers would be drawn into the promotion of a real *coup d'état* by inviting the military arm to overturn the Constitution. It has been indeed thought doubtful whether the army could be led to support any attempt to suppress by force the privileges of self-government of the nation, and it is possible that this doubt may have so far prevailed among the conspirators who have played upon the Marshal's ignorant apprehensions as to induce them to dismiss the suggestion; but we believe we should not be doing justice to the Marshal-President if we supposed that he had ever played with the thought. The accumulating evidence of the past month must dispel this imputation against him, if it has been entertained. No one can venture to prescribe the limits which the restless and shallow vanity of the Duke de Broglie might not be induced to overpass; but the admirable prudence and self-restraint of the Republicans of all shades of opinion have furnished the best guarantees against his hurrying to destruction. Had the dismissal of M. Jules Simon, the prorogation of the Chambers, and the wholesale changes of prefects and sub-prefects been followed by any demonstration of violence on the part of French Liberals, we might have seen the conspiracy developed by an arrest of the Republican leaders, which would necessarily have been followed by counter-demonstrations and further arrests, with the possible conclusion of the appearance of the army in the streets of Paris.

The peril, if it was real, has happily passed away. The conviction that the conflict raised by the act of the 16th of May would be con-

ducted to the end without a violation of the provisions of the Constitution gradually became clear and strong, and the result now promises to be a decisive Liberal triumph. It soon appeared that Marshal Macmahon had by some means been brought to believe that the balance and tendency of opinion in the Chamber misrepresented the balance and tendency of opinion in France. The Chamber of Deputies was in his judgment revolutionary, while France was Conservative. It is difficult for calmer observers to understand the exaggerated terrors of the Marshal, but it must be admitted that they were sincerely entertained. It is, perhaps, necessary to have gone through a series of revolutionary experiences to scent revolution in a law making public the sittings of municipal councils, and the passing of this law was the most serious specific charge laid against the Chamber in the presidential message. Marshal Macmahon was filled with fantastic apprehensions; and in determining to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies, should he obtain the concurrence of the Senate in decreeing a dissolution, he may be said to have followed the example of our own William IV. when he dismissed Lord Melbourne in 1834. It cannot be denied that he is acting within the constitutional powers, though it may be urged that he should have made himself more sure of the concurrence of the Senate than he seems to have done, before taking the grave step of the 16th May. For some time it was not free from doubt whether a majority of the Senate would vote for the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies. The Legitimist senators were wavering in their determination. The change of ministry had been at first hailed as a proof of an alliance between the Marshal and the clerical party, and vague hopes were excited of the adoption of some active policy on behalf of the Pope. An official note put forth by the Duke Decazes disowned all such designs, and the ardour of the Legitimist support of the new ministry cooled. Complaints were heard that their claims had been disregarded in the distribution of places, while those of the numerically insignificant Bonapartist section had been extravagantly recognised. An interview was arranged between the Marshal and certain representative Legitimists, and after explanations had been given and received, the Marshal expressed a hope that he might rely on the votes of Legitimist senators when the question of dissolution came before the Senate.

It is by acts such as this that the Marshal has contrived to make his position untenable in case of a defeat. Should the expectations of M. Gambetta be in any degree realised, the election of the new Chamber must be followed by the resignation of the President. This should not have been the inevitable sequel of the crisis. The grave duty of maintaining harmony between the Chamber and the nation might have been exercised in the spirit of a Power above and independent of party; it has in fact been degraded to partisan uses.

There are some among us who hold that Marshal Macmahon was not only wrong in the estimate of the facts of the situation in France, but in his conception of the principles that should rule his conduct. They think he should not have interfered even if there had been reason to believe the suspicion to be just, that the majority of the Chamber was acting in opposition to the will of the French nation. These opinions are untenable. They could not be admitted as applicable to the English Constitution, where the powers of the Sovereign, as an individual, are certainly not greater than those of the French President. During the last autumn several minds among us were occupied with the thought of the limits of the rights and duties of the sovereign, supposing there was reason to believe that the House of Commons had ceased to represent the judgment of the country upon some great question occupying public attention. In the course of the recent debate on Eastern affairs, Mr. Hussey Vivian declared that, as at the time of election of the present House there had been no anticipation of war in the East, and the mind of the nation was not directed to such a contingency, he for one warned the ministry that if they contemplated taking any part in the war they must first consult the nation on the question of their policy, or he would vote against all supplies in support of it. A similar spirit might, and indeed ought to, animate the mind of the sovereign. The votes of Parliament might misrepresent the verdict of the nation, and, if just cause should arise for suspecting the opposition to exist, the royal functions should be exercised to verify the suspicion, and, if necessary, to bring Parliament and the people into unison. Marshal Macmahon's conduct must be judged by the same principles. Although his estimate of the temper of France seems to have been singularly perverse, for it was falsified at bye-elections held at different centres scattered through the country, he was not exceeding the powers of his position in claiming a right to test the judgment of the whole of France, and he might have exercised this right without allying himself with any contending party. But he has in fact descended into the arena. He has not been content to express a serious doubt: he has avowed a determined conviction. He does not wish simply to ascertain what France thinks. He poses himself before the nation as the saviour of its institutions; he asks the electors to judge between the Chamber and himself, and he has posted an army of preachers in the persons of prefects and sub-prefects through the country to exhort, to persuade, to compel the people to support his candidates. A Liberal victory thus becomes a personal defeat for himself, and the result of his enterprise will be a degradation of the Presidency. It might have been the office of a judge of parties; it has been reduced to be the post of a leader of party.

Up to the time of the assembling of the Chambers on the 16th, it

was uncertain whether the Marshal would not exercise his constitutional power of decreeing a prorogation for another month, but at the commencement of the sitting it was announced that there would be an immediate dissolution should the Senate concur in it. The Duke de Broglie read a message in the Senate asking for this concurrence, the most remarkable part of which was a confession that the month's prorogation which had just elapsed had not served to pacify men's minds and to restore them to the calmness necessary for the discussion of affairs. Any one crossing the Château from the Senate to the Chamber of Deputies, would have witnessed a striking proof of the truth of this confession. The sitting was marked by more than common outbursts of violence on the part of M. Paul de Cassagnac, M. Robert Mitchell and their Bonapartist allies. M. Gambetta was the object of their most passionate animosity. During the prorogation he had in public addresses more than once attacked the policy and the instigators of the *coup* of the 16th May; and the grave and sustained strength of the last of these speeches, delivered at Amiens had certainly excited the admiration of Europe, and was believed to have stirred France from the Channel to the Mediterranean. His appearance in the Tribune on the 16th was the signal for clamours, which were maintained during the whole of his speech. It was impossible, however, to extinguish or subdue his eloquence, and his faith in the result of a dissolution was exhibited in a bold declaration that the 363 then composing the united Left would be 400 in the new Chamber. It may be doubted, however, whether the most effective assistance given to the Liberals during the sitting was not due to an unintentional slip of M. de Fourtou. When the resignation of Marshal Macmahon first came to be regarded as a probable result of his policy, there was much speculation as to his successor. M. Grévy, General Chanzy, and others were spoken of, but it was soon acknowledged that M. Thiers was the man upon whom all must unite. M. de Fourtou was the means of demonstrating this unanimity in the memorable sitting of June 16. The Bonapartist minister referred incidentally to the last Assembly as having liberated the territory, when a voice on the Left cried out, "Voila le libérateur du territoire," pointing to M. Thiers, and at once the whole Left and the occupants of the galleries and tribunes rose to their feet in an act of spontaneous homage to the veteran. The effect of this recognition, reported as it was throughout France, was greater than that of many arguments. If it is everywhere understood that the immediate issue before the electors is whether Marshal Macmahon or M. Thiers shall be President, it will be in vain to attempt to terrify peasants with fears of revolution.

After three days' discussion the Order of the Day censuring the new Cabinet was passed by 363 to 158. It is remarkable that the

number of the majority was precisely the same as that of the Deputies who had signed the manifesto of the 18th May, condemning the prorogation, although more than one of its subscribers had died in the interval; and it follows that new recruits had come to supply their places. The Prince Napoleon was one of these allies that helped to keep the total unchanged. No trust could be placed in a similar steadiness on the part of the Conservative majority of the Senate. Up to the last it was admitted to be possible that a majority would refuse to sanction a dissolution. Party organization in the Senate, especially among life senators, is less rigid than elsewhere, and the Conservatism finding favour among them is often a sentiment of timidity rather than the definite adoption of a distinct policy. Senators of this kind must have been perplexed how to act. To refuse the dissolution would be to provoke one stormy joint session of Senate and Chamber, but the end of the sitting would be the certain election of M. Thiers as President by a vote of about 500 to 300. On the other hand, no one can foretell the effect of sanctioning the dissolution, and it is at least a plausible opinion that the same result will be produced after an agony of weeks or months. All doubts were, however, resolved on Friday the 22nd, when the Senate by a vote of 150 to 120 assented to the dissolution proposed by the President. Every energy will now be directed towards the elections, which, according to the organic law of 25th February, 1875, must be held within three months. We have mentioned M. Gambetta's prophecy that the Left in the new Chamber will number 400. Those who remember the past docility of the French peasant cannot altogether dispel their fears that the new prefects may falsify this prediction, and reduce the majority against the Marshal or even give him a majority; but the experience of the general election of February of last year warrants better hopes, and though it would be easy to be too confident, it would be faithless to despair of the issue.

One incident which marked the interval of the prorogation should not be left unnoticed, because it exhibits the disposition to violence that might so easily have been excited in the Ministry of Combat. M. Bonnet-Duverdier, the Chairman of the Municipal Council of Paris, in a speech at St. Denis, on the 25th May, attacked the policy and action of the Marshal. Two or three days after he was arrested, and subsequently tried on a charge of making the Marshal the object of an infamous appeal to bad passions, the specific offence being that in his speech he had said that "if the people should not attain the victory at the elections, it would employ the proper remedy against traitors," and had accompanied the remark with a gesture as if he were about to shoot an offender. Whether M. Bonnet-Duverdier used either the language or the gesture imputed to him is uncertain. He himself has denied both, and the evidence on the other side,

exclusively or all but exclusively that of a detective policeman, was extremely weak and insufficient. At his first trial there was no cross-examination, an adjournment applied for in order that the accused might complete his defence was refused, and the accused was convicted and sentenced to fifteen months' imprisonment and the payment of a fine of 2,000 francs. It is possible that M. Bonnet-Duverdier was guilty of everything laid to his charge, but it cannot be affirmed that this was proved in the evidence then adduced, and it is much to be regretted that the result was at once received with unquestioning approval by English critics ignorant of the way the trial was conducted. The incident is especially noteworthy as an illustration of the risks of explosions and counter-explosions of violence to which the rash policy of the Marshal-President has subjected France during the last month. On appeal from the first investigation the conviction was, on the 22nd, confirmed, but without producing any assurance of the justice of this conclusion. It is evident that the quality most to be desired on the part of French patriots during this summer is the spirit of calmness that can control the manifestations of an indignation in itself righteous.

We have already intimated that the apparent progress of the war has been inconsiderable. The Czar arrived at Plojesti, the head-quarters of the Russian army of the Danube, on the 6th, but the attempt to cross the river, though repeatedly announced, was always deferred, until the 21st, when ten companies crossed at Galatz in boats, and being supported by other battalions on rafts, carried Zatoca. On the 22nd a bridge was swung across at Ibraila, having been previously lying in readiness along the shore, and a considerable force entered the Dobruscha. It is, however, improbable that any serious attempt will be made to lead an army into Bulgaria by the route thus indicated, and the real passage may still be looked for at some point higher up the river. The delay of the invasion gave rise to many rumours of negotiations on foot for the restoration of peace, and again, that it was the hope of the Czar to bring the Porte to terms by the effect of a successful campaign in Armenia, without the necessity of crossing the Danube. Some difficulties are also reported to have arisen in the co-operation of the Russian and Roumanian troops, and Prince Milan's arrival at Plojesti, where he has been for a week (23rd June), has been an occasion of embarrassment. It is believed that the Prince has represented to the Czar the difficulty of withholding the Servians from a renewal of the war, while it may be a part of the understanding between the Russian and Austrian Governments that the area of military operations shall be kept away from Servia. The last telegram from Plojesti, dated 22nd June, says it has been decided that Servia shall observe a strict neutrality. It is not improbable that an element of truth running

through these various rumours is to be found in the personal character of the Czar. Alexander II. was most unwilling to enter upon the war, and he would gladly see it concluded with the least possible amount of fighting; but the necessities of the situation are too strong for him, and he cannot hold back, though he would. The accusation brought against him that he possesses an enfeebled will may be true, but the decision he is loth to take himself will be forced upon him. The Danube has, however, seen something more than ineffectual exchanges of artillery fire from its opposite banks. Two of the Turkish monitors have been destroyed by torpedoes, the first in a night-attack of signal hardihood; and the Turkish naval force on the river has been reduced to impotence, as much by the terror of these machines as by the actual loss they have occasioned. A third attempt to attack a couple of monitors at the Kilic mouth of the Danube on the 9th was indeed a failure, and one of the attacking boats was sunk in the course of it; but while the Turks have thus avoided further loss, they have not tried to inflict any damage on the enemy.

The story of the campaign in Armenia has been perplexed with many lies; but the Russian advances have been sure, if slow. Ardahan was officially announced at Constantinople to have been retaken, and for two days vigorous attempts were made to believe the report. It was then confessed that there was no truth in the statement, which had been officially adopted from a vagrant "Circassian, named Ali." At this moment (25th) another official announcement of the recapture of Bayazid is in circulation, and the truth about it will probably be known in a couple of days. What is certain is, that Kars remains invested by a considerable force—probably the bulk of the Russian army in Asia—while another large force has advanced towards Erzeroum, and defeated the Turks near Delibaba on the 16th. The accounts of this battle have mainly been derived from the Turkish side, and they agree in representing the defeat as serious. The Turks were completely out-manœuvred, and Sir Arnold Kemball, who was present as British Commissioner, barely escaped capture. During the Servian war this representative of ours was always distinguished with the Turkish staff, and his presence gave rise to the Servian complaints that their enemy's movements were directed by an English general. The same opinion seems to have been excited in Armenia. Ahmed Mukhtar Pasha, the Turkish commander-in-chief, is said to have been left in a precarious position, and Erzeroum itself is almost defenceless; but the mountainous ridges separating Erzeroum from Kars, and the nearly total absence of roads, conspire to make the Russian advances very slow. The Armenians are, for the most part, friendly to the invader, and the Kurds themselves are not unwilling to work in alliance with the Russians. The insurrectionary movement of the

Circassians is confined to the strip of the Russian Caucasus bordering on the Black Sea.

The eagerness of many Servians to resume the war with Turkey has been greatly stimulated by sympathy with the Montenegrins. It seems indisputable that these gallant mountaineers have suffered serious reverses, and Ottoman troops entering Montenegro from the Herzegovina and Albania have apparently been able to effect a junction with one another. A denial has, indeed, been telegraphed by the *Times* correspondent with the Montenegrins of the heavy losses said to have been inflicted upon them, but though the numbers taken and killed have doubtless been greatly exaggerated, it is apparently true that the Turkish commander, Suleiman Pasha, has penetrated through the country. As we write, another telegram has been published from the *Times* correspondent representing Suleiman's march as having been made at a deadly sacrifice. "The whole distance made by his army in six days is three or four hour's march, and Vukotics reports the Turkish losses as absolutely incalculable. . . . There is no question that, though a technical victory, this is the most heavy disaster the Turks have experienced during the war." The fears entertained as to the position of Prince Nikita may probably be now dismissed. From Vienna there comes a rumour that Austrian assistance or intervention has been solicited, and it was added that it could not be given except upon conditions of submission on the part of the Prince, which are not to be expected.

The agitation running through all the countries bordering on Turkey has become intensified in Greece. At the beginning of the month there was a popular demonstration in front of the palace, and it was probably in consequence of this outburst of fury that the Princess of Wales, who was visiting her brother, immediately left Athens for England. A coalition cabinet was called for, and after two days one was formed under the presidency of the veteran Canaris. Five ex-premiers are in the ministry, but as yet nothing has been done to satisfy the popular demand in favour of an energetic attitude against Turkey. The signal for action may come from Crete; but the English squadron remains an unknown element in the problem. It cruises about between Cape Matapan and Port Said, and may at any time appear off Crete or in the roadstead of the Piræus. The Greeks try to persuade themselves that they might look on its arrival as a demonstration of friendship. but they are not quite sure whether such an event should not be construed as a threat of repression. In Crete itself nothing has been done to meet the demands of the Christian population. The situation is one of great tension, and any accident might precipitate insurrectionary movements, which could scarcely fail to provoke corresponding action in Greece. Every day's prolongation of the war adds to the probability that it will end in something like a disintegration of the Ottoman Empire.

There is some uncertainty in England, as well as in Greece, as to the definitive policy of the English Government in reference to the war. The events of the month have, on the whole, tended to reassure our alarms, but at this time (the 25th of June) there is a recrudescence of anxiety. In answer to an inquiry by Lord de Mauley in the House of Lords, on the propriety of appointing a British consul at some post in Central Asia, so that we might be better informed on the subject of Russian advances towards India, Lord Salisbury ridiculed the apprehensions thus expressed; and the same evening, at a banquet at the Merchant Tailors' Hall, he denounced, in still more vigorous language, the madness of those who would go to war with nightmares. Lord Derby was present at this dinner, and after his colleague had spoken he expressed his entire concurrence in what he had said. The alarmists were described by the Indian Secretary as men who treated the maps of Asia as if they were drawn on the Ordnance scale of an inch to a mile. The effect of these speeches of Lord Salisbury and Lord Derby was greatly to strengthen the confidence developed by the debate on the Eastern question before Whitsuntide, that we should not be dragged into any action in support of Turkey on the plea that our own interests were affected by the war.

A diplomatic correspondence just published should confirm this belief. Lord Derby wrote Count Schouvaloff a letter explaining our views of our interest in the Eastern question, which the latter took with him to Russia, and Prince Gortschakoff wrote a reply, which the same messenger brought back. It was evident from this interchange of views that the only point of difference between the two Governments arose out of the regulation of the passage of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, and while Lord Derby deprecated any alteration of the existing arrangement, he did not treat it as beyond the power of diplomacy. It may be expected that when the negotiations for peace are begun, Russia will insist upon the free passage of these straits for her ships of war in time of peace; and it is, at least, not impossible that this may be conceded. In spite, however, of all these reasons for a contented belief in the security of our position, some alarms have been excited by rumours originating at Paris and Vienna that the English Government were about to apply to the House of Commons for a credit of five millions sterling to provide for the contingencies of the war. It has happened that simultaneously with these rumours the Under-Secretary for India has produced the Indian Budget, and asked for authority to borrow five millions to meet the cost of the Indian famine, and it seems probable that the continental reports arose from some intimation of this fact having reached the Bourses of Paris and Vienna, and having been misunderstood by financiers. At the same time many persons, whose opinions are entitled to high authority,

believed that the Ministry intended to ask for a credit of some millions on account of the war, and the scare may not be entirely dissipated at the time of the publication of this Review.

The most striking fact in the Parliamentary record of the month has been an unexpected manifestation of independence in the House of Lords. The Burials Bill, as introduced by the Government, was a clumsy and costly attempt to evade the claims of Dissenters to bury their dead with their own rites in the parochial churchyards of England. When the Lords proceeded to consider the bill in Committee, Lord Harrowby, a father of a member of the Ministry, proposed a clause practically conceding the Dissenters' demands. It was vehemently opposed by the Bishop of Peterborough, who must have had, as an Irish clergyman, a large experience of the simple and easy working of a law permitting the clergymen of different creeds to bury their dead in a common resting-place, and the result of a division was a tie—one hundred and two voting for and against the proposal. According to the well-established rule of the Lords in the case of an equality of votes, the proposition fell to the ground; but it was revived by Lord Harrowby, on the report of the bill on the 18th, and was then carried by one hundred and twenty-seven to one hundred and eleven. The Archbishop of Canterbury and three Bishops voted in the majority. The increase in the numbers voting shows that a strenuous "whip" had been made in the interval, and a petition, signed by more than eleven thousand clergymen, had been got up against the concession. But it was said, and the rumour may have had some effect on the division, that Lord Beaconsfield was secretly favourable to Lord Harrowby's clause. The Government took time to consider what should be done, and, on the 22nd, the Duke of Richmond announced that they had determined to withdraw the bill for the session. A difficult matter was thus shelved for a year, but it is now clear that the Ministry must accept the judgment of the Upper House in framing their next bill on this subject, and they must risk the consequences of the discontent and resentment their action may excite among their clerical supporters.

The despatch of business in the House of Commons has been very slow, and it is evident that a very small part of the meagre programme of legislation put forth by the Government at the beginning of the session, will be achieved. The obstructive policy of two or three Irish members, especially Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar, has been denounced as the main cause of this failure; but much greater stress has been laid on this action than its real effect warranted, and so far as it was efficient to retard public business, no small part of the blame must be thrown upon the ministers themselves. No attempt was made to negotiate with these two active members, and it seems

to have been, at first, the hope of the Government to suppress their resistance by sturdily voting down all their propositions. A disposition to consider what they had to say, and to discuss their arguments on their merits, would have saved much time that was lost. The truth of the opinion thus expressed was illustrated on the last night devoted to the Prisons Bill in the House of Commons. A long string of amendments remained to be considered, headed by some half-a-dozen standing in the name of Mr. Parnell, and it was thought by men of great parliamentary experience extremely doubtful whether the end of the bill would be reached before the close of the sitting. It was observed, however, before the commencement of business, that Mr. Parnell was sitting behind the Home Secretary, in close consultation with him, and a little later, when Mr. Parnell had returned to his place, the Home Secretary shifted to the other side of the House for a fresh consultation. The result was an understanding between these two persons, so that when the bill was called on, the main points in the debate were found to have been settled, and the Prisons Bill was disposed of so early that the members interested in the Universities Bill, which stood next on the paper, were rather embarrassed by the unexpected summons to discuss the remaining amendments on that measure. In the end both the Prisons Bill and the Universities Bill were concluded before the House adjourned, and they will probably form the most substantial measures of the session.

It seems not impossible that a measure of some social importance, hitherto promoted by a private member, will also become law this year. This is Mr. Smyth's bill for prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in Ireland on Sundays. The extraordinary concurrence of opinion in Ireland in its favour, constraining the Irish members of the Government to abstain from opposing it when it was opposed by the Ministry, compelled the Irish Secretary to assent to the second reading of the bill at the beginning of this session, on the understanding that it should be referred to a second Committee to examine the question whether the five largest towns in Ireland should be exempted from its operation. The Committee reported against this exemption, and a renewed pressure was then put on the Ministry to take up the bill and make it their own. After some negotiation a compromise was effected, by which Sir Wilfrid Lawson relinquished a Wednesday he had secured for his Permissive Bill, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer undertook to supplement this afternoon with another should it prove insufficient. It is now probable that the bill will become law, and its passage will be remarkable as an example of deference paid to the preponderance of Irish opinion in its favour by English members who would resist its application to England.

Every season has its lion, and General Grant has occupied the position this June. He has been received by the City and the

Prince. Crowds have gone to see him at Mr. Pierrepont's and Lord Houghton's. The Alexandra Palace Company and the Corporation of Birmingham have solicited the honour of his presence as a guest. There is much in this with which it would be churlish not to sympathize; yet it cannot be said that the reception of the ex-President can be regarded with unmixed approbation. Any one who has twice filled the position of Chief Magistrate of the United States has a *primâ facie* passport to honour all over the world; but this claim to distinction may be indefinitely reduced by the special circumstances of any individual case. General Grant was first chosen to be President on account of his military successes, and not through any popular faith in his political abilities. He was re-elected because the opponent selected as a competitor was entirely destitute of the qualities which inspire the confidence of contemporaries. It would have been difficult for any one to have overcome the traditional feeling of the citizens of the United States, so far as to have been chosen for a third time; but it would not be an unfair statement of the truth to say that General Grant's failure to satisfy the moderate expectations of his fellow-citizens made his third candidature absolutely hopeless. He entered upon his high station after an experience which had elevated the popular sentiment on the other side of the Atlantic far above its ordinary level; but he quickly brought it down again to its accustomed depression. His tastes and habits showed no sign of elevation of character, and without being himself open to censure, he was deplorably careless of the standard of public duty among his associates. But, in spite of all these drawbacks, Englishmen might have been zealous to welcome one who had been twice President of the United States, and our kinsmen might have rejoiced without remark at his welcome, was it not the fact that among those who have been most prominent to receive General Grant, have been many who notoriously sympathized with the Secessionists of the South during the Civil War, and wished success to their efforts at disruption of the Union. We on this side cannot but feel humiliated at the want of self-respect of men who, without any expression of shame or contrition, have hastened to throw themselves at the feet of the man, for whose failure they prayed while he was struggling; and the citizens of the United States, who were so mortified at our want of sympathy with them in their trials, must be tempted to indulge in some contempt for the huge self-satisfaction that has marked our welcome of their successful commander. It would be more easy to overlook the errors of the present and of the past, did we not know that the same men who now shower tributes of their worthless respect on General Grant, will be ready, three or four years hence, to welcome some other warrior whose hard work they now watch with malign jealousy.

June 25, 1877.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Autobiographical Recollections of Sir John Bowring. With a brief Memoir by LEWIN B. BOWRING. King & Co.

Desultory notes for a projected autobiography, extending, however, over the greater part of Sir John Bowring's diversified career.

Commentaries on the Liberty of the Subject, and the Laws of England relating to the Security of the Person. By JAMES PATERSON. 2 vols. Macmillan.

A legal treatise for general readers, modelled after the style of Blackstone.

German Letters on English Education. By Dr. WIESE. Edited by LEONHARD SCHMITZ, LL.D. W. Collins.

The complement, and in some respects the corrective, of the author's former well-known work.

Mesmerism, Spiritualism, &c., Historically and Scientifically Considered. By WILLIAM B. CARPENTER. Longmans, Green & Co.

Embodying the results of much personal investigation.

Two Months with Tchernaieff in Servia. By P. H. B. SALUSBURY. Chapman and Hall.

Through Norway with Ladies. By W. MATHIEU WILLIAMS. Stanford.

Across Central America. By J. W. BODDAM-WHETHAM. Hurst and Blackett.

Travels in Guatemala.

Uarda: a Romance of Ancient Egypt. By GEORGE EBERS. From the German by CLARA BELL. Sampson Low & Co.

A painstaking endeavour to reproduce the life of ancient Egypt.

Proverbs in Porcelain, and other Verses. By AUSTIN DOBSON. King.

In the manner of Praed.

Histoire de la Guerre de Crimée. Par CAMILLE ROUSSET. Hachette; Barthès and Lowell.

An ample, but condensed, narrative.

Histoire de la Marine Française pendant la Guerre d'Indépendance Americaine. Par E. CHEVALIER. Hachette; Barthès and Lowell.

An excellent account of the brief period when the French navy came near to disputing the empire of the seas with the English.

/ *Le Département des affaires étrangères pendant la Révolution*, 1787—1804. Par FRÉDÉRIC MASSON. Plon; Barthès and Lowell.

A valuable official history.

Le Latran au Moyen Age. Par G. ROHAULT DE FLEURY. Morel; Barthès and Lowell.

Architectural and archæological.

L'Espèce Humaine. Par A. DE QUATREFAGES. Germer-Baillière; Barthès and Lowell.

An argument for the unity of the human species.

/ *Le Comte de Montalembert.* Par TH. FOISSET. Avec une introduction par P. DOUHAIRE. Lecoffie; Barthès and Lowell.

A vindication of Montalembert from the Catholic point of view.

Correspondance de Edgar Quinet. Lettres à sa Mère. 2 tom. Germer-Baillière; Barthès and Lowell.

Extend from 1817 to 1845; the correspondence of the earlier years being much the fullest. Abound with varied interest, especially respecting the author's studies and his acquaintance with Michelet, Mickiewicz, and other celebrated men.

/ *La Renaissance. Scènes historiques.* Par le COMTE DE GOBINEAU. Plon; Barthès and Lowell.

Studies on Savonarola, Cæsar Borgia, Michael Angelo, and other typical figures of the Renaissance period, thrown into a dramatic form.

Les Petits Bourgeois. Par H. DE BALZAC. Calmann Lévy; Barthès and Lowell.

A posthumous work, belonging to the "Scènes de la Vie Parisienne" series. The date of composition is not given. The author defines his object as "montrer l'hypocrite moderne à l'œuvre."

/ *Daniel de Kerfons; Confession d'un Homme du monde.* 2 tom. Par ERNEST DAUDET. Plon; Barthès and Lowell.

"Dans ce roman j'ai tenté pour les mœurs mondaines de ce temps une peinture fidèle et sans parti pris."

Le Violon de Faïence. Par CHAMPFLEURY. Dentu; Barthès and Lowell.

An art-story, enriched with designs from the Sèvres factory.

China. Ergebnisse eigener Reisen und darauf gegründeter Studien. VON FERDINAND FREIHERRN VON RICHTHOFEN. Bd. 1. Reimer; Williams and Norgate.

The first volume of a most comprehensive work on China, containing an account of the physical geography of that country and Central Asia, illustrated by numerous maps; and a review of the knowledge possessed by the Chinese respecting the geography of foreign nations.



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SECRET SOCIETIES IN RUSSIA.

The history of Russia and the history of England present two clearly defined and widely different types of national progress. In England we have had several important revolutions, but we may fairly say that the thread of historic continuity has never been broken, and accordingly the history of the nation presents a long and regular development little affected by foreign influences. The reform movements, whether in peaceful or in stormy times, have always proceeded—at least until quite recently, when theoretical considerations have been occasionally used for party purposes—from keenly felt practical wants, and have subsided as soon as those wants were satisfied. The legislative and administrative authority has never slipped into the hands of pedantic professors or bureaucratic doctrinaires, but has always been wielded, or at least controlled, by men of the world, who had for the most part learned to manage their own private affairs before undertaking to manage the affairs of the State. Thus the upper classes, having constantly received a political education, have been preserved from political dreaming, and the root-and-branch method of reform has never come into fashion.

Very different has been the history of Russia during the last two centuries. In the reign of Peter the Great the thread of historical continuity was rudely snapped asunder. The old traditional methods of government were suddenly abandoned, and since that time the Tsars and their official advisers have ruled and reorganized according to foreign principles without the sympathy or co-operation of the people. Being men of theory and trammelled neither by tradition nor by practical knowledge, these legislators of the new school have habitually launched into grand schemes that would make a prosaic, practical House of Commons stand aghast, and the country has been periodically subjected to "revolutions from above" such as are inconceivable among a people accustomed to self-government.

I have no intention of discussing here the various advantages and

disadvantages of these two systems of government, but I wish to point out one practical result which is closely connected with the subject of the present paper. In England the reform movement has been slow but steady, and where reformers have gained a new position they have generally been able to hold it, for the simple reason that a very large section of the people has been ready to support them. In Russia, on the contrary, the advance has been rapid and spasmodic. It is easy, of course, to make any number of grand schemes on paper, and in a country where an uncontrolled autocrat rules over a politically passive population it is not difficult to transform any bit of paper into a law; but it is a very difficult thing, in Russia as elsewhere, to make a grand legislative scheme work well in real life among a people unprepared for it. Unforeseen practical difficulties arise, unknown disturbing forces are called into existence, the instruments do not effect what was expected of them—in a word, the plausible programme, which looked so well on paper, cannot be carried out, and the consequent despondency is in proportion to the warmth of the preceding inordinate expectations. Thus a period of violent reform is pretty sure to be succeeded by a period of equally violent reaction.

The history of the present campaign in Asia Minor has so far illustrated well the Russian character and habitual mode of action. First, great enthusiasm, inordinate expectations, and a haughty contempt for difficulties; next, a rapid advance, obstacles surmounted with wonderful facility, difficult positions stormed with reckless, dashing gallantry; and as a result of all this, overweening confidence whispering to them that, as one of their proverbs graphically and quaintly puts it, "if they tried to ford the ocean, the waters would not rise higher than their knees." Then comes a check, obstacles are met which no amount of dash and gallantry can surmount, the overheated enthusiasm cools, the retreat begins, the imprudence of neglecting to secure firmly and methodically the positions gained becomes apparent, and the great shadowy conquest collapses into the most modest of acquisitions. This has been the history of the campaign in Asia Minor, and it has likewise been the political history of Russia since the time of Peter the Great—a fact which may be recommended to the consideration of those who imagine that impulsiveness and spasmodic enthusiasm can flourish only in southern climes. In the opening chapter of Macaulay's history, it will be remembered, there is an eloquent passage in which national progress is compared to the advancing tide. First the wave advances, and then it recedes, but only in order to gain new force to advance further than before. To use this metaphor, I should say that in a country like ours the waves are mere ripples. If we have what may be termed periods of Liberal enthusiasm and periods of Conservative

reaction, the enthusiasm does not drive us very far forward, and the Conservatism simply stops us without perceptibly pulling us back. In countries like Russia, on the contrary, the tide advances in great rolling, foam-crested waves, and the recoil is, of course, in proportion to the impulse. It is in these moments of recoil that Secret Societies are likely to appear.

I say likely, because other conditions are also requisite. If a people is in a state of complete political passivity and indifference, there may be conspiracies among those who surround the throne, but there cannot be secret societies in the proper sense of the term. It is only when a certain portion of the public, excluded from political influence, have imbibed political aspirations which they are prevented from expressing freely, that the formation of secret societies becomes possible. This is well illustrated in the history of Russia. Since the end of the seventeenth century there have been four great reforming epochs, associated respectively with the names of Peter the Great, Catherine II., Alexander I., and Alexander II. Each of these violent advances was succeeded by a corresponding recoil, but the first two produced no secret societies, because the reform enthusiasm which produced them was confined to the rulers. There was no outside public sharing the enthusiasm, and excluded from the sobering influence which experience and the possession of authority naturally generate. All who moved forward in the impulsion retreated voluntarily in the recoil, and when the Emperor Paul, Catherine's son and successor, carried his reactionary policy *ad absurdum*, he was opposed, not by secret societies, but merely by a little band of conspirators—men belonging to the Court—who removed him by assassination. The two more recent movements had a very different character, and of them I must speak more in detail. Whilst resembling each other in their origin, they are very different in their character and aim, and the points of similarity and contrast were reflected in the secret societies which they produced. Let us glance first at those in the time of Alexander I.

In 1801, Alexander I. ascended the throne after the violently repressive reign of his father Paul, who had a fanatical hatred of everything which had the least odour of liberalism. Alexander presented in almost every respect a marked contrast to his father. He had been trained under the eyes of the philosophic Catherine II. by a Swiss tutor called Laharpe, a man of high moral character and imbued with the liberalism then in fashion. Under the influence of this teacher he had, at the age of nineteen, in spite of the reactionary spirit that was then dominant at Court, learned to hate despotism in all its forms, to love liberty as something to which every human being had an inalienable right, and even to rejoice at the success of the French Revolution! He wished to see republics established

everywhere, and regarded that form of government as the only one consistent with the rights of man. For the first time in her history, Russia received as her legitimate, autocratic Tsar, a young sentimental Republican!

As soon as this young Republican succeeded to the throne, he determined to put his philosophical principles into practice on a grand scale. A boundless field of activity opened itself up to his imagination. He would make his subjects free, civilised, prosperous, and happy, and would then retire like Washington to the ranks of private life, where he would enjoy, without the cares and responsibilities of office, the love and veneration of his emancipated countrymen.

These youthful dreams, I need scarcely say, were not destined to be realised. Alexander was not of the stuff of which great reformers are made. His policy did not proceed from vigorous natural instincts, as in the case of Peter the Great, nor from keen political sagacity, as in the case of Catherine II. His political aspirations were the result of education on a weak impressionable character, and, as such, could ill bear the rough handling of real life. He had been taught to believe that a sovereign had merely to be virtuous, well-intentioned, and animated with the liberal spirit of the time, in order to render his people prosperous and happy. But gradually he discovered how different real life is from theory. By bitter experience he learned that high aims, liberal convictions, and autocratic power do not suffice to make a successful reformer. Looking back over a reign of more than twenty years, he could not but feel that he had realised few of his youthful aspirations, and that his humanitarianism and liberalism had proved a mistake. In the army he saw insubordination and disaffection; in the civil administration venality, theft, and abuses of every kind. "These fainéants," he said, speaking of the officials, "would steal my ships of war if they had the chance, and if they could draw my teeth without my noticing it, I should have been long since without a tooth in my head." In his foreign policy he felt that he had been equally unsuccessful. The sovereigns whom he had saved in the hour of danger showed themselves ungrateful, and the nations whom he had helped to free from the Napoleonic yoke now forgot their liberator and regarded him—not altogether without reason—with profound distrust. Even many of his own subjects, on account of his Polish schemes and his refusal to aid the Greeks against the Turks, regarded him as almost a traitor to his country and to the national faith. As is often the case with ambitious natures who fail and have not the moral energy to begin anew, he sought consolation in religious contemplation and mysticism—a world in which no energy is required, and in which there is no possibility of disappointment.

Having lost his faith in Liberalism, he adopted the most energetic repressive measures, and sought to root out abuses by severe punishments. In a word, the young enthusiastic sentimental republican, who at first took Washington as his model, became in the later years of his reign a victim to religious melancholy and a devoted adherent of Metternich.

The events which produced this remarkable change in the Emperor had a very different effect on a large section of the young noblesse. The study of French literature, and all those intellectual influences which had made him first a sentimental Republican and then a believer in constitutional monarchy, had affected them in a similar way, and their enthusiasm was not, as in his case, counteracted by the sobering influence of a responsible position. During the wars with Napoleon, and the subsequent occupation of France by the Allies, they became to some extent acquainted with the social and political life of Western Europe, and with the opinions and aspirations of the various political parties. On returning home they were struck with the contrast, and their excited patriotic feelings led them to seek the causes of this difference. Much that had formerly seemed to them in the nature of things, now appeared barbarous and disgraceful for a nation that professed to be civilised. The general air of poverty, the apathy and ignorance of the people, the corruption of the administration, the venality of the law-courts, the brutality of the police, the frivolity of St. Petersburg life, the want of energy in all classes of the nation—these, and a thousand little facts which had hitherto passed unnoticed, made upon them now a painful impression. What irritated them most of all was the talk of the elderly men, who praised all that was old and condemned every attempt at reform as a dangerous innovation. They felt, as one of them afterwards said, that they had got a century ahead of their fellow-countrymen.

It is always a very dangerous thing for a little group of people to get a century ahead of their contemporaries, and so it proved in this instance. The apathy of those around them, and the decidedly reactionary spirit of the Government and the Emperor, drove these men first into extra-legal and then into positively illegal means of realising their reforming aspirations. At that time the most approved means of producing political and social reform were secret political societies. So it was in Germany, in France, in Italy, in Spain, and in Greece, and the young Russians naturally followed the prevailing fashion.

The first Russian secret society was formed about the year 1816, under the title of "the Union of Salvation," and was composed chiefly of officers of the Guards. Its professed aim was to struggle for the common weal, to aid in carrying out all beneficial measures of

the Government and all useful private undertakings, and to oppose evil of every kind—especially the malpractices of the officials. In 1818 it was reorganised on the model of the German Tugendbund, and received the new name of "Union for Public Welfare." Under this new form it proposed to itself—besides the vague aim of assisting the Government in all beneficial measures—certain definite objects, the principal of which was the obtaining of representative institutions. In the years 1819 and 1820 its members rapidly increased, till nearly all the young nobles who had any pretensions to being "civilised" and "liberal" were in more or less intimate relations with it. Though it was in form and organization an illicit secret society, it had little or nothing of the nature of a conspiracy, and the great majority of the members had certainly no illicit designs. They still believed in the Emperor's liberal sympathies and intentions, and on more than one occasion it was proposed to inform his Majesty of the aims and intentions of the society, and to petition him to aid them in their work.

Whilst the great majority of the members were thus entirely innocent of treasonable or revolutionary designs—indulging in impracticable, idealistic sentimentalism, and trusting to moral rather than political propaganda for bringing about the national regeneration,—there was a small minority animated with a very different spirit, and this minority greatly increased when it became evident that the Emperor was adopting the policy of Metternich. Many came to see that they had nothing to hope from voluntary concessions on the part of his Majesty, and concluded that the autocratic power must be abolished. Some were in favour of constitutional monarchy, but this idea met with little favour. French writers had proved that all forms of government in which the supreme power is hereditary must lead to despotism, whilst republican institutions preserve political liberty and insure a wonderfully rapid development of the national resources, all which was supposed to have been proved to demonstration by the history of Greece and Rome in ancient times, and more recently by the history of the United States.

These differences of opinion caused the society to be broken up, and the more violent members formed a new society, which took for its principle of action the French saying of its president Pestel: "Les demi-mésures ne valent rien; il faut faire maison nette!" What Pestel understood by these words was, to raise a military insurrection, to annihilate the Imperial Family, and to form a provisional government under his own Presidency, after which the Empire would be transformed into a federation of semi-independent provinces, resembling the United States of America.

When Alexander died, and Nicholas succeeded in 1825, an attempt was made to carry out the programme, but it failed most signally.

On the morning when the oath of allegiance was to be administered to the troops in St. Petersburg, several companies refused, and collected in the Senate Square. So far the conspirators were successful, but here their success ended. They had rashly crossed the Rubicon without making any plans for further action. The soldiers, deceived as to the point at issue, were ready to fight, but they had no leader. The command was hastily offered to several officers in succession, and successively declined. Every one commanded and no one obeyed. All waited for something, they knew not what, and in the meantime the troops which had taken the oath were being formed in front of them, under the command of Nicholas himself. The Governor-General of St. Petersburg rode in amongst the mutineers, and exhorted them to return to their duty, but his words had no effect, and he was shot down by one of the officers. The two Metropolitans made a similar attempt, but with as little success. At last, when all attempts at persuasion proved fruitless, the artillery fired a few round of grape-shot and cleared the square. A similar attempt in one of the southern provinces proved equally unsuccessful. The whole thing collapsed without any serious effort. A hundred and twenty-one officers were tried for high treason. Of these, five were condemned to the gallows and executed, and the others were transported to Siberia. Here ends the first chapter in the history of Russian secret societies.

The Emperor Nicholas was very different from his sentimental brother. At no period of his life did he ever show even a Platonic affection for liberty in any form. He put his faith in military discipline—especially in drill—and considered it one of the chief duties of a Tsar to stamp out what the Liberals called "the spirit of the time." To effect this, he adopted and pushed to its extreme limit the Metternich system of police supervision and repression, and for a time the system served its purpose. During his reign tranquillity reigned in Russia. The administration was incredibly corrupt, but there were no public expressions of disloyalty or liberalism—two words which were in his Majesty's mind synonymous—and no revolutionary movements even in the stormy times of '48. The police considered it necessary occasionally to send a few "restless" people to Siberia, and once they discovered—malicious ill-intentioned people said, invented—a political conspiracy; but there was nothing that could be called, even in elastic official language, a secret society. Had Nicholas died in 1852, his last moments might have been comforted by the conviction that he had fulfilled the whole duty of an autocrat, and that the system he loved so well had proved a brilliant success. That illusion was rudely dispelled by the Crimean War.

In the history of England and France that war is but an episode of second-rate importance; for Russia it was an event of the first magnitude, for it was the direct cause, as I have elsewhere explained, of all those great reforms which have made the present reign one of the most important epochs of Russian history.

In many respects the present reign resembles that of Alexander I. Both open with a violent outburst of reform enthusiasm, and in both cases the Emperor puts himself at the head of the reform movement. For a time all goes well. Great reforms are conceived and partly executed, and many sanguine people believe that a national millennium is at hand. But gradually the enthusiasm cools under the influence of chilly experience. The chilling process naturally takes place more rapidly among those in authority. The new institutions do not work nearly so well in reality as on paper, and new forces appear which do not readily submit to control. The Government think it well to apply the curb, first in an intermittent, irritating way, and then in a more decided, systematic fashion. This is naturally resented by the enthusiastic, sanguine people, and the cry is raised that the reaction has set in. It is no longer possible, they say, to trust to the Government for the realisation of the expected millennium. If it is to be realised, extra-legal means must be employed. In a word, the stage is again prepared for the entrance of secret political societies.

In the present reign the cooling process commenced almost as soon as the emancipation law began to be put in execution in 1861. Serf-emancipation—the conferring of liberty and civic rights on forty millions of human beings—is of course a grand thing of which a nation should be proud, and with which every patriotic man with any pretensions to being civilised and liberal must warmly sympathise; but when this great event accidentally deprives you of all power over one-half of your estate, and you find that your serfs are dissatisfied because they do not get the whole of it, you will probably feel—especially if your liberalism and patriotism be of the vapouring, rhetorical type—that really liberalism may be pushed a little too far. So, at least, thought many of the Russian proprietors. On the other hand certain youths, not amenable to sobering influences, held that the Emancipation law and the Government in general were not nearly liberal enough. These considered that more land and less taxation should have been given to the peasantry, and after due consideration arrived at the conviction that the best way to mend matters was to write and disseminate the most terrifically seditious proclamations. Then there were the disorders in the universities, and above all there were the Nihilists. What are the Nihilists? That is a question which I have often put to men who ought to be competent authorities, and I have never received a satisfactory

explanation, but there is no difficulty in describing the popular conception of them. According to popular opinion they were a band of fanatical young men and women—many of them medical students—who had determined to turn the world upside down and to introduce "a new kind of social order," founded on the most advanced principles, communistic and otherwise. They had discovered that the two chief fountains of crime and human misery, viz. lust and the desire of gain, might be hermetically sealed by abolishing the obsolete institutions of marriage and private property. When society would be so organized that all the natural instincts of human nature would find complete and untrammelled satisfaction, there would be no inducement to commit crime. That could not of course be effected instantaneously, but something might be done at once. The adherents of the new doctrines accordingly reversed the traditional order of things in the matter of *coïffure*: the males allowed their hair to grow long, and the female adepts cut their hair short, adding occasionally the additional badge of blue spectacles. Their appearance naturally shocked the æsthetic feelings of ordinary people, but to this they did not object. They had raised themselves above the level of popular notions, were indifferent to so-called public opinion, despised Philistine respectability, and rather liked to scandalise people with antiquated prejudices. Besides this, they had a special grudge against the worship of æsthetic culture. Professing extreme utilitarianism, they explained that the shoemaker who practises his craft is in the true sense a greater man than a Shakspeare or a Goethe, because humanity has more need of shoes than poetry. Strange to say, the opera found favour in their eyes—perhaps because the founder of modern theoretical Communism had included operatic representations in his *phalanstère* programme. Perhaps the most curious part of this curious phenomenon was the prominence of the female element in all the demonstrations. When the students held meetings against the orders of the authorities, ladies in short hair and blue spectacles were generally among the orators.

Let it be distinctly understood that I am describing not the Nihilists but simply the popular conception of them. Some of their friends have assured me that this conception is radically false. According to these authorities there never were any Nihilists. The people to whom this name was applied were simply students who desired beneficent liberal reforms. The peculiarities in their costume arose merely from a laudable neglect of trivialities in view of graver interests. However this may be—and I do not pretend at present to decide the question—many people were alarmed, and the reaction was prepared in consequence. To illustrate this, I may quote here part of an unpublished letter, written in October, 1861, by a man who now occupies one of the highest positions in the Administration. At that

time he was regarded as ultra-liberal, and consequently we may assume that, relatively speaking, he did not take a very alarmist view of the situation. Here is what he says, writing to a near relative: "You have not been long absent—merely a few months; but if you returned now, you would be astonished by the progress which the Opposition—one might say the Revolutionary Party—has already made. The disorders in the university do not relate merely to the students. I see in the affair the beginning of serious dangers for public tranquillity and the existing order of things. Young people, without distinction of costume, uniform, and origin, take part in the street demonstrations. Besides the students of the university there are the students of other institutions, and a mass of people who are students only in name. Among these last are certain gentlemen in long beards and *revolutionnaires* in crinoline who are of all the most fanatical. Blue collars—the distinguishing mark of the students' uniform—have become the *signe de ralliement*. Almost all the professors, and many officers, take the part of the students. The newspaper critics openly defend their colleagues. Mikhaïlof has been convicted of writing, printing, and circulating one of the most violent proclamations that ever existed, under the title of, 'To the young generation.' Among the students and the *littérateurs* there is unquestionably an organized conspiracy, which has perhaps leaders outside the literary circle. The Polish students have not yet spoken out in this movement, but they are so self-confident that . . . . . The police are powerless. They arrest any one they can lay their hands on. About eighty people have been already sent to the fortress and have been examined, but all this leads to no practical result, because the revolutionary ideas have taken possession of all classes, all ages, all professions, and are publicly expressed in the streets, in the barracks, and in the ministries! I believe the police itself is carried away by them. What all this will lead to it is difficult to predict. I am very much afraid of some bloody catastrophe. Even if it should not go to such a length immediately, the position of the Government will be extremely difficult. Its authority is shaken, and all are convinced that it is powerless, stupid, and incapable. On that point there is the most perfect unanimity among parties of all colours, even the most opposite. 'The most desperate 'Planter'[1] agrees in that respect with the most desperate Socialist. Meanwhile those who have the direction of affairs do almost nothing, and have no plan or definite aim clearly in view. At present the Emperor is not in the capital, and now, more than at any former time, there is complete anarchy in the absence of the master of the house. There

(1) An epithet commonly applied, at the time of the emancipation, to the adherents of serfage and the defenders of the proprietors' rights.

is a great deal of bustle and talk, and all blame they know not whom."[1]

The expected revolution did not take place, but timid people had no difficulty in perceiving signs of its approach. The press continued to disseminate under a more or less disguised form ideas which were considered dangerous. The *Kolokol*, a Russian paper published in London by Herzen, and strictly prohibited by the Press-censure, found its way regularly into the country, and was eagerly read by thousands. The youth, it was said, was being corrupted by socialistic ideas. Young girls of respectable family had been heard to express most objectionable views on the subject of matrimony. Not a few suspected that a great Nihilist organization had been secretly formed for the overthrow of society; and this suspicion found confirmation in several great fires which broke out in St. Petersburg and other towns, and which were believed to be the work of Nihilist incendiaries.

Soon a new event came to strengthen the reactionary influences. In the beginning of 1863 the Polish insurrection broke out. That ill-advised attempt on the part of the Poles to recover their independence had a curious effect on Russian public opinion. There was at that time in Russia a very large amount of generous liberal sentiment, which was, perhaps, not very deep, but was at least genuine so far as it went. Both the Government and the better section of the educated classes were ready to grant to Poland very considerable concessions. The Poles were to have their own administration and almost complete autonomy, under the vice-royalty of a Russian Grand Duke. Whether the scheme would have succeeded, if the Poles had shown sufficient political tact and patience, is a question that need not here be discussed. Political tact and patience are not prominent features of the Polish character, and certainly they were not displayed on this occasion. The new administration committed some grave mistakes, and the Poles appealed to arms. As the news of the rising spread over Russia, there was a moment of hesitation. Those who had been for several years habitually extolling liberty and self-government as the necessary conditions of all progress, and sympathising warmly with every Liberal movement, whether at home or abroad, could not well frown upon the political aspirations of the Poles. The Liberal sentiment of that time was so extremely philosophical and cosmopolitan that it scarcely distinguished between Poles and Russians, and liberty was supposed to be a good and grand thing in Warsaw as well as in St. Petersburg. But underneath this fair artificial growth of cosmopolitan liberalism lay the volcano of national patriotism—dormant for the moment, but by no means

(1) For obvious reasons I refrain from naming the writer of this letter, which accidentally fell into my hands.

extinct. Though the Russians are, in some respects, the most cosmopolitan of the European nations, they are at the same time capable of indulging in violent outbursts of patriotic fanaticism; and these two contradictory elements in their character were brought into contact by the news of the Polish insurrection. The struggle was only momentary. Ere long the patriotic feelings burst forth, and carried all before them. The *Moscow Gazette* thundered against the pseudo-Liberal sentimentalism which would, if unchecked, necessarily lead to the dismemberment of the empire; and Mr. Katkoff, the editor of that paper, became for a time the most influential private individual in the country. A few, indeed, remained true to their convictions. Herzen, for instance, wrote in the *Kolokol* a glowing panegryic on two Russian officers who had refused to fire on the insurgents, and here and there a man might be found who confessed that he was ashamed of the severity displayed in Lithuania.[1] But such men were few, and were commonly regarded almost as traitors. The great majority of the public thoroughly approved of the severe energetic measures adopted by the Government, and when the insurrection was suppressed, men who had a few months previously spoken and written in magniloquent terms about humanitarian liberalism, joined in the ovations given to Muraviéff! At a great dinner given in his honour, that energetic and by no means too humane administrator, who had systematically opposed the emancipation of the serfs, and had never concealed his contempt for the Liberal ideas recently in fashion, could ironically express his satisfaction at seeing so many "new friends" around him.[2]

Still the Government, whilst repressing all political agitation, did not abandon its policy of introducing reforms by means of the autocratic power. The Zemstvo, a system of local self-government comprising periodical elective assemblies, was created, and preparations were made for thoroughly reorganizing the law-courts and the judicial procedure. But in 1866 a new event came to strengthen the reactionary influence. A foolish, misguided youth, called Karakózof, made an attempt on the life of the Emperor. The effect of such an incident on his Majesty and on those who surrounded him may easily be imagined. Report says—though I must add that I have never seen the official documents relating to this affair—that

(1) I have heard, at least, two genuine, nominally orthodox Russians make statements of this kind. I must, however, in fairness add that the conceptions commonly held in Western Europe regarding Muraviéff and his administration are, though not without a foundation of fact, in my opinion, gross exaggerations.

(2) Count Muraviéff has left a most interesting autobiographical fragment relating to the history of this time, but it is not likely to be published during the life-time of the present generation. As an historical document it is very valuable, but must be used with extreme caution. A copy of it was for some time in my possession, but I was bound by a promise not to make extracts from it.

the would-be assassin, formerly a student, belonged to a little domestic community composed of two or three youths of not very satisfactory moral character, and calling itself by the ill-sounding name of *Ad*, that is to say, Hell.

This incident, in conjunction with the others which I have indicated, induced the Government to take energetic measures. It was found that the agitation proceeded in all cases from young men who were studying, or had recently studied, in the universities, the seminaries, and the technical schools, such as the Medical Academy and the Agricultural Institute. Plainly, therefore, the system of education was at fault. The semi-military system of the time of Nicholas had been succeeded by one in which discipline had been reduced to a minimum, and the study of natural science formed a prominent element. Here, it was thought, lay the chief root of the evil. Englishmen may have some difficulty in imagining a possible connection between natural science and revolutionary agitation. To them the two things must seem wide as the poles asunder. Surely mathematics, chemistry, physiology, and similar abstract subjects have nothing to do with politics. Certainly they have not much to do with each other in this country, but in Russia it is different. This is one of the many curious and interesting phenomena to be found in the present intellectual condition of the Russian educated classes. To explain it would require at least a long article, so I must content myself for the present with simply indicating the explanation. When an Englishman undertakes the study of any branch of natural science, he gets up his subject by means of lectures, text-books, and museums or laboratories, and when he has mastered it he probably puts his knowledge to some practical use. The man who has studied the medical sciences becomes a doctor; the student of chemistry finds employment as a professor or in a factory; the mathematician becomes, perhaps, an engineer. Probably none of these men feel any desire to enter political life or imagine that their previous studies have specially fitted them for such activity. In Russia it is otherwise. Few students confine their attention to their specialty. Many of them dislike the laborious work of getting up details, and with the presumption which is often to be found in conjunction with youth and ignorance, aspire to become social reformers. But what has social reform to do with natural science? To understand the connection the reader must know that, though very few Russian students have opened the voluminous works of Auguste Comte, nearly all of them are more or less imbued with the principles of Positivism. Now in the Positive Philosophy the study of natural science leads to the study of Sociology. In the classification of the sciences proposed by Comte, Sociology is the main part of the edifice, and to it all the other sciences are subsidiary. Social reorganization

is thus the ultimate aim of scientific research, and the Positivist can behold with prophetic eye Humanity organized on strictly scientific principles. Cool-headed people who have had a little experience of the world recognise clearly that this ultimate goal of human intellectual activity is still afar off—that even in the lower parts of the structure there are still enormous gaps which it will require many years, and probably many generations, to fill up, and that consequently it would be folly to attempt at present to construct the higher parts. But the would-be social reformers among the Russian students are too young, too inexperienced, too impatient, and too presumptuously self-confident to perceive this plain and simple truth. As soon as they have acquired a smattering of chemistry, physiology, and biology, they imagine themselves capable of reorganizing human society, and when they have acquired this conviction they are of course unfitted for that patient, plodding study of details which is the only foundation of genuine scientific knowledge.

To remedy these evils the Government determined to introduce more discipline into the schools, and to supplant, to a certain extent, the study of natural science by the classics—that is to say, Latin and Greek. This measure naturally caused much discontent among the students. Young men who considered themselves capable of reorganizing society and playing a political part, fretted of course under discipline, and resented being treated as school-boys. The Latin grammar seemed to them an ingenious instrument adopted by the Government for the destroying of intellectual development and the checking of political progress. Ingenious speculations about the possible organization of the working classes and magnificent views of the future of humanity, are so much pleasanter than the irregular verbs and rules of syntax.

But I must refrain from going deeper into this interesting subject. These few threads in the tangled web of Russian social history during the present reign will, I hope, enable the reader in some measure to understand how the soil was prepared for the growth of secret societies, differing widely in character and aim from those which flourished in the time of Alexander I. The contrast between the two groups is very striking. In the time of Alexander I. the members of the secret societies were all, or nearly all, young men of good family, and very many of them belonged to the *jeunesse dorée* of the period. The societies which have recently appeared are composed of very different elements. They are violently anti-aristocratic, and draw their recruits chiefly from the sons of the clergy, the small proprietors, and the minor officials. In strong contrast to the romantic, sentimental, idyllic spirit which animated the conspirators of 1825, they declare war against romanticism in all its forms, despise sentimentality, and declare themselves the

champions of the peasantry. In aims, too, they differ widely from the societies of the old school. What they desire is to produce not merely a political, but also a fundamental social revolution, which will abolish for ever all obsolete institutions, such as private property, marriage, and religion, and for ever equalise rich and poor. The overthrow of the Government and the annihilation of officials, nobles, and capitalists, form only the introductory part of the programme. But for the realisation of even this introductory part, great efforts are necessary. A Court conspiracy, though backed by disaffection in the army, will not suffice. It is necessary that the masses should be raised from their ignorance and apathy, and made to understand what a magnificent future they have before them if they would only bestir themselves. To effect this, and at the same time to study the character of these much-talked-of and little-understood masses, intelligent Young Russia must enter for a time the ranks of the people (*idti v naród*).

Perhaps the best way of conveying an idea of this peculiar movement is to describe briefly the society which has most recently attracted public attention.

In April, 1875, a peasant, who was at the same time a factory-worker, informed the police that certain persons were distributing revolutionary pamphlets among the people of the factory where he was employed, and as a proof of what he said he produced some pamphlets which he had himself received. This led to an investigation, by which it was found that a number of young men and women, evidently belonging to the educated classes, were employed as common labourers in several factories, and were disseminating revolutionary ideas by means of pamphlets and conversation. Arrests followed, and it was soon discovered that these agitators belonged to a large secret association, which had its centre in Moscow and local branches in Ivanovo, Tula, and Kief. In Ivanovo, for instance—a manufacturing town about one hundred miles to the north-east of Moscow—the police found a room inhabited by three young men and four young women, all of whom, though belonging to the educated classes, had the appearance of ordinary factory-workers, prepared their own food, did with their own hands all the domestic work, and sought to avoid everything that could distinguish them from the labouring population. In the room were found two hundred and forty-five copies of revolutionary pamphlets, a considerable sum of money, a large amount of correspondence in cipher, and several forged passports.

How many members the society contained it is impossible to say, for some eluded the vigilance of the police; but many were arrested, and ultimately forty-seven were condemned. Of these, eleven were nobles, seven were sons of village priests, and the remainder belonged to the lower classes—that is to say, the small officials, burghers, and

peasants. The average age of the prisoners was rather less than twenty-four—the oldest being thirty-six, and the youngest under seventeen! Only five were more than twenty-five years of age, and none of these five were ringleaders. The female element was represented by no less than fifteen young persons, whose average age was under twenty-two. Two or three of these, to judge by their photographs, were of decidedly prepossessing appearance, and apparently little fitted for taking an active part in wholesale massacres, such as the society talked about organizing. It would be interesting to inquire how it has come about that there are in Russia young ladies of prepossessing appearance, respectable family, and considerable education, who are ready to enter upon wild sanguinary enterprises which inevitably lead in the long run to the house of correction or the mines of Siberia; but I must postpone this investigation to a more convenient season. For the present suffice it to say that there are such young ladies in Russia, and that several of them were condemned as founders and active members of the society in question.

The character and aims of the society are clearly depicted in the documentary and oral evidence produced at the trial. According to the fundamental principles, there should exist among the members absolute equality, complete mutual responsibility, and full confidence and openness with regard to the affairs of the organization. Among the conditions of admission, we find that the candidate should be willing to devote himself entirely to revolutionary activity; that he should be ready to cut all ties, whether of love or of friendship, for the good cause; that he should possess great powers of self-sacrifice and the capacity for keeping secrets; and that he should consent to become, when necessary, a common labourer in a factory. The desire to preserve absolute equality is well illustrated by the regulations regarding the administration: the office-bearers are not to be chosen by election, but all members are to be office-bearers in turn, and to be changed every month.

The ultimate aim of the society seems to have been to destroy the existing social order and to replace it by one in which there should be no private property and no distinctions of class or wealth—or, as it is put in one place, "to found on the ruins of the social organization which at present exists the empire of the working classes." The means by which the necessary revolution is to be effected, are carefully enumerated in one of the documents seized by the authorities. Each member, it is there explained, has the greatest liberty as to the means, but he is to leave nothing undone to forward the cause of the revolution. For the guidance of the inexperienced the following means are recommended: simple conversation, dissemination of pamphlets, the exciting of discontent, the formation of organized groups, the foundation of funds and libraries. These,

taken together, constitute, in the terminology of revolutionary science, "propaganda." Besides it, there should be "agitation." The difference between propaganda and agitation, we are informed, consists in this, that the former aims at enlightening the masses regarding the true nature of the revolutionary cause, whilst the latter aims at exciting an individual or group to direct revolutionary activity. In time of peace "pure agitation" is to be carried on by means of organized bands, the purpose of which is to frighten the Government and the privileged classes; to draw away the attention of the Government from other forms of revolutionary activity; to raise the spirit of the people, and thereby render it more fit to accept revolutionary ideas; to obtain pecuniary means for the activity of the society; and to liberate those who have been imprisoned. The tendency of the bands should always be "purely socialistico-revolutionary"—whatever that may mean. In time of revolution the members should give to all movements every assistance in their power, and impress upon them "a socialistico-revolutionary character." The central administration and the local branches should form connections with publishers, and take steps to secure a regular supply of prohibited books from abroad. Such are a few characteristic extracts from a document that might fairly be called a treatise on revolutionology.

As a specimen of the revolutionary pamphlets above mentioned, I may give here a brief account of one which is well known to the political police, and figures largely at all the political trials. It is entitled *Khitraya Mekhanika* (cunning machinery), and gives a graphic picture of the ideas and method of the propaganda. The *mise en scène* is extremely simple. Two peasants, Stepán and Andrei, meet in a gin-shop and begin to drink together. Stepán is described as good and kindly when he has to do with men of his own class, but very sharp-tongued when speaking with a foreman or director. Always ready with an answer, he can on occasion even silence an official. He has travelled all over the country, has associated with all manner of people, sees everything most clearly, and is, in short, a very remarkable man. One of his best qualities is that he is always ready to enlighten others, and he soon finds an opportunity of displaying his powers. When Andrei, a peasant of the ordinary type, proposes that they should drink another glass of *vodka*, he replies that the Tsar, together with the nobles and traders, bars the way to his throat. As his companion does not comprehend this metaphorical language, he explains that if there were no Tsars, nobles, or traders, he could get five glasses of *vodka* for the sum which he now pays for one glass. This naturally suggests wider topics, and Stepán gives something very like a lecture. The common people, he explains, pay by far the greater

part of the taxation, and at the same time do all the work: they plough the fields, build the houses and churches, work in the mills and factories, and in return for all this they are systematically robbed and beaten. And what is done with all the money that is taken from them? First of all, the Tsar gets nine millions of roubles—enough to feed half a province—and with that sum he amuses himself, has hunting-parties and feasts, eats, drinks, makes merry, and lives in stone houses. He gave liberty, it is true, to the peasant, but we know what the emancipation really was. The best land was taken away and the taxes were increased, lest the *muzhik* should get fat and lazy. The Tsar is himself the richest landed proprietor and manufacturer in the country. He not only robs us as much as he pleases, but he has sold into slavery (by forming a national debt) our children and grandchildren. He takes our sons as soldiers, shuts them up in barracks, so that they should not see their brother peasants, and hardens their hearts, so that they become wild beasts ready to tear their own parents. The nobles and traders likewise rob the poor peasant. In short, all the upper classes have invented a cunning bit of machinery by which the peasant is made to pay for all their pleasures and luxuries. But the people will one day arise and break this machinery to pieces. When that day arrives, they must break every part of it, for if one bit escapes destruction all the other parts will immediately grow up again. All the force is on the side of the peasants, if they only knew how to use it. Knowledge they will get in time. They will then destroy the machine, and perceive that the only real remedy for all social evils is fraternity. People should live like brothers, having no *mine* and *thine*, but all things in common. When we have created fraternity, there will be no riches and no thieves, but right and righteousness without end. In conclusion, Stepán addresses a word to "the torturers:" "When the people shall rise, the Tsar will send troops against us, and the nobles and capitalists will stake their last rouble on the result. If they do not succeed, let them expect no quarter from us. They may conquer us once or twice, but we shall at last get our own, for there is no power that can withstand the whole people. Then we shall cleanse the country of our persecutors, and establish a brotherhood in which there shall be no *mine* and *thine*, but all will work for the common weal. We will construct no cunning machinery, but will pluck up evil by the roots and establish eternal justice."

It would be interesting to trace the connection between these secret revolutionary societies and the great intellectual movement which took place in the educated classes after the Crimean War, and produced the beneficent reforms of the present reign. Want of space prevents me from entering on that investigation. All I can say for

the present on this subject is, that these societies are the illegitimate and monstrous progeny of that movement. Many of the agitators claim to be disciples of Tchernishefski—a man who held the most influential position in Russian periodical literature during the time of the Emancipation, and who was afterwards exiled to Siberia, where he is still living—but I venture to think that he could not recognise them as such, and I am quite certain that he could have no sympathy with those specimens of the class whom I have seen. If we accept a novel which he wrote while in solitary confinement, and which cannot fairly be considered an exposition of his real views in his serious moments, we find everywhere in his writings a large amount of common sense and moderation. In the conversation of the few agitators whom I have met I have always found the reverse—a strange farrago of pedantry, childishness, and political fanaticism. Not long ago I was favoured with a visit from one of these gentlemen. During several hours I listened attentively to his tirades, and endeavoured, immediately after his departure, to put on paper what I had heard, but I must confess that, though not without considerable practice in that kind of work, I failed completely. Beyond the ordinary stereotyped phrases about tyranny, obscurantism, "the cursed bourgeoisie," "exploitation" of the peasantry, and the like, I could recall nothing. My visitor spoke Russian during the interview, but his dissertations were interlarded with Russified-French words, showing plainly the source of his inspiration. Such men do a grievous wrong to the man whom they call their teacher, and whom they profess to revere; for the authorities, though disposed to clemency, think that they cannot safely liberate one whose name is used as a watchword by unscrupulous political fanatics. This is, no doubt, a grave consideration, but I think that more importance is attached to it than it deserves. Surely, at the present moment, when so much is said about justice and humanitarianism, the Government might do a graceful and politic act by liberating a man who unquestionably did good service in the cause of serf-emancipation, who systematically discountenanced all foolish political demonstrations, and who has more than expiated, during fifteen years, any youthful indiscretions he may have committed.

A few words in conclusion regarding the real importance of these secret societies. Do they constitute a real danger for the state? Any one who knows Russia well will not hesitate, I believe, to answer this question in the negative. Even some of the agitators have come to perceive the folly of their conduct. Here is the literal translation of a letter written by a member of the secret society above described. I preserve, as very characteristic of the movement in general, the pedantic, pseudo-scientific style in which the document is written. Referring to the impetuous, inconsiderate

conduct of one of the female members of the society, the writer says:—

"I explain her conduct by her complete subjection to the desire of acting in a certain direction without thinking of consequences, and by the want of critical power or perhaps by the desire not to consider the thing critically. We ought at last to look into the past and learn from experience. It is time for us to give up running our heads against a stone wall. She wishes to act in a 'rude,' 'democratic' sphere, but she forgets that if she now gives way to her impulse, she will be again within a month in prison, and she will thereby deprive herself of all possibility of ever doing anything. Further, such impulsive action at the present time, when so many people are in prison, is a bit of extreme egotism and a giving way to personal feeling. All the authorities are now alarmed and on the watch. Their nervous system and their feeling of revenge are excited. Their fears are exaggerated. Every new attempt of the kind will not only be quickly discovered and end in the ruin of those engaged in it, but it will at the same time strengthen and keep up the present excitement among the authorities, and make them act more energetically against those who have fallen into their hands. Is it not, then, extremely egotistical to give way to personal feeling, and to disregard the fate of hundreds who will suffer in consequence? Besides this, it will greatly injure the people by calling forth a series of repressive measures which have a prejudicial influence on the national life. That is the more evident side of the question, but there is another side which may be called the principal one. Are all problems solved accurately so as to admit of no doubt? Surely experience is not altogether silent. What is the people? Not only are the problems not solved, but they are not accurately stated. Experience must lead to doubt. The thing is that Russian Radicalism is merely an abstract logical conclusion, founded on an untrustworthy basis of sentiment and an ignorance of the nature and wants of the Russian people—ignorance of the conditions of its historical life and of man in general. So long as that specially practical and partly theoretical information has not been obtained, it is impossible to arrive at any conclusion, and still more impossible to begin any activity. That Russian Radicalism does not know man in general and the Russian in particular—that is unquestionable. We know by experience that it wishes to impose on Russians foreign modes of thought and ideals which they are incapable of appropriating. It promises them a stork in heaven, when they would much prefer a sparrow on earth. By *à priori* reasoning and from general knowledge of human nature, we may conclude that every ignorant and 'undeveloped' man values most of all his own life, that the sphere of his requirements is confined to food and a wife, and that anything higher than these is unintelligible for him until they are satisfied, and until you develop in him human dignity and thought. Besides this, various social misfortunes have brought down the wants of the Russian peasant to such a minimum, that firstly it requires very great want to make him protest, and secondly it requires very small concessions to make him be silent and tranquil. If the apparent emancipation of the serfs postponed popular insurrection for several decades, it is evident that when serious attempts at insurrection are made in the future, it will be sufficient to diminish the taxes and increase a little the amount of peasant land. Small material concessions will induce them the more readily to deliver up the leaders and intelligent propagandists, and that will continue until there have been created in the people a popular idea and more or less human culture, which must be created not by books imported from abroad, not by incitement to revolt, but by gradual human development, and by influence in those places where it is not completely excluded by unfavourable circumstances. The times of Pugatcheff are past. The State has succeeded in crushing the warlike, nomadic instincts of the people. A popular rising has, therefore, no chance of

success, and if such a thing did happen to succeed, the people in its present intellectual condition would gain nothing, and would simply fall into the hands of a dictator, or of capitalists, or of both. I do not deny the possibility of an insurrection as the result of a whole series of causes, but I am convinced that it can be produced and guided only by elemental forces independently of artificial influences. He who can raise the spirit of such a popular movement and take advantage of it will alone gain by it, and his success or failure, so far as the people are concerned, will depend on the degree of conscientiousness of the leaders; for a popular revolution is an elemental force, and not a principle, or a logical conclusion, or a mathematical programme. Hence to raise *Revolutionarity* (*Revolutionnost*) to the rank of a principle is in my opinion an absurdity. Revolutionarity can exist only in the feelings of an individual man or in the periodical outbursts of the masses. The masses as an element do not possess the critical faculty, and at certain moments act by instinct. The individual is obliged to act according to the critical faculty, and ought not to construct his principles on elemental impulsions of the masses. Regarding the latter as an historical and 'cultural' necessity, he ought to content himself with the following programme: by the attentive study of the masses and of the separate units of which they are composed, he should inoculate the separate units with consciousness and the critical faculty, avoiding all bias and instigation, and introduce into the masses, in so far as it is possible, the elements of human culture. The rest should be left to the elaboration of this material by the people. Further than this the part of intelligent units cannot go. Every departure from this, so to say, natural programme, is as fatal to the intelligent units and to the people as every departure from the laws of nature must be. Revolutionarity as a principle is an anomaly—a transferring of instinct to the sphere of logic, that is to say, an unnatural union. But all that is general theory. There are no actors, and those who remain should spare themselves. Such a miserably small group cannot do anything more in the direction which I regard as the true one. It ought therefore to contract itself so as to form the nucleus of a future radical party, and in the meantime it ought to examine the surroundings in which it lives, study these surroundings and the people, investigate the conditions and organization of civilised life, elaborate the foundation of a programme, increase as much as possible the number of conscious and reflecting adepts—not of children—and wait. Every revolutionary pamphlet should be thrown into the fire. All that is nonsense and absurdity. Perhaps the time will soon come when it will be necessary to have a conscious—radical—popular party, a genuine champion of popular interests—not a mere phantom in the form of an anachronism; and such a party will not then be found. It is necessary to create it, and in the meantime to wait, working slowly but surely in that direction. It is time to get rid of the charms of peasant surroundings, and to give up thinking about externals. These youthful outbursts without criticism lead to nothing but harm."

Let us hope that Young Russia will soon come to perceive clearly the truth contained in the last sentence of this curious document.

D. MACKENZIE WALLACE.

A PLEA FOR A RATIONAL EDUCATION.

We have endless talk in Parliament, and out of it, about the *machinery* of education, higher, secondary, and primary. We have a certain amount of talk about the *subjects* in which the children of the less wealthy classes should be instructed; but far too little attention is paid to the question, not less important assuredly than any which we do debate—"What sort of education should be given to those *who can have all the chances*—to those who, in the nature of things, must be the most influential portion of the community in the next generation?" We provided some improved machinery by the Public Schools Act a decade ago; we shall provide some improved machinery under the Universities Act of this session; but that is not enough. Our machinery is, indeed, only too apt to become overstrong for us—to impose its will instead of being subject to ours.

I need not dwell on the defects of our present system. We feel them every day. Mr. Matthew Arnold sums them up by dividing us all into Barbarians and Philistines; while other writers, and our own consciences, make remarks which are not much more complimentary.[1]

Would it, then, be quite impossible, without reopening the weary discussion about machinery, to make some suggestions for the improvement of our present system—suggestions addressed to that class so much despised by the authorities of our great schools, but which, nevertheless, has, as has been observed, a right to exist—the parents, that is, of the boys who fill those schools?

And to save time, and the endless qualifications that would be necessary, I will address myself only to those parents who intend that the *general*, as distinguished from the professional, education of their children should continue to the age of twenty-one or twenty-two at least, thereby excluding from consideration the case of all those youths whose callings require an exceptionally early commencement or a particularly long period of special education. What I have to say is not primarily addressed, for example, to those who mean their sons to go into the army or navy, to become civil engineers, or artists, or physicians. I think that the course which I propose would be very suitable for many boys who are intended to begin their technical or professional studies at eighteen, provided always the reading of Greek and Latin authors in the original, and the History of Philosophy were omitted; but I can anticipate objections, and do not wish to complicate my task by combating them. On the other hand, it is addressed to those who mean their sons to be politicians, or diplomatists, or country gentlemen, or members of the

higher walks of the Civil Service and the bar, or bankers or merchants in a large way of business, or men of letters of the highest kind.

If, in expressing views which may be startling to many, I may seem to be rather curt and dogmatic, I would plead the necessity of compression, if one is to put into a single article conclusions on so large a subject; and I beg to refer those who would wish to see the positions I shall take up defended more at length, to a speech in the House of Commons in Hansard for May, 1864; to another at University College in 1865; to a Rectorial Address at Aberdeen in 1867; to an Address to the University Court on the Bursary Competition in 1868; to another Rectorial Address in 1870; to a speech at St. Mary's Hospital in 1875; to a speech in the House of Commons on the University of Cambridge Bill and an Address at the Liverpool Institute in 1876. The conclusions at which I have arrived may be right or may be wrong, but they are certainly not promulgated prematurely, for I had arrived at them before 1861, when I was so fortunate as to induce the Palmerston Government to appoint the Public Schools Commission.

What, then, is the object of all general education? To enable people, I presume, to make the most of their lives, or, in other words: 1, to improve their own faculties to the uttermost; 2, to do as much good as possible to other people; 3, to enjoy as much as they can, due regard being had to the first two objects.

A good general education must, accordingly, comprise physical, moral, and intellectual training. I will say nothing about the first, because space is of consequence; because it is already well, if not too wisely, attended to; and because, by calling the attention of any of those who do not already know it to Mr. Archibald Maclaren's work on Physical Education, I am likely to do much more good than I could by any observations of my own. Neither will I dwell upon the second, partly because the general moral tone of the better English schools is, on the whole, exceedingly good; and partly because it is so easy, in discussing matters of this kind, to cross the border-land of religion, and to get into regions where differences of opinion are rarely removed by argument. I will keep myself wholly to intellectual training, the intellectual training, as I have said above, of those who *can have all the chances*. If, in doing so, I seem to have more in view the wants of those who are to make politics their principal pursuit, it is only natural—"out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." But, after all, Englishmen *who can have all the chances* sadly neglect their opportunities if they are not at least potential politicians; and I shall not say a word about the special or professional trainings through which the politician or diplomatist ought to pass.

During the first seven years of life the development of the

physical frame and the formation of character should engross nearly the whole of our attention. If a child at seven years old can read English, has picked up French from his *bonne*, and has a lively, not wholly uninformed, interest in the objects about him, he has got as much in the way of intellectual training as should be asked. The last of these requirements is the one which is most neglected, while great mistakes are sometimes made by attempting to teach the rudiments of other things for which the mind, at this stage of its development, is very unfit. Thanks to the progress of education among the humbler classes, it will soon be far less difficult than it has hitherto been to find persons to put about children who have some little acquaintance with the common objects encountered in a country walk. In spite of the un-intelligent policy of the Privy Council Office, against which Sir John Lubbock has led so many attacks, which discourages natural science, and brings into undue prominence the study of all others least suitable for children—the study of grammar—the excellent example of Professor Henslow in teaching the elements of botany to his school children must be, one would think, being followed in many places; and even if it is not, a demand on the part of the upper classes for nursery governesses and nurses who know a little about the plants of the wayside and such every-day matters would soon produce the very slight amount of knowledge required. There is nothing which awakes so soon in children as a curiosity with regard to the objects by which they are surrounded. That curiosity has been hitherto usually suppressed by the prejudices or ignorance of those in charge of them. The usual attitude towards a child curious about natural history has too often been that of the French governess, who, on being asked by her pupil what the Pyrenees were, replied, "Ma petite, quand vous serez plus agée vous saurez tout cela. En attendant, priez le bon Dieu."

The years from seven to fourteen are of immense importance. During these the power of reading English acquired in the first period of life should have developed into a power of reading aloud well, and a fair acquaintance with so much of English literature as is at once supremely good and suitable to that early age. The power of prattling a little French with a nice accent should have expanded into a thorough mastery of the language for the every-day purposes of life, together with an acquaintance with that portion of French literature which corresponds with the portion of English literature which I have indicated above. The capacity of reading with ease an ordinary German book should also have been acquired. Of course, to effect these last two objects easily, it would be necessary that some time should be spent on the Continent; but that is, even for other reasons, at present a *sine quâ non*, since I hold that it is impossible in the present state of our schools to obtain what can be fairly called a good education without pursuing it partly out of

England. Those well-to-do parents who will not take the amount of trouble which is no doubt necessary if they mean to educate their children to some extent abroad, had better give up the idea of educating them well at all, and, sending them to some approved preparatory school, let them go through the usual mill, with the usual notable success, well described by the Public School Commission, which reported in 1864, in the following passage—one that can hardly be quoted too often, since in it, O fathers and mothers of England, you have, as in a glass, the reflection of what those of your sons who went up to the university, without the intention of taking honours there, were a few years ago, and a pretty fair representation of what they are now :—

"If a youth, after four or five years spent at school, quits it at nineteen, unable to construe an easy bit of Latin or Greek without the help of a dictionary, or to write Latin grammatically, almost ignorant of geography and of the history of his own country, unacquainted with any modern language but his own, and hardly competent to write English correctly, to do a simple sum, or stumble through an easy proposition of Euclid, a total stranger to the laws which govern the physical world, and to its structure, with an eye and hand unpractised in drawing, and without knowing a note of music, with an uncultivated mind and no taste for reading or observation, his intellectual education must certainly be accounted a failure, though there may be no fault to find with his principles, character, or manners. We by no means intend to represent this as a type of the ordinary product of English public school education; but speaking both from the evidence we have received and from opportunities of observation open to all, we must say that it is a type much more common than it ought to be, making ample allowance for the difficulties that have to be contended with, and that the proportion of failures is therefore unduly large."

Put down this description on one side of the account, and the total of your school bills on the other, and see how you like the result.

You console yourselves, perhaps, with the reflection that your sons are at least gentlemen, and that that is something. Of course it is. Gentlemen they went into the mill, and gentlemen they have come out. The splendid foundations of mediæval piety or benevolence, and the stream of gold which you have poured into the pockets of masters, tutors, and other officials, have so far worked together for good that they have neither injured the physical health nor the moral character of the young persons in whom you are interested—always excepting the failures, and failures there will be in all systems. Well, that is a fine result, doubtless, but it will not enable your sons to keep their place in society in these pushing democratic days. When will the lesson, into learning which one revolution after another has startled the great ones of the earth, be taken to heart by you also, that, namely, you must make your children worthy of the position into which they are born? Take, choosing them by lot, a certain number of the members of the

European royal and semi-royal families under five-and-twenty, and an equal number of men educated at our public schools of the same age, also chosen by lot, submit them to an examination on the subjects which men and women of the world care to know, and just see what a miserable figure will be made by the representatives of our much be-praised education.

Your children have sometimes a better idea of what it all comes to than you have. Some years ago a boy was reproached by his master for not being able to answer some simple question. "Why," said his tutor, "your younger brother knows that." "Oh yes, sir," was the reply, "but then he has been at Eton a much shorter time than I have. When he has been here as long, you will find he knows as little as I do."

But to return. While the victims of parental laziness are at their preparatory school at work on the Public School Latin Primer, under this or that orthodox practitioner, the children of people who will condescend to take a little more trouble will be learning the things which I have already mentioned; will have acquired the power of writing a legible hand, an acquaintance with the commonest rules of arithmetic, and, above all, a much larger knowledge of geography than is now usually possessed by fully-grown and so-called well-educated men. Meanwhile, the elementary notions about trees and plants, or other familiar objects, picked up from the nurse or the nursery governess, will have grown into a real elementary knowledge of some branch of natural history. I do not very much care to which of these attention is given, but probably botany is the one which it is most convenient to teach in most places. A boy who, at fourteen, was thoroughly well acquainted with Mr. Oliver's little manual, and knew well the plants of his immediate neighbourhood, would possess all the botanical acquirements which I should think it necessary for him to have; and if from circumstances physiology, or, indeed, any study which trains the observing faculties, was more convenient than botany, I have nothing to say against it. The only other purely scientific study in which I should wish a boy to make some progress, before fourteen, is physics; and, as to that, I should be quite satisfied if he had mastered Professor Balfour Stewart's Primer, a small shilling book, which is a perfect model of what an elementary book ought to be.

It must be understood, however, that I include under geography a great deal more than a mere list of names and places. A training in geography would be miserably incomplete which did not give equal prominence to the physical and political sides of the science; and a teacher of geography would be indeed useless who had not conveyed to his pupil's mind, by the time he was fourteen, a great many accurate and well-assorted ideas about geology and

history, nay, even about astronomy. Those who want to see the lines on which I would work at the outset, should look at the two manuals by Mr. Grove and Professor Geikie, in Messrs. Macmillan's series.

During this period, too, the foundations of some little acquaintance with music and drawing should be laid. The acquaintance with these arts need be very moderate, for the object is not to make children either artists or musicians, but to enable them to take more pleasure than they otherwise would in art and music; and, in the case of drawing, to assist in sharpening their powers of observation.

I cannot make it too clear that, while I would utterly banish from education before fourteen the studies which are generally, but often quite falsely, relied upon to give accuracy, I attach to accuracy the greatest possible importance, and would make it an iron rule never, on any account or consideration, to pass over anything until it was thoroughly mastered. To pretend that studies other than the ordinary ones cannot be mastered as thoroughly as ever was the Greek grammar by some wretched boy who had to learn it by heart in Latin, is to talk sheer nonsense. A superficial smattering of knowledge is one thing, a real though only general and elementary knowledge is another. The first is useless, the second is often of the greatest importance.

We have, then, a child at fourteen possessed of the following moderate, but highly useful, acquirements:—

1. He can read aloud clearly and agreeably.

2. He can write a large distinct round hand.

3. He knows the ordinary rules of arithmetic, especially compound addition—a by no means universal accomplishment.

4. He can speak and write French with ease and correctness, and has some slight acquaintance with French literature.

5. He can translate *ad aperturam libri* from an ordinary French or German book.

6. He has a thoroughly good elementary knowledge of geography, under which are comprehended some notions of astronomy; enough to excite his curiosity, a knowledge of the very broadest facts of geology and of history; enough to make him understand, in a clear but perfectly general way, how the larger features of the world he lives in, physical and political, came to be like what they are.

7. He has been trained from earliest infancy to use his powers of observation on plants or animals, or rocks, or other natural objects; and has gathered a general acquaintance with what is most supremely good in that portion of the more important English classics which is suitable to his time of life.

8. He has some rudimentary acquaintance with drawing and music.

Now, there is not one of these acquirements which is not of vast moment to every educated man; and the whole is a *sine quâ non* as a foundation for the other subjects with which an accomplished man of the world should be acquainted. Thus much, I think, should be part of the mental assets of any one who goes into any of the higher callings of life, always excepting the navy, for which the special training must nowadays begin so early. After fourteen, however, things are very different; and it is at that age that boys should diverge into what are commonly called the classical and modern sides. We are, it will be remembered, considering only the case of those who *can have all the chances*; that is, I repeat, those who have at once the leisure and the ability to go through a thoroughly good general education till they are one or two and twenty. I shall confine myself accordingly to boys who are to go to what is known as the classical side.

No one, with whom I can attempt to argue in the limited space at my disposal, will deny that it is most desirable, at this particular stage of our civilisation, that young men who can afford to prolong their *general* education at least to one-and-twenty, and who have literary aptitudes, should obtain before they go out into the world such a hold of the Latin and Greek languages as may enable them throughout life to read Latin and Greek books with ease, if it happens to be convenient or agreeable for them to occupy themselves in that way. Very few, however, do that now; partly because the standard of "scholarship" kept up at English schools and colleges is so high, that those who were good "scholars" in their day are the first to lay their classical books aside, since they know that it is quite impossible, for men who have other work to do, to keep, so to speak, abreast of themselves, as they were when they went in for the "Ireland," or found their names in the first class of the Classical Tripos, and partly because the ideal of "classical" attainment which is set up by tutors and schoolmasters is one which has little attraction for a great many boys, who are quite as well calculated to derive pleasure from the ancient classics as their neighbours.

How, then, are we to remedy this state of things? By drawing, I reply, a broad distinction between the classical studies of those who aspire to be classical scholars in the true sense, and of those who aspire only to be well-educated men of the world.

By classical scholars in the true sense, I mean persons who devote themselves either to increasing the knowledge of the Greek and Roman world possessed by the learned, or persons who desire to make that knowledge more accessible to the unlearned. For both these orders of scholars I have the profoundest respect. But it is not with reference to them, or their wants, that I am at present

writing. I am thinking solely of men who make no pretensions to help on the knowledge of classical literature, but who desire to have that insight into classical ideas which is an indispensable element in the highest education, though it forms but a very small part of that education. How, then, are they to be taught Latin and Greek? In the first place, they should not give any attention to either language before they are fourteen, save and except that in learning any modern language whatever they should always be taught to trace back to its Latin or Greek every single word which has a Latin or Greek root. At fourteen they would have, by that means, acquired a very respectable stock of words, both in Greek and Latin, and might begin the study of either language.

The first step should be to master the very broadest outlines of the grammar. The most intelligent method of teaching a language that I have seen is that which is called the Robertsonian, a modification of the Hamiltonian method. It is set forth in certain very cheap and humble little books called "Latin without a Master," "French without a Master," and so forth. There may be, however, for all I know to the contrary, many better, as it is conceivable that there may be things less to be respected than the Public School Latin Primer, and the common sense of those who devised it as "milk for babes."

When the very first notions of the grammar have been acquired, and a capacity for translating the easiest sentences has been attained, the study of the recognised classical course should be commenced. Now, what should that course be? The existing one is obviously quite unadapted to the shortness of human life. It includes a great deal too much, although it excludes some things which should not be omitted. It is founded, too, on the heresy that there is some sacramental efficacy in the study of the "Classics," and that, after a certain number of years spent therein, ingenuous youth is to come forth peculiarly well fitted for the battle of life. That is a delusion. Classical literature is a portion of general literature. Its study brings to the mind many ideas different from those which are brought by the study of the other great literatures, but there is nothing magical or mystic about it. That which differentiates it most from the other great literatures is, that it is but slightly affected by those Christian influences which have coloured so deeply all modern thought—a peculiarity which makes the fact that its most ardent defenders, as the great subject of English education, should be the Anglican priesthood, as amusing as it is convenient.

If a boy is obliged to end his education at eighteen, he had much better sacrifice a knowledge of Greek and Latin classical literature *in the original*, rather than sacrifice a knowledge of French and German literature in the original. But I am writing for those who need

sacrifice nothing. What, then, should the classical course be for them? Even for them it must be far shorter than the present one; but, on the other hand, they must become more familiar with the languages, because the study of the classics in youth is not to be in their case an *opus operatum*, which is to produce certain disciplining and ennobling effects, but simply a means of living on pleasant terms with Latin and Greek authors to the end of their days—a means, in short, of enlarging their pleasures.

First, then, all the farrago of grammatical exercises and composition, in prose or verse, must be entirely thrown overboard, at least as regards Latin. Next, so far from the learner being shut up with grammar and dictionary, every conceivable help must be given. The best translations, the best illustrations from classical art, must always be at hand; while Greek, whenever circumstances permit, must be taught as what it is—a living language—and by a scholar who has been partly trained at Athens. Here, then, is the course which I would, with the utmost diffidence, suggest as a minimum. I am quite aware that I am leaving out a great deal that ought to be read, and that certainly will be read in after years by every one who takes kindly to the study of classical literature; that is, by all except the failures; by all except those who should never have been advanced to the dignity of a classical training at all.

We will take Greek first. The groundwork of the whole course should be some good short history and geography of Greece. I know none which exactly fulfils all requirements, but if I had to put any one through such a course I would take a good Atlas, Dawson Turner's "Heads of an Analysis," with a short school history, and supplement them by selected passages from Grote and Curtius.

In the original I would read—

The first and last books of the Iliad.

The sixth book of the Odyssey.

Wright's Golden Treasury of Ancient Greek Poetry.

Thackeray's "Anthologia," if there existed an edition in print that would not try the eyes.

The second book of Herodotus.

The Prometheus and the Persæ, or

The Agamemnon.

The Œdipus Coloneus.

The Medea, or

The Bacchæ.

The Birds or Frogs of Aristophanes.

The first, second, and seventh books of Thucydides.

The first book of the Anabasis.

The Phædo of Plato.

The fourth book of Aristotle's Ethics.

The second book of Aristotle's Politics.
Demosthenes' De Coronâ.
The first book of Polybius.
One or more lives from Plutarch.
Extracts from Lucian.
The Manual of Epictetus.
The latter part of the Book of Isaiah, that known as the later Isaiah, in the Septuagint.
Parts of the Apocrypha.
The Gospel of St. John.
A small volume of selections from the Fathers, and
A short book of Extracts taken from Greek literature at different times right down to the present year.

In translations I would read at least—

The remainder of the Iliad and Odyssey in Worsley and Conington.
The whole of the rest of Herodotus.
The whole of the rest of Thucydides, and
Marcus Aurelius.

The course should be completed by Müller's History of Greek Literature, read for the purpose of making it clear to the learner that he had obtained nothing more than a view from the mountain-top of a country in which it was hoped that in after years he would make many excursions.

To this list there are, of course, a number of quite obvious objections. It will be asked, for example, why so little Homer should be read? The answer is simply that there is not time for more without neglecting other things; and boys who have any turn for poetry will be quite sufficiently taken hold of by Homer if they read him in the best available translation. I have known women who had only read Pope's translation who had a far greater feeling for the Iliad than many men who could have passed an excellent examination in the original. Then it should be observed that both in Mr. Wright's and Mr. Thackeray's collections there are a large number of extremely well-selected extracts from the Homeric poems. I make no doubt that any one who goes through the amount of Homeric reading I propose will have a very fair knowledge of the great poet, and every inducement to learn to know him better in after life.

Then, as to the omission of a great many names of poets whom every one would expect to find, such as Theocritus, it must be remembered that all of them are represented in the two collections to which I have called attention.

Next, as to Æschylus, many would prefer the Trilogy to the plays I have suggested. That is a mere matter of taste, about which it is vain to argue; and the same may be said of the choice which I

have made amongst the works of Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes. I think that both Herodotus and Thucydides should be read through in the best available translation, and that an examination should be passed in each, such an examination being directed to bring out a general acquaintance with the broader facts and larger features of each writer, rather than to the minutiæ on which so much time used in former days to be wasted at Oxford.

I have selected the Phædo of Plato as probably that one of his dialogues which has most world-wide fame. Many will exclaim at my including only one book of the Ethics and one of the Politics of Aristotle. If either work were to be read through as part of the regular course, I should suggest the second, which I humbly venture to think the more valuable of the two. But the mastering of these books belongs to a totally separate study—a study of great importance and dignity—the study of the history of philosophy; but not a study which should, except in its merest outlines, be attempted to be made any part of *general education.* The worship that used to be paid to Aristotle at Oxford thirty years ago was simply childish; but it was childish not so much because it was excessive, as because it was ill-directed. I suppose it would be hardly possible to overrate the greatness of Aristotle. If any one were to assert that no more powerful human intellect ever appeared in the world, it would, perhaps, not be very easy to dispute the proposition; but the very greatness of Aristotle makes it unnecessary to read much of him as part of a *general education.* So much that he said has become a portion of our ordinary mental furniture, that it is unnecessary to spend time over him. Before we come to read him he has been absorbed at every pore; and Aristotle, if now living, would be, I am sure, the very first to deprecate the use of his works as any considerable part of the ordinary training of youth.

I have included a book of Polybius, an author who, I think, is too much neglected; and one or two lives from Plutarch, who, overrated once, is now, perhaps, unjustly depreciated. Marcus Aurelius may well be read mostly in Mr. Long's admirable translation; and the ancient world has left little, indeed, that is more valuable. M. Martha's book, "Les Moralistes sous l'Empire Romain," in the hands of an intelligent teacher, would be illustrated by passages from various writers at whom no one now looks, amongst whom I must be allowed to ask a few hours for Dion Chrysostom, a too much forgotten, though doubtless only secondary, personage. Then I think that there are good reasons for not wholly overlooking the Greek of the Septuagint and of the Apocrypha. Very well-educated persons may go through their whole lives nowadays without finding out what magnificent things there are in Ecclesiasticus and the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach.

Without a volume of short selections from the Fathers, and another small volume connecting the Greek of Byzantium with the Greek that is written by the best modern Greek authors now, it will be difficult to impress sufficiently deeply and early on the mind the fact, important from a political as well as a literary point of view, that Greek is not, and has never been, a dead language.

Latin should be begun precisely in the same way as Greek, by the easiest possible grammar, and the learner, who would be provided already with a very large stock of words, should begin here, too, to translate on his very first day. Much time would be gained by leaving on one side various books which are of little or no importance, such as Cornelius Nepos. The minimum course might then be—

A good short history, say Duruy's, illustrated by copious extracts from Arnold, Mommsen, Merivale, and Gibbon, read with good maps.

One play of Terence and one of Plautus.

The part of Cæsar's Commentaries which relates to Britain.

Virgil's first, fourth, and tenth Eclogues.

The Georgics.

The second, fourth, and sixth Æneid.

About forty odes of Horace, carefully leaving untouched all except the very best.

Two or three of the Satires and Epistles, including the Ars Poetica.

Thackeray's Anthologia Latina.

The third, fourth, and tenth Satires of Juvenal.

The twenty-first book of Livy.

A book of Cicero's Letters.

Two or three of his Orations.

A book of Pliny's Letters.

The best parts of Lucan.

Agricola and Germania of Tacitus.

Illustrations of M. Martha's book as above.

The Story of Psyche in Apuleius.

A selection containing the most striking passages in the writings of the Latin Fathers; and

Another selection from the best modern Latin, prose or verse, Erasmus, Owen, &c.

The whole should be accompanied by the very best account of Latin literature that may be procurable. The fullest I know, that of Teuffel, is far too drily written for the purpose; but if the necessity for reading a good history of Roman literature as a part of education were duly recognised, we should soon have the necessary treatise —if, indeed, it does not already exist. There is room, too, for a much fuller book of extracts from Latin poetry than Mr. Thackeray's

very excellent one; and it should extend so far down as to include the most famous hymns of the Western Church.

Nothing would be easier than to show that this list, like the corresponding Greek one, is sadly imperfect; but for that matter so is the usual list. It leaves out, as I have said, a great deal that should be included, though it includes a great deal that might well be omitted.

Again I must reiterate the obvious but constantly forgotten remarks that "life is short," and that Latin literature and Greek literature are merely portions of general literature. No man can now be considered a thoroughly well-educated human creature who has not, in addition to a fair knowledge of Latin and Greek literature, a fair knowledge of several other literatures, which are even more important; and if by twenty-one or twenty-two general education is to be finished, and the mind is to have been brought in contact with most of the supremely and quintessentially good things that men have said in all time, it is absolutely necessary to throw over something which, however valuable in itself, is not so valuable as something else for which room must be found.

It must always be kept in mind that if it is not intended that a man is to find pleasure during his whole life in the reading of English, French, German, Italian, Greek, and Latin literature, he had better leave wholly alone that one of them which he does not mean to pursue. Because I only suggest the reading of the Agricola and Germania, I do not mean to say that I do not think every page that Tacitus has left deserves to be read and re-read, and I should speak in almost as unqualified a way about Juvenal. Because I propose to read only the second, fourth, and sixth books of the Æneid as part of the regular course, I do not mean to say that, sooner or later, the whole should not be read, and read, by preference, amongst the scenes in which the poem is chiefly laid. Where there is not present a very strong love of literature for its own sake, it is idle to encourage any one to read Latin or Greek at all. In such cases a fair acquaintance with English and French literature is all that you can reasonably expect. But by fourteen, the age at which I propose that the study of the ancient classics should begin, the mind is quite sufficiently developed to enable a teacher who knows his business to say whether a real taste for literature is present or not. If it is not, there is no good in losing time over the ancient classics which had much better be given to other things. The truth is, that from the accident of there having been little or nothing else to read in the sixteenth century, from which period our present school arrangements chiefly date, schoolmasters have come to identify Greek and Latin literature with literature itself, and they have turned into the daily bread of our youth what is only fit for dessert. There are

numbers of persons who could derive a real literary culture from certain forms of poetry and from good novels, but to whom the higher literary productions of the human mind must always remain inaccessible. It may be right, nay necessary, to make them approach these, if only to prove that they have no taste for them; but this should be done in their own language or in French, the only other indispensable language.

In connection with this subject, I cannot too much insist on the importance of the use of really good translations. Seldom, indeed, is it that you find one so good, even of a prose work, that it can be recommended in its entirety; but there are many which, in the hands of a good tutor, may be turned to excellent account; and so may such books as the capital, though, of course, unequal, series of "Ancient Classics for English Readers" published by Messrs. Blackwood. I may be asked if I would absolutely banish from education the practice of Latin composition. I reply, From *education*, no; from *general education*, yes. I should as soon think of proscribing fencing as of proscribing Latin composition. They are both mighty pretty pastimes, and very much upon a level. Far from discouraging either, I would encourage both by considerable prizes, and be as sorry to think that the day would ever come when no man could turn out a copy of verses which might have been worthy of a corner in the Anthologia Oxoniensis, as that the day would come when no man could draw a fine rapier more. But in order that we may have a few good fencers, we do not make almost every one throw away years of life in the practice of fencing, and it is just as little reasonable to make almost every one throw them away in the practice of Latin composition, with the result of turning out a few Jebbs or Coningtons. Greek composition stands on a different footing. To write Greek verse is, of course, useless; but if we could import scholars, trained at Athens, who could teach old Greek as a living language, it is quite possible that some time given to the writing of Greek prose might not be ill bestowed, especially by those who could arrange to spend a few months in Greece before their *general education* came to an end. And that at least three months spent in studying Latin history and literature in Italy, and a like time spent in studying Greek history and literature in Greece, will become a regular part of our curriculum for those who want to have *all the chances*, I make no doubt. I do not speak of to-day, or to-morrow, but of the end of the century, when many practical difficulties—the typhoid fevers, which are temporarily adding a new danger to the great cities of Italy, the brigandage of Greece, and many other inconveniences—have become things of the past.

Some of my readers have, perhaps, not seen Professor Blackie's very useful little book of Greek Dialogues on Modern Subjects,

which I venture to recommend to their attention. I apprehend that a cultivated Athenian would perfectly understand an Englishman speaking Xenophontic Greek if only he pronounced it in the modern way, which is not difficult to learn; and the tendency of political events, if Russia does not get to Constantinople, will be, I think, to strengthen, not weaken, the artificial but very powerful movement towards bringing back the popular language to something very like the ancient.

It is necessary to point out that, however childish a pursuit "scholarship" may be in the sense of the imitation of the Latin and Greek authors, however absurd it may be to encourage in boys who are intended to be busy men of the *modern*, not professional students of the *ancient*, world, any intense application to the niceties of Greek and Latin grammar, it is difficult to attach too much importance to perfectly accurate translation into English. Whatever is read for educational purposes in any language should be read with the utmost care, and no difficulty should be slurred over. If this caution be neglected, we shall sacrifice the one good thing in the old training—the accuracy to which it accustomed those with whom it succeeded. One of its many faults was that it did not succeed, but failed, with nine out of ten; and that it trained those with whom it succeeded chiefly to be accurate in nonsense, to the destruction of the time and energy which should have been bestowed upon studies at once more educative and more instructive.

I must protest in the most emphatic way against my being called an enemy of classical education. I maintain that the classical education which I would give would be of an infinitely higher and better kind than the present, while it would occupy far less time. I think that we should exhaust every device of ingenuity to make this and all other studies as easy, and even as pleasant, as possible. I utterly abhor that "doctrine and position" that difficulty is a good in itself. It is quite impossible to learn anything well without encountering much and serious difficulty; but while he who shirks difficulty where it must be faced is a coward, he who goes out of his way to seek difficulty is a fool.

Before passing from this portion of the subject, I wish to observe that there is no reason why persons who cannot carry on their education to one or two and twenty should be shut out from the influences of ancient classical literature and art. A far more real acquaintance with the ancient world than is now possessed by ninety out of a hundred who go through the usual classical mill, could be obtained by translations read under the guidance of a good teacher in a course which need not extend over more than two years—say from sixteen to eighteen—and could be fitted in very well with technical or professional studies. Further, I would add that if it is good for highly

educated men to come under the influences of the ancient world, it is good for women who wish to carry on their education till one or two and twenty, and to become highly educated, to do the same. There is no reason why the classics should be more educative or instructive to one sex than to the other.

I return, however, to the main line of my paper. Even the longer classical course I suggest will afford room for the introduction of various other subjects which are now entirely excluded. I take it for granted that a very slight amount of attention will enable a boy to keep up and gradually extend the acquirements which I have supposed him to possess at fourteen. The only one which would call for daily attention would be geography, in the sense in which I have explained it. What, then, are the new studies, in addition to Greek and Latin, for which time must be found before the usual age of going up to the university? They are, I should say—

1. Mathematics.
2. Chemistry.
3. Italian.
4. Book-keeping.
5. English Essay-writing.

As to the study of mathematics, the part it should bear in *general* education seems to me very small indeed. It is of the utmost importance to the community to encourage mathematical acquirement, and those who have the charge of boys should be always on the outlook to discover and foster any promise of great mathematical ability. But for the general purposes of life the study of mathematics is the most barren of all studies. No statement can be less true than that it trains the reasoning powers for the common pursuits of men. Nothing can be less like the problems of life than the problems of mathematics, and the aptitudes required for the two kinds of problems are wholly distinct. An acquaintance with the very rudiments of mathematics, a little geometry, and a little algebra, are all that should be required as a part of *general* education. Any intelligent teacher would see fast enough, by the time his pupil had got through the first four books of Euclid, or arrived at quadratic equations, whether he had any mathematical turn whatsoever, and, if so, whether it was a sufficiently marked one to make it worth while to sacrifice any other part of *general* education to it.

I would pursue much the same course with regard to chemistry, though chemistry has over mathematics this advantage, that while it, too, is a good training for the mind, it cannot be pursued without the acquisition of a great deal of very useful knowledge. Still, once more I repeat, "life is short," and the amount of chemistry contained in a small book, such as that of Sir. Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth, used under the guidance of a sensible teacher in a

good laboratory, would be quite enough to give a sufficient amount of knowledge, and to betray to an observant eye any remarkable aptitude which it might be prudent to develop.

The only other modern language besides those already specified which should, I think, form part of general education, is Italian, and it is a matter of indifference whether that is acquired during the years which immediately precede a university course or during the years spent at the university. The power of speaking Italian well is one possessed by very few Englishmen, and, although it is a most charming accomplishment, I should even less think of considering it as a part of general education than I should facility in German; but not to be able to read both languages with perfect ease is to expose one's self to great and, as the number of books in each increases, ever-multiplying inconveniences. Italian could, I need hardly say, be learned *pari passu* with Latin with the greatest possible ease.

Some people may be surprised to see any one give a prominent place in general education to so special a subject as book-keeping, and, of course, I do not desire that ordinary people should have the technical skill of a book-keeper, but a sufficient knowledge of that humble art to make accounts easily intelligible would be vastly convenient to every man of the world, and it is for men of the world that I am writing, men who have to be shareholders, trustees, executors, to examine farm books and estate accounts.

Many who will smile at my last recommendation, will have much more favour for my next, viz. that English composition, which up to sixteen or thereabouts should be chiefly cultivated by perpetual translation from dead or foreign languages, and by writing concisely reports of things seen, should after that age be carried further by the practice of frequently writing English essays.

It is surely unnecessary to argue at any length in favour of devoting some little trouble between fourteen and eighteen to understanding the ordinary laws of health, together with as much of the very elements of physiology as is necessary for their comprehension. No one arrives at middle life without knowing many cases amongst his contemporaries where a little knowledge of this subject would have prevented errors in matters of exercise, food, and a variety of other things which have produced quite disastrous results.

The possession of all the requirements that I have specified should be tested by an examination, which should take place at the age at which boys now go to the university, and which might be held either at school or college. In saying this, I do not wish to imply that no one should enter the university who could not pass a fair examination in the subjects I have enumerated. The course which I am describing is susceptible of infinite modification, where

peculiar aptitudes or circumstances have to be considered. If, for instance, I found that a boy who could *have all the chances* had great mathematical and no literary ability, I would omit Latin and Greek from his education altogether, and only require so much knowledge of German and Italian as would be necessary to enable him to read books on his own subject. The university, while welcoming to her those youths who only wish for a first-rate general education, should also welcome every kind of specialist. If, for example, a young man who could do nothing more than read his own language, and to whom French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek were inscrutable mysteries, had a real genius for entomology, I should think it was pedantry gone mad to bar his entrance to Professor Westwood's Lectures by a matriculation examination. If a man desired to study nothing at Oxford but Tamil and Telugu, to Oxford he should go with my blessing, provided only he could satisfy the authorities that he could attend, with profit, prelections on those interesting tongues.

I am merely suggesting an every-day course for every-day people. If a man is fortunate enough to have sons with a great and real turn for anything—a sufficient turn to make them, in that particular walk, useful to their generation—I would be the last person to ask him to stand in the way of a natural bent. So few of us, however, have the luck to be fathers of heaven-born artists, or poets, or musicians, or engineers, or geologists, or astronomers, or anything else, that what I have to say must have an application to the case of many.

During the years spent at the university in England or abroad, and, better than either, in England *and* abroad, the acquirements already possessed should be kept up, and some new ones added. The leading study should still be the knowledge of the ball on which we live, alike in its physical and political aspects. The acquaintance with the modern languages of which I have spoken should become ever more and more the knowledge of the flower of their literature. The acquaintance with Greek and Latin should become ever more and more a transfusion into the mind of classical ideas. Of new studies, the chief should be, first, an elementary knowledge of English law, and of the outlines at once of our Constitution and of our administrative system, imperial and local.

I know of no book that gives exactly the kind of information of which I am thinking; but supposing any one were to take Stephen's Blackstone and Dr. Gneist's formidable volumes, along with May's Constitutional History, and boil them down into a work not larger than the last mentioned, he would produce the kind of text-book I should suggest. Then the broadest, and only the broadest, principles of political economy should be studied in one of the approved

manuals, Stephen's Digest of the Law Evidence, some of Bentham, in the form of Dumont, with a few selected "Leading Cases," and a good deal of Wheaton's International Law should be added; and, lastly, the pupil should go through a long course of lectures intended to give him a good general idea of the history of speculation, from the earliest days down to Comte, Schopenhauer, Hartmann, and Mill. I need hardly say that the more the various opinions could be represented as so many well-painted slides in a magic-lantern, and the less subjective the lecturer was, the better he would do his work.

The only other study I would suggest is that of public speaking, for which there are now great facilities at most universities. The Union was decidedly the most valuable institution at Oxford in my day, for I belong, alas! to the old barbarous time before the First Commission, when there was no Modern History School, no University Museum, no Taylor Scholarships for Modern Languages.

If the course I am proposing were substituted for the ordinary one, we might, in thinking over the future of a son at one or two and twenty, calculate—

1. That he had a general acquaintance with the laws of health.

2. That he could read aloud clearly and agreeably.

3. That he could put a few sentences together in public without undue nervousness.

4. That he could write a large clear round hand.

5. That he knew the ordinary rules of arithmetic.

6. That he knew enough of book-keeping to understand accounts submitted to him.

7. That he could speak and write French with ease and correctness.

8. That he could translate *ad aperturam libri* from French, German, Italian, Greek, and Latin, and had some insight into what is best in their literatures. Further, that he knew the derivation of every word whose derivation is undisputed that he came across in each of these languages, and was acquainted with the *broadest* results of the labours of the comparative philologist and comparative grammarian.

9. That he had a very wide knowledge of geography, *understood in the largest sense of the term, together with all the bigger and more obvious facts of history*, by which I do not for a moment mean to imply that he should have given any very great attention to history. History is one of the noblest of studies, and a man who has the requisite means and inclination cannot do better than devote himself to it after his general education is finished; but I am speaking now only of general education. Perhaps I could best express my meaning by saying

that I think an Englishman of the class for whom I am writing should know at one or two and twenty all the leading facts about every country which a man who now passes for well educated, but has given no special attention to history or geography, knows about his own country. The amount of knowledge which would put an Englishman on a level with a fairly well-informed Italian, or Brazilian, or Russian, or Greek, or Dutch gentleman in the matter of the history and geography of their own countries, is not, I conceive, by any means colossal. Still, it would be enough to promote a vast deal of good feeling, and to prevent much folly being talked and done. I most fully believe, for example, that if we knew the commonest facts, geographical and historical, about our own colonies, we should hear far less than we do of colonial discontent and heart-burnings, which usually have their origin, when they have their origin on our side at all, in the *sancta simplicitas* of our admirable intentions and absolute Nescience at once of their past and of their present. Let it, then, be distinctly understood, that when I maintain that knowledge of the ball on which we find ourselves is the most important branch of knowledge for those who govern directly so large a portion of its surface, and influence indirectly what is done in nearly all the rest, I do not wish to exchange the duodecimo Porsons whom we now turn out of our universities for duodecimo Humboldts. Of the two articles I should vastly prefer the second, but it is not what I want.

If a boy knew thoroughly well at fourteen two such books as Mrs. Somerville's "Physical Geography," and "La terre à vol d'oiseau," by Reclus, and then went on adding to the knowledge therein contained by reading, under good guidance, say as much as would fill three octavo volumes a year, he would by one or two and twenty have the kind of knowledge of geography in its highest sense which should form the most important part of every English gentleman's education. Geography of this kind is inseparable from history, and is the best vehicle for conveying it to the mind, since facts sink much deeper if they come to us as an explanation of what now exists than they do if they are read without any relation to the present, and not even the narrowest pedant would be able to speak of history thus acquired as "cram."

But to continue.

10. We might, if the course I suggest were followed, fully calculate that our son had been trained from earliest infancy to use his powers of observation on plants or animals, or rocks, or other natural objects.

11. That he knew as much mathematics, physics, and chemistry as are required to pass the matriculation of the London University, which many boys now pass at sixteen.

12. That he could write a fair English essay.

13. That he had a good general acquaintance with the more important English classics.

14. That he had some knowledge of the broad principles of the laws under which he lives, and of the way in which the imperial and local administration of his country is carried on.

15. That he had some notions, correct as far as they went, about what the greatest men have thought with reference to the leading controversies, religious, political, and philosophical, which have divided the world, *considered purely objectively*.

16. That he knew the rudiments of political economy and of international law.

It will be seen that I omit many things which are in high favour now in various circles—much fiddling over arithmetic, all mathematics except the very elements, a great deal of grammar in various tongues, all Latin and nearly all Greek composition, much moral science, a great deal of controversial theology, endless learning by heart of prose and verse for the purpose of "improving our composition,"[1] logic—I leave them all out without a pang, as not forming any part of general education, except the last, which I leave out because life is short, and because I think that the careful study of such books as Bentham's "Principles of Legislation," of a Civil Code and of a Criminal Code in Dumont's edition, Stephen's Digest of the Law of Evidence, a selection from Smith's Leading Cases, as suggested by Mr. Morley at Birmingham, and other books which would have to be studied in order to pass well under heads 14, 15, and 16, would serve the same purpose as a good treatise on logic.

Just consider the difference between a young man who had gone through this training, and, I do not say the failures, but the successes of the present system. Yet the course I propose requires a considerably smaller amount of work, and leaves more time for amusement than the usual one, while it could be so arranged as to make "cramming" in its bad sense quite impossible. It should be remembered that the efforts of your best tutors are now used to turn away the best men from the more valuable studies to mere classics and mathematics. "How is ——?" said lately a friend of mine to one of the most influential, and deservedly influential, guides of youth in England. "Ah, poor fellow," was the reply, "he has gone in for modern history. You know his health broke down!" As if modern history were not a far nobler and manlier study than the charming, but comparatively trifling, pursuits of the "scholar," with his pretty copies of Iambics, and all the rest of it, or the still

(1) I am in favour of a moderate amount of learning by heart, but nothing should be learnt by heart which is not supremely good. To oblige a boy to repeat a Greek play straight off is an absurd folly.

more barren pursuits of the Speculatist who weaves and unweaves the web of Metaphysics.

An examination should be held, I think, in all the subjects I have enumerated in the last year of the university course; and the successful candidates might be classed, as they now are at Oxford, in five great divisions. There should be no attempt to arrange them within each of the five classes in their exact order of merit; and a good place in the examination should carry with it much consideration, but no pecuniary reward. It is absurd to pay people for allowing you to give them a good general education. Pecuniary rewards should be almost entirely reserved for those who intend to devote themselves to the service of the university, and to those who take up studies which will not encourage themselves. Devotion to the service of the university and special attainments should, however, be rewarded with no grudging hand. As to the first of these objects, I hold that every study which is pursued at any of the great universities of the world, unless for some special local reason, ought to be represented at a university like Oxford, by several persons all receiving a certain amount of pecuniary assistance from the university. As to the second object, I hold that the less suitable a study is for the purposes of general education, the more proper it is for encouragement by prizes, scholarships, and money grants.

It would not be easy to pitch upon two studies less suitable for general education than the abstruser parts of mathematics and Chinese, but I should say that a rich university which did not encourage these two studies by liberal payments grossly neglected its duty. To examine a man for his degree in Athenæus would be a piece of absurd pedantry, to give a prize of fifty guineas for a good examination in Athenæus would be a meritorious proceeding. In no way, perhaps, could the University of Oxford so well encourage the study of the ancient classics as by offering handsome rewards for really good translations into English, like Mr. Jowett's Plato, for good editions of Latin or Greek authors, like Mr. Bywater's Heraclitus, for essays on classical subjects which either add to the knowledge of scholars, like Müller's Eumenides, or make classical ideas accessible to the many, like Mr. Symonds's delightful book on the Greek Poets.

Educational endowments may be used with great propriety to help struggling merit up to the university—to put the son of the poorest man, provided he has great ability and application, in the position of the son of the man of moderate fortune; but it would be an abuse of endowments to carry him on for three or four years more while you give him an education which, however admirable, presupposes the possession of considerable private means to use it to advantage.

By all means let the son of the poorest man obtain easy access to the university, but if he has not a special turn for some of the

branches which it is worth the while of the public to foster by money payments, because they are not so obviously useful as to foster themselves, he had much better devote himself as soon as possible to professional and money-making studies, to which the application of any large amount of endowment would be highly improper.

We ought never to lose sight, in arranging our educational institutions, either of the man who aspires only to the highest general cultivation of his age, or of the man who desires to be a specialist—to carry knowledge further. Both are to be encouraged to the utmost: the first by providing him with the very best teaching, by enabling him to test his measure of success, and by sending him forth with the stamp of public recognition; the other by ample pecuniary rewards given as much as possible, but by no means always, in return for definite work done.

Those who say that universities are to be mere places of education —upper schools, in fact—and those who say that they are to be mere machines for research and retreats for learned leisure, are equally wrong. A great university like Oxford should aim at being at once the best place of education, the greatest machine for research, and the most delicious retreat for learned leisure in the whole world. Her advantages in the struggle for the *Primato* in all these ways are absolutely overwhelming. If she is not all that before the century is done, it is only because she wills to be false to herself. But we must keep wide apart these two questions: "What should the university be ready to *teach?*" and "What should the ordinary English gentleman *learn* during that period of his general education which closes with the university?"

I have still to reply to two opposite kinds of objection.

It will be remarked by some that my list is pretty long, and that it would be impossible to attain by one or two and twenty any great skill in the arts, or wide knowledge of most of the subjects, included in it. I am quite aware of this, but I ask for nothing of the kind. I ask for a wide knowledge of only one subject—Geography in the sense of Earth Knowledge and History. A very moderate amount of knowledge of the others, thoroughly accurate so far as it goes, is all I dream of; and it must be recollected that I would allow no subject to be commenced as a part of general education, the study of which might not with great advantage be continued through the whole of life. Some subjects would, of course, be pursued in after life by one, some by another; but the kind of general education which approves itself to my mind would at least oblige those who passed through it to have looked at all the great divisions of human knowledge, and to have satisfied themselves whether they had or had not a turn for them.

The line which bounds general education is, after all, only an imaginary one. General education should only end with life; but

men who are to be busy with the world's work, and to give a due place to the second of the objects of life which I set out by enumerating, will, after one or two and twenty, begin to find the time they can give in the course of the day to general education much shorter than it used to be. Still, so great are the facilities which our modern life affords, that those who are now just beginning their general education with the prospect of having *all the chances* may well hope, if they live out their years and retain their energies, not only to know all the most important facts which man has found out about himself and the universe of which he forms part, but to have seen, heard, and read before they die all that is best and most beautiful in that portion of the universe which serves as man's habitation. In order to do this they must from the very first be carefully prevented wasting their time on second or third rate things. The real use of teachers, properly so called, after the very first youth has been passed, would be chiefly to keep us within the limits of the really valuable and excellent. Not the least desirable professor in any university would be he who would tell us faithfully and wisely what famous books we had better leave on the bookshelves, what famous places we need not visit, what famous theories are cinders, ashes, dust. I am not aware, however, that the appointment of so useful a person falls within even the very extensive powers which are to be acquired by the University Commissioners under the Act of this year. We must be content to make many mistakes; but if there once arises amongst men and women of the world a real demand for the help necessary to such an educational course for their children as I have sketched, there will be found persons to supply the want.

And is it possible that such a demand should not arise? Into what company of people who know the world does one enter without hearing lamentations over the miserable results of our present schools? their wonderful powers of boobyising the inferior, their scant success in making much of the superior boy?

Another set of critics will take exception to my proposals upon quite different grounds. They will ask that many more and severer studies should be made a part of general education, and they will point with admiration to Mr. Mill's address at St. Andrews. I decline the contest with a giant. I have no doubt that the methods proposed by him are excellent for the purpose of making men of science and great thinkers. My object, however, is far more humble. I am writing in the interest of those who wish to learn from the seminal minds of the age, not to rival them. I am thinking not of the education suitable for a hundred or two of picked intelligences, but for many thousand very good sort of young men with fair brains and fair powers of application, but by no means Admirable Crichtons. I appeal for support not to the great philosophers and educationists of the day, but to cultivated men and

women, persons of ordinary common sense, who know something of the world of affairs, something of the world of books, and something of society. I ask them whether the kind of youth I propose to turn out at one or two and twenty would not have had a pleasanter boyhood than the successful products of the existing system—would not be more likely to be useful to his fellow-creatures, and to develop his own faculties to the utmost?

Many of us who were not, alas! so old then as we are now, fondly imagined, when the Palmerston Government appointed the Commission to inquire into the nine great schools in 1861, that when we ourselves had children fit to go to those schools, they would be able to obtain a really good education there. Now, however, in 1877, although doubtless many improvements have been made, it would be mere flattery to say that anything which deserves to be called a good education for the ordinary purposes of a man of the world is to be obtained at any one of them. The schools throw the blame on the universities, and the universities on the schools; I throw the blame on no one—I merely register an unpleasant state of facts. I do not even say that a good education may not be obtained at our great schools *for some purposes or other.* I only venture to affirm that, for any purposes with which I am acquainted, the education is a very miserable one; and that I see its bad effects in the world of English politics at every turn. Let those who are satisfied with it by all means retain their happy contentment; but many people whom I meet are not satisfied, and perhaps some of the foregoing remarks may be of aid or comfort to a few of them.

Train the Admirable Crichtons as you please, they cannot be spoiled irretrievably. Sooner or later they will fight their way to the front; but the sensible cleverish boys who might have made valuable men are turned into Barbarians or Philistines by the dozen, and that at a cost to their parents, between seven and twenty-one, of from two thousand five hundred to four thousand pounds.

M. E. GRANT DUFF.

SEA OR MOUNTAIN?

"Peu de maladies guérissent dans les circonstances et les lieux où elles naïssent et qui les ont faites. Elles tiennent à certaines habitudes que ces lieux perpétuent et rendent invincibles. Nulle réforme (physique ou morale) pour qui reste obstinément dans son péché originel."—MICHELET.

THE present is not an unfitting season to call attention to the results of recent investigations as to the relative influence and value of sea and mountain climates as remedial and invigorating agencies. The restorative properties of sea air have long been fully appreciated, although regular and periodical migration to the seashore is a custom of modern origin. The popularity of mountain health-resorts is, however, of quite recent date, and much has still to be learnt from careful observation and experiment as to the exact nature of the influences at work in them, and the precise limits of their application.

This is not a question of narrow professional import, but it is one of those practical physiological studies upon which educated persons may desire, and may be expected, to form just and correct ideas. It is, I believe, a somewhat prevalent notion that sea and mountain air are widely different in their mode of action; that they are, as it were, the extremes of climatic influences. This, however, is not the case. There is much that is common to both of them in their action on the human organism.

The results, indeed, of precise experimental observations on this subject are perhaps a little at variance with what we might, at first sight, have been led to anticipate. An attempt to determine experimentally the difference in the action of sea and mountain air was made by Professor Beneke, of Marburg, in 1872.[1] He had already established, by observation and experiment, that exposure to the air of the North Sea (his observations were made in the Isle of Nordernoy) produced an appreciable acceleration of the nutritive changes in the nitrogen-containing tissues of the human body. In more simple language, it helped us to "throw off the old man," to get rid of our old material, and to put new stuff in its place. By what precise means it led to so desirable a result he had not been able to satisfy himself. Was it the abundance of ozone in the air? Was it due to the influence of the strong reflection of light from the sea? Or was it simply a stimulating psychical effect? The phenomena observed were not sufficiently accounted for by either or all of these suggested influences. It occurred to him that he might

(1) "Deutsches Archiv für Klinische Medicin." March, 1874.

establish some basis for a satisfactory explanation of these results, if he could ascertain the relative proportion in which bodily heat was lost, in a given time, in sea air and in inland air. Experiments on the human organism itself were of little avail for exact observations, since they must inevitably be complicated by the heat-regulating processes within it. He therefore constructed the following simple apparatus, by which the loss of heat from a heated body, under various external conditions, could be observed:—

A thermometer was suspended in a glass flask, into which water at a temperature of 50 degrees Centigrade was introduced, and then it was ascertained how long, under various external conditions, it took for the water to cool from 45 to 35 degrees. The influence of clothing in interfering with the loss of heat was also tested by enveloping the flask, first with shirting, then with linen and flannel, and finally with shirting and a double layer of flannel. The observations with this apparatus were made, first in a closed room in the Island of Norderney, then outside the house in the midst of the village, and then on the shore of the island; and these were compared with like observations in a closed room in Marburg, and on a terrace in the professor's garden there. All these observations gave the same result, viz. that in equal or even higher temperatures of the air, the flowing-off of heat occurred much more rapidly on the seashore than inland; a circumstance which Professor Beneke refers, first, to the high degree of saturation of sea air by moisture, and secondly, to the intensity of the currents of air on the seashore. And he infers that the beneficial influence of the North Sea air on the human organism is due, in great part, to the increased loss of heat it occasions from the surface of the body. In answer to the objection that the same effect would be produced by a cold bath or by exposure to air of a low temperature anywhere, he rightly replies that the peculiar effect of the sea air is, that it withdraws heat in a more gradual and continuous manner, that its currents greatly stimulate the surface, and thus a steady restoration of the heat lost is produced without causing any great tax on the reactionary forces of the body, so that weakly persons may be exposed with perfect safety, for hours together, to this cooling, and, at the same time, reconstituting process.

The next point the Professor desired to ascertain was, how the loss of heat from the apparatus describ d above would be affected by exposure to mountain air at different altitudes, and accordingly he made a series of observations at the following places:—On the Schienige Platte, near Interlaken, 5,800 feet above the sea, the temperature of the air ranging from 9·5 to 13 degrees Réaumur; it took 91·5 minutes to produce the same loss of temperature which was brought about in 53 minutes, temperature of air 13 degrees

Réaumur (in 35 minutes during a storm), on the seashore of Norderney; on the Wengern Scheideck, 6,370 feet above the sea, the temperature of the air ranging from 5 to 7 degrees Réaumur, the same amount of cooling took 68·5 minutes; on the Great Scheideck, 6,036 feet, the temperature of the air ranging from 5 to 8 degrees Réaumur, 90 minutes. The next three points of observation were lower. They are well-known health resorts. On the terrace of the hotel at Bürgenstock, on the Lake of Lucerne, 2,900 feet above the sea, temperature of the air 7·5 to 8·5 degrees Réaumur, the same loss of heat was produced in 73 minutes. At Engleberg, 3,109 feet, temperature of air 10 to 10·5 Réaumur, it took 69·25 minutes. At Seelisberg, 2,336 feet, temperature of the air 11·5 to 12·5 Réaumur, 94·5 minutes. The last observation was made on the Rigi Staffel, 5,048 feet, temrature of the air 70 degrees Réaumur—*a violent storm*, he says, was raging, such as one only expects to find on the sea-coast—and the same amount of cooling took 64 minutes.

Professor Beneke thus establishes the fact that heat is lost from the self-same apparatus more slowly on the tops of mountains than on the shore of the North Sea; and this notwithstanding that on the tops of the mountains the temperature of the air was almost constantly lower, a circumstance which would have led us to expect a more rapid loss. He tells us also that his observations were made at times when there was a considerable amount of moisture in the air, so that the slower loss of heat could not be referred to the dryness of the air, nor to the lesser intensity of the currents, for a violent storm was blowing during the observations on the Rigi Staffel. It remains to be determined whether it is due to the rarefaction of the air; whether rarefied air is a much worse conductor of heat than air on the seashore.

These observations appear to justify the following inference. Since the activity of tissue-changes will correspond with the loss of heat, the greater the loss of heat the greater will be the activity of change of tissue, *i.e.* the greater the stimulus to nutritive changes. Hence in mountain air these nutritive changes are comparatively much less active than on the shore of the North Sea. And Professor Beneke's practical conclusions are that individuals in whom the processes of tissue-change do not require hastening are, *cæteris paribus*, better off on mountain heights than on the sea-coast. Highly irritable, nervous organizations, people who, as we say, take too much out of themselves, profit more by mountain than by sea air. For those, on the contrary, who have no tendency to nervous irritability, and who are in a condition to bear the increased stimulus to tissue-change, sea-air is a more powerful restorative agent. Hence the greater proportion of scrofulous persons and those exhausted by

overwork, who retain some activity of the digestive organs, should prefer the seaside.

But although these general conclusions of Professor Beneke's are probably in the main correct, there are many other considerations to be attended to in determining the relative value, in individual instances, of sea and mountain air. I have, however, thought it advisable to call attention, at some length, to these really valuable observations and suggestions of Beneke, as they are almost the only experimental researches that have been hitherto published on this interesting and important practical question.

I shall now proceed, in the first place, to consider in detail what are those properties of sea air to which it owes its special influence on the human organism. The presence of ozone in sea air in greater proportion than in the air of inland plains is well established. This is a property which it shares with mountain air. Its greater abundance on the sea-coast depends, in all probability, on the influence of sunlight, which is one of the most important sources of ozone. Vegetation is also a source of ozone, and it is therefore found in excess in forest air; where, therefore, we find pine-forests on the sea-coast, as at Arcachon and Bournemouth, we may look for an unusual excess of this hygienic agent. Experience has thoroughly established the fact that where the amount of ozone in the air is constantly high, there we almost invariably find a high degree of salubrity. It purifies the air by destroying injurious gases, and especially by determining the oxidation of decomposing organic substances. It promotes nutrition and blood-formation by supplying to the respiratory organs a most active form of oxygen. The excess of ozone in sea air is, therefore, one of its most important properties, as it is also one of the most important properties of mountain air.

Another hygienic property which sea air shares with mountain air is the absence in it of organic dust. This applies with especial force to the air of the open sea, or on small islands, or to points of land standing well out into the sea. If people build a large town on the sea-coast, which becomes densely populated, organic impurities will tend to accumulate over the thickly inhabited area; and when the wind blows off the land such impurities may be wafted to a little distance off the coast. But as the sea presents an ever-moving fluid surface, no impurities in the shape of organic dust can rest upon it, so as to be again blown about, in mischievous activity, with every fresh breeze.

Equableness of temperature is another characteristic of sea air, and one to which it owes much of its beneficial influence in many cases. In this respect it is contrasted with the air of elevated regions in which the diurnal variations of temperature are often very considerable. The temperature of the sea-coast is warmer in winter and cooler in

summer than that of inland districts. This admits of easy explanation. In the first place the rapid cooling of the surface of the land by radiation into space, after the sun has gone down, is checked by the amount of moisture in the air. The aqueous vapour which is abundant in sea air absorbs the heat given off from the soil during nocturnal radiation, and acts as a kind of screen to retard the loss of heat in this way. Hence great variations between the day and night temperatures are very rarely observed at the seaside.

"Whenever the air is dry," says Professor Tyndall, "we are liable to daily extremes of temperature. By day, in such places, the sun's heat reaches the earth unimpeded, and renders the maximum high; by night, on the other hand, the earth's heat escapes unhindered into space, and renders the miminum low. Hence the difference between the maximum and miminum is greatest where the air is driest. In the plains of India, on the heights of the Himalaya, in Central Asia, in Australia, wherever drought reigns, we have the heat of day forcibly contrasted with the chill of night. In the Sahara itself, when the sun's rays cease to impinge on the burning soil, the temperature runs rapidly down to freezing, because there is no vapour overhead to check the calorific drain." It is a matter of common observation that, in the interior of continents, where the rainfall is small, the heat of summer and the cold of winter are greater than at or near the coast.

During the heat of the day the air over the sea is always cooler than that over the land; for the surface of the land gets rapidly heated and communicates its heat to the superjacent strata of air; but "when the sun's rays fall on water they are not, as in the case of land, arrested at the surface, but penetrate to a considerable depth," so that water is heated much more slowly by the sun's rays, as well as cooled more slowly by nocturnal radiation, than the land. Moreover, the evaporation which is always going on at the surface of the sea, and going on rapidly where the sun's rays are powerful, carries away some of the heat of the surface-water, and helps to keep the air in contact with it cool.

Much of that feeling of agreeable *freshness* in the air at the seaside during hot weather is due to currents of air produced by this inequality in the heating and cooling of the atmosphere on the land and over the sea. As the day advances and the land becomes heated by the sun's rays, it heats the air on its surface, which thus becomes lighter and ascends, while the cooler and heavier air lying on the sea flows in to take its place, and so a refreshing sea-breeze is generated. During the night the land is rapidly cooled, especially if the night be clear, by radiation into stellar space, and the air lying on it is cooled also, and thus becomes heavier than the warmer air over the sea, and so it happens that in the morning and early

part of the day a gentle breeze is found blowing off the land towards the sea.

But the influence of the sea in equalising the temperature of the air is exercised in another very interesting manner. "Over the surface of the ground slanting to the seashore the cold currents generated by radiation flow down to the sea, and the surface-water being thereby cooled sinks to lower depths. In the same way, no inconsiderable portion of the cold produced by radiation in all latitudes over the surface of the ocean and land adjoining, is conveyed from the surface to greater depths."

On account of this equableness of temperature, oceanic climates —the most equable of all climates—are said to afford almost absolute immunity from colds. It is only on board ship that such a climate in its perfection can be found. A very near approach to it, however, may be obtained on such very small islands as, for instance, the Isle of Monach, about seven miles to the west of the Hebrides, and fully exposed to the prevailing westerly winds of the Atlantic. The mean January temperature of this island, which is nearly in the latitude of Inverness, is 43·4 degrees Fahrenheit, or 1·8 degree higher than the mean of January at Ventnor. On the other hand, the mean temperature of July is at Monach 55·0 degrees, and at Ventnor 62·6 degrees, so that in January Monach is 1·8 degree warmer than Ventnor, in summer it is 7·6 degrees cooler.[1]

But these two characteristics of sea air—an equable temperature and a high degree of saturation with moisture—are soothing rather than bracing properties, and if it were not for the currents of air induced on the surface of the sea they might be found actually relaxing, and this is no doubt the case in warm and cloudy weather on our own south-western coasts. In these respects, therefore, sea air offers a great contrast to mountain air.

The same is the case in the next property of sea air I propose to consider, viz. its density. The absolute density of sea air is of course greater than that of the air at any higher level, and it must therefore contain bulk for bulk more oxygen, and it follows that in breathing sea air we take more oxygen into the lungs in a given time than in the air we breathe at places above the level of the sea; that is, supposing in both cases we breathe with equal frequency and equal amplitude. But it does not necessarily follow because an absolutely larger quantity of oxygen exists in a greater volume of sea air than in the same volume of mountain air, that more oxygen, on that account, is taken into the blood at the seaside than on higher ground. In the first place, the oxygen may be, for aught we know, in a more active form in mountain than in sea air; its chemical energy may be greater, and therefore the nutritive changes depend-

(1) See article "Climate," in the recently published volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

ent on respiration may be accelerated, though the air be thinner and poorer in its absolute quantity of oxygen; or, in the second place, the respiratory act may be so much increased in frequency on the mountains, that although less oxygen is taken into the lungs at each breath, yet much more may be received into the organism in a given time. Moreover, if we compare the density of sea air with the density of the air inland, at places situated only a few feet above the sea level, as, for instance, the greater part of London, the difference would be so insignificant as really to merit very little consideration.

But disregarding, for the present, the absolute density of sea air, a more important point to be attended to is the great and frequent variations of barometric pressure met with on the sea and on sea-coasts. Now it has been shown by careful experiment that all rapid variations in atmospheric pressure increase the activity of the circulating and respirating organs, and that the perfection of organic life depends on these alternations of excitement and repose. We are justified, then, in assuming that rapid changes in the barometric pressure are more favourable to vital functional activity than its relative stability.

It has also been shown that the barometric variations at the sea-side, besides being greater in amount than inland, occur with far more regularity, a circumstance which is regarded as tending to promote the accommodation of the organism to its new conditions.

These, then, are the most important properties of sea air: 1, excess of ozone; 2, excess of aqueous vapour and equability of temperature; 3, great purity and absence of organic particles; 4, maximum density and great but regular variations of barometric pressure. Of minor importance are the presence of saline particles suspended in the air which, of course, vary greatly in amount, according as the sea is calm or agitated, and probably exercise a mildly stimulating effect on the respiratory mucous membrane. The small amount of iodine and bromine diffused in sea air may not be without a real influence on some organisms.

Leaving, for the present, any further investigations into the effects of sea air and its usual concomitant sea-bathing, I propose in the next place to examine, also in detail, the characteristic properties of mountain air. And here, at the very outset of our inquiry, we come upon a very remarkable contrast. There was no need to define what we meant by sea air, although its effects, as I shall have to point out hereafter, may be greatly modified by circumstances of locality. But are we always sure what we mean when we use the term mountain air? In Scotland and Wales we speak of mountain air at a few hundred feet above the sea, considerably below the level of the towns of Lucerne or Geneva. In Germany we hear of mountain air at 1,200 and 1,500 feet above the sea; and in the Engadine at 6,000 feet, in Mexico at 12,000! Now if we think

only of one quality of mountain air, viz. its rarefaction, it is quite clear that we must be using the same term to express very different things. But if we are thinking only of the *general* bracing effects of mountain air we may find these, no doubt, at very various elevations, and we may even find them in great perfection at comparatively low levels. An open plateau in a temperate climate at an elevation of 2,000 or 3,000 feet above the sea will certainly possess a more bracing air than a close valley in a hot climate at twice that height. But what shall we say when a Scotch medical man tells us that "the air of Strathpeffer and of the Engadine are much the same!" They may indeed be as "much the same" as air at 200 feet and air at 6,000 feet above the sea level can be.

If we confine our attention to the continent of Europe we may take the Upper Engadine (about 6,000 feet) as the extreme limit of a permanently inhabited, and perhaps habitable, mountain district. (The village of Cresta in the Averstlial, 6,295 feet above the sea, is reckoned the *highest* in Europe.) A recent contributor to this Review has advocated the salubrity of a residence at a considerably higher level, viz. on the Bernina Pass, at 7,658 feet above the sea. But for all practical purposes of comparison we may take an elevation of 6,000 feet as the limit in one direction of a habitable European mountain climate, and in the other direction such elevations as Heiden, above the Lake of Constance, 2,660 feet; Glion, above Montreux, 2,900 feet; and Seelisberg, 2,400 feet, on the Lake of Lucerne. Places at a lower elevation than these, although they may have many advantages as health resorts, can scarcely be admitted into the category of mountain climates. Of localities such as these, then, ranging between 2,000 and 6,000 feet above the sea level, we have, within tolerably easy access, a great number to choose from; while there are a few, for exceptional needs and for short periods of residence, between 6,000 and 8,000 feet.

There seems good reason to believe, as I shall hope to show presently, that at higher elevations than these the air reaches a degree of rarefaction which is inconsistent with the maintenance of vigorous health. So that those who have sought health and vigour at such elevations as the Bernina should be content with the motto *In excelsis* rather than *Excelsior!*

Diminution of atmospheric pressure is, then, one of the chief properties of mountain air, and the relative proportions of this diminution must necessarily, *cæteris paribus*, have much to do in determining the hygienic character of any particular mountain station and its suitability to different individuals. It has been calculated that at an elevation of 2,500 feet we lose about one-eighth of the atmospheric pressure, at 5,000 a sixth, at 7,500 feet a fourth, d at 16,000 a half.

Britan.

Another important property of mountain air is its lower temperature. It is a very well known fact that the temperature of the air diminishes in proportion to the altitude. From observations made in the Alps of Switzerland the medium loss of temperature was 1 degree C. (= 1·8 degree F.) for every 520 feet of elevation during summer, and for every 910 feet during winter. Whence it follows that the tops of mountains are relatively much warmer in winter than in summer. It has, however, been pointed out that there are "extraordinary modifications amounting frequently to subversions of the law of the decrease of temperature with the height," owing to the circumstance that "the effects of radiation will be felt in different degrees and intensities in different places. As the air in contact with declivities of hills and rising grounds becomes cooled by contact with the cooled surface, it acquires greater density, and consequently flows down the slopes and accumulates on the low-lying ground at their base. It follows, therefore, that places on rising ground are never exposed to the full intensity of frosts at night; and the higher they are situated relatively to the immediately surrounding district the less they are exposed, since their relative elevation provides a ready escape downwards for the cold air almost as speedily as it is produced." Hence a southern slope at a considerably greater elevation may have a higher night temperature than a neighbouring plateau. "On the other hand, valleys surrounded by hills and high grounds not only retain their own cold of radiation, but also serve as reservoirs for the cold heavy air which pours down upon them from the neighbouring heights." And at the numerous meteorological stations in Switzerland it is observed that "in calm weather in winter, when the ground becomes colder than the air above it, that systems of descending currents of air set in over the whole face of the country. The direction and force of these descending currents follow the irregularities of the surface, and, like currents of water, they tend to converge and unite in the valleys and gorges, down which they flow like rivers in their beds. Since the place of these air-currents must be taken by others, it follows that on such occasions the temperature of the tops of mountains and high grounds is relatively high, because the counter-currents come from a greater height, and are therefore warmer." So the "gradual narrowing of a valley tends to a more rapid lowering of the temperature, for the obvious reason that the valley thereby resembles a basin almost closed, being thus a receptacle for the cold air-currents which descend from all sides. The bitterly cold furious gusts of wind which are often encountered in mountainous regions during night are simply this out-rush of cold air from such basins."[1]

Considerations such as these are of the greatest importance in

(1) Article "Climate," Encyclopædia Britannica. New edition.

determining the hygienic character of any particular mountain health resort.

The question of the humidity or dryness of mountain air is one not easy to resolve. The air on the summits of high mountains is no doubt drier than the air at lower levels. But at intermediate levels, considerations other than those of altitude alone determine the relative humidity or dryness of the atmosphere; so that each mountain station must, to a great extent, be judged of by itself with regard to this very important point. Perhaps, as a general rule, one may say that the higher the locality the less rain falls; but, on the other hand, we have to face the startling fact that twice as much rain and snow falls at the St. Bernard and St. Gothard stations as at Geneva! Much will, however, necessarily depend on the configuration of the ground, as well as its aspect. A mountain ridge facing the direction from which moist winds habitually blow will condense their moisture and precipitate it in the form of rain or snow on its sides, or on the valleys or plains at its base; while more remote summits of the same mountain chain and the higher mountain valleys at their bases may be thus protected and screened from heavy and prolonged rain-falls.

Thus the moist Atlantic winds blowing against the western ranges of Scotland and Cumberland determine the great rain-fall in these regions; and the town of Santa Fé de Bogota in the Andes, at an elevation of 8,600 feet, is visited with almost incessant rain, owing to its situation at the foot of a mountain on the sides of which the warm trade-winds of the South Pacific Ocean become cooled, and condense their moisture.

"Ces phénomènes de pluie et d'humidité excessive," says M. Jourdanet, "observés en différents points élevés, ne détruisent nullement la réalité habituelle de sécheresse des altitudes. Ils sont la conséquence exceptionnelle de conditions topographiques desquelles resultent, sur une localité, l'arrêt tourbillonnant et l'ascension sur les flancs des montagnes de vents chauds et humides qui condensent leurs vapeurs en pluie par le refroidissement."

The presence or absence of vegetation will also exercise a determining influence as to the relative humidity of the atmosphere. We must, therefore, bear in mind that certain topographical conditions will frequently induce, in stations of considerable altitude, a moister atmosphere than is found in the neighbouring plains. But if we consider the effect of altitude alone, it is easy to understand how the air of elevated regions must be, *cæteris paribus*, dryer than that of lower situations.

In the first place the lower the atmospheric pressure the more rapid is the process of evaporation, and hence the boiling-point of water is 28·3 degrees Fahrenheit less on the top of Mont Blanc than at the sea level.

Secondly, the energy of the sun's rays, and therefore their drying effect on the atmosphere, is greater the less the thickness and density of the layers of air they have to traverse. The slope of the soil, the absence of vegetation at great heights, and the greater intensity of the aerial currents all tend to promote dryness of the atmosphere.

Lombard[1] appears to think that we may distinguish two zones in mountain climates, an upper or dry zone and a medium or humid zone; their limits varying greatly according to latitude, aspect, and configuration of the soil. For European climates he considers the dry zone to extend from about 3,500 to 4,500 feet upwards; and the humid zone, where the air is moister than it is in higher or lower regions, to extend from an inferior limit of from 1,600 to 2,000 feet up to 3,500 or even 4,500 feet. For my own part I fail to see the value of a distinction which has such ill-defined limits.

Mountain air differs then from sea air in three main particulars —(1) in its diminished density, (2) in its lower temperature, (3) in containing less humidity. The temperature is not only lower than that of sea air, it is also less equable. Owing to the clearness of the air, the absence of moisture, and the energy of the sun's rays, very great differences between the day and night temperature are constantly found at great elevations. There is but little aqueous vapour in the air to prevent nocturnal radiation into stellar space from the surface of the soil, greatly heated during the day by the solar rays; thus there is usually a rapid fall of temperatures when the sun goes down. In summer a difference of 40 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit between the day and night temperatures will sometimes be registered. There is often, also, a very great difference between the sun and shade temperatures during the day.

Mountain air resembles sea air in containing an excess of ozone, in its freedom from organic and other impurities, in being cooler than the air of inland districts, and in the fact that its monthly and annual variations of temperature are less than on inland plains.

The study of mountain climates has hitherto taken the form, chiefly, of an investigation into the physiological effects of diminished atmospheric pressure on the human organism. Since different individuals are very variously endowed with the power of accommodating themselves to altered external conditions, it is not to be wondered at that some discrepancies are to be found in the statements of different observers as to the effects upon themselves and others of alterations of atmospheric pressure. Even different animals seem to possess very different degrees of sensitiveness in this respect. The cat appears to be the most sensitive of animals in this particular; it cannot exist at an elevation above 12,000 or 13,000 feet. Attempts to acclimatise it at Potosi, a town in Bolivia, about 13,000 feet above the sea, have failed.

(1) "Les Climat de Montagnes."

At this elevation it is said to be attacked by very remarkable tetanic fits, commencing, at first, as slight irregularities of muscular movement, as in St. Vitus's dance, and gradually becoming stronger and stronger, inducing the poor animals to make violent leaps as if they wished to climb up the rocks or the walls of the houses; after violent efforts of this kind they fall exhausted with fatigue and expire in a convulsive seizure. In the town of Mexico, about 7,300 feet above the sea, efforts to introduce the cat, M. Jourdanet tells us, have been more successful. He mentions the attempt of a French lady, who imported a couple of white Angoras. He says: "They rapidly lost their habitual gaiety. They bred, however, but their young family was reared with difficulty, many of them dying in their earliest infancy (drowned, so to say, in rarefied air!). Those who survived had a dejected appearance, not the gay and lively aspect natural to kittens. Most astonishing thing of all, they were all of them deaf." The long-suffering dog, however, abounds in Mexico, and before the conquest the natives used to eat them.[1]

Jourdanet maintains that persons who are not accustomed to a rarefied atmosphere begin to suffer inconvenience when they attain an elevation of between 6,000 and 7,000 feet. Most of those who have reported their experiences of mountain ascents in Europe (I am not, of course, alluding to mountaineers *in training*) have not experienced any noticeable inconvenience until they reached nearly 10,000 feet. Soldiers going to Himalayan stations at 7,500 feet complain at first of shortness of breath, and have a quicker and more feeble pulse; but these effects are temporary. Of the serious effects of exposure to the highly rarefied air of very considerable elevations we have most valuable evidence in the records of the balloon ascents of Mr. Glaisher. Acceleration of the pulse was one of the first effects noted. At 16,000 feet it had risen from 76 to 100. Between 18,000 and 19,000 feet both Mr. Glaisher and his companion suffered from violent palpitations with difficulty of breathing; then their lips and hands became of a deep blue colour. As they continued to ascend their respiration became more laborious. On another occasion, at 27,000 feet, Mr. Glaisher became unconscious. It came on with indistinctness of vision, inability to move arms or legs, though he could move his neck; then he lost his sight completely, though he could still hear his companion speak, but he could not answer him. Then he became wholly unconscious. He also describes a feeling of nausea, like sea-sickness, coming on at great elevations.

The following are the various symptoms that have been recorded by many different observers as occuring during the ascent of lofty

(1) There appears to be no getting out of reach of that enterprising little animal, the flea. Lift up a stone on a glacier, he is there! and we are assured that on the passes of the Himalayas, at an elevation of 18,000 to 19,000 feet, he is there also!

peaks or on elevated plains. Great loss of muscular power, palpitations, quick and laborious respiration, bleeding from the nose or gums, drowsiness, severe headache, nausea and vomiting, great thirst, mental depression, enfeebled senses, and impaired memory. The superficial veins become distended, the face pale and bluish. These symptoms were aggravated by exertion and mitigated by rest. Another significant symptom, reported on good authority both in mountain and balloon ascents, is *increasing coldness of the body* beyond what would be accounted for by the lower temperature of these elevations.

It seems certain, then, both from the evidence of such actual observations as I have referred to, and from the experimental investigations of M. Bert in the laboratory of the College de France, that when the rarefaction of the air reaches a certain degree the due oxygenation of the blood is interfered with, and we get symptoms developed which point to oxygen-starvation, and to obstruction in the circulation through the lungs. In M. Bert's experiments it appeared that slight degrees of diminution of atmospheric pressure did not lessen the affinity of the aerial oxygen for the blood corpuscles; but when that diminution approached or reached one quarter of the whole atmospheric pressure, perceptible disturbances ensued.

M. Jourdanet,[1] who gives a full account of M. Bert's experiments, concludes that the oxygenation of the blood is not injuriously effected by residence at an elevation below 6,500 feet. Above this elevation, he believes, the respiratory functions become disturbed and the due oxygenation of the blood is interfered with. He proposes to restrict the term "mountain climates" to places not exceeding 6,500 feet in altitude, and to higher regions he gives the title of "climats d'altitude." Moreover, he maintains that those who live all their life-time at great elevations, as, for example, the natives of the various towns on the high plateaus of Mexico, Bolivia, and Peru, are by no means striking examples of health and vigour. They are, according to his experience, especially prone to suffer from anæmia and the disturbances of health associated therewith—pallor, breathlessness, palpitation, vertigos, dyspepsias, and neuralgias! Lombard also tells us that the monks of St. Bernard, after several years' residence there, present various signs of anæmia, and these are occasionally so grave as to necessitate a removal to the plains.

Not less important than its rarefaction is the dryness of mountain

(1) I refer to his elaborate treatise published in 1875, with the title "Influence de la Pression de l'Air sur la vie de l'Homme," a work in two large and profusely illustrated volumes, which would have been much more valuable than it is had it been less diffuse. Much that Dr. Jourdanet writes is from personal observation, as he resided for many years in the mountainous regions of Mexico, but what can he know personally of the "Séparation des hommes au pied de la Tour de Babel," of which he presents us with an engraving, "d'après les indications de l'auteur"?

air. Dryness of the air has an important influence on the activity of the bodily functions. These "are facilitated," says Mr. Herbert Spencer, in some interesting remarks on this head, "by atmospheric conditions which make evaporation from the skin and lungs tolerably rapid." . . . . "If the air is hot and moist the escape of water through the skin and lungs is greatly hindered; while it is greatly facilitated if the air is hot and dry. Needful as are cutaneous and pulmonary evaporations for maintaining the movement of fluids through the tissues, and thus furthering molecular changes, it is to be inferred that, other circumstances being alike, there will be more bodily activity in the people of hot and dry localities than in the people of hot and humid localities." . . . . "The evidence justifies this inference. The earliest recorded civilisation grew up in a hot and dry region—Egypt; and in hot and dry regions also arose the Babylonian, Assyrian, and Phœnician civilisation." He further points out that from the "rainless district extending across North Africa, Arabia, Persia, and on through Thibet into Mongolia, have come all the conquering races of the old world." . . . . "These races, widely unlike in type, and speaking languages deemed as fundamentally distinct, from different parts of the rainless district have spread as invaders over regions relatively humid. Original superiority of type was not the common trait of these races; the Tartar type is inferior as well as the Egyptian. But the common trait, as proved by the subjugation of other races, was energy. And when we see that this common trait in races otherwise unlike had for its concomitant their long-continued subjection to these special climatic conditions—when we find, further, that from the region characterised by these conditions the earliest waves of conquering emigrants, losing in moister countries their ancestral energy, were overrun by later waves of the same races, or of other races coming from this region—we get strong reason for inferring a relation between constitutional vigour and the presence of an air which by its warmth and dryness facilitates the vital actions."

But mountain air is not only drier than sea air and the air of inland plains; it is also colder. Now this lowering of temperature tends, to a certain degree, to compensate for the deficiency of oxygen dependent on its rarefaction. For instance, in a given volume of air at 1,400 feet above the sea, at a temperature of 32 degrees Fahrenheit, there is as much oxygen as in the same volume of air at the sea level at 60 degrees Fahrenheit. So that such virtues as are lessened in mountain air by its rarefaction are, in part, restored by its coldness. And this leads me to speak of what I have always believed to be an important modification of mountain air. I mean the air in mountain districts that is found on the surface of vast glaciers. The contact of an enormous refrigerating mass, such as an

extensive glacier is, with the lower strata of the air over it, has, I take it, two necessary effects upon that air. First, it makes it drier than the air over the adjacent country, because it must tend to condense whatever aqueous vapour there is in the air on to its surface where it remains frozen. Secondly, it must exercise a certain amount of condensing effect on the air itself—on those strata in immediate contact, or very close to it—so that we breathe thicker, denser, richer air on a glacier than we do on the land near it, at the same elevation. Thus the air over a glacier may be compared to a can of milk turned upside down—in which the cream accumulates at the bottom instead of at the top. Whoever has walked much on glaciers, in elevated districts, must have noticed that they breathe with increased freedom, and with less effort as soon as they get well on to the glacier. Some have thought this simply a moral effect; but I think I have observed it again and again when it was impossible to associate it with anything other than a purely physical influence. I have, therefore, great confidence in the restorative and tonic effect of glacier air for persons who retain a fair amount of muscular strength and activity; and I consider the adjacency of a great glacier, of tolerably easy access, a great recommendation to a mountain health resort. This is one of the advantages which belongs to Pontresina, in the Upper Engadine. The great Morteratsch glacier is within about an hour's walk of the village; and after the little climb that is necessary in order to get on it, there is a vast field of glacier easily traversed in all directions, extending for miles, and rising very gently along the whole distance until the broken part of this immense ice-stream is reached.

Having thus considered in detail the properties of sea and mountain air, having noted in what particulars they agree and in what important points they differ, we are now prepared to approach the consideration of the following highly practical questions: Who should go to the mountains? who should go to the sea? and who should go to neither? I should like to answer the last question first. I believe there is no greater mistake made than that very general one of sending *all convalescents* to the seaside, except the still greater one of actually embarking them on a sea voyage! It arises from the very natural desire to hasten convalescence after acute disease. I am now speaking exclusively of convalescents from acute diseases. But these unwise attempts to hasten convalescence are the very frequent cause of serious relapses. In the general debility which follows a fever or an acute inflammation all the organs share—the organs of nutrition, the secretory, the circulatory, the eliminatory organs, are all feeble and unable to do much work without exhaustion. If an attempt is made to over-stimulate them, if an

appetite is induced before digestive power has been regained, a feverish state is frequently re-excited, and the very effort that has been made to hasten recovery retards it.

Sea and mountain air are alike too stimulating and exciting for such cases. They arouse to premature activity when the organism can strengthen itself only by absolute repose. "How *poor* are they that have not patience" was never so applicable as to cases such as these. Pure, unexciting country air, in a locality where the patient can be thoroughly protected from cold winds, and where he can "bathe in the sunshine or slumber in the shade"—that is the safest and best place for the invalid to slowly, but steadily, regain health after severe acute disease. Sea or mountain air may, however, be needed later on to promote recovery from the chronic affections which occasionally follow acute ones, and then sea air is probably the more appropriate of the two.

Speaking generally, those who seek health in high mountain districts should be capable of a certain amount of muscular activity. Those who suffer from great muscular debility as well as general exhaustion, and who need absolute or almost absolute repose, are unsuited for mountain climates. Such climates are too rigorous, too changeful, too exciting and the persons to whom I now allude, when they find themselves in the cold, rarefied, exciting mountain air, feel out of place and become chilled, depressed, and dyspeptic. One also finds such persons amongst those whose desire for mental activity is somewhat in excess of their mental power, especially when this is combined with a feeble physique; or amongst those who incessantly and heedlessly work a strong though not exceptionally vigorous brain. Such persons need for a time much repose, and they will find renovation with repose *by* the sea, or, still better, in a yachting trip *on* the sea.

There are others, however, who, with vigorous frames and much actual or latent power of muscular activity, become mentally exhausted by the strain of incessant mental labour, anxious cares, or absorbing occupations. Mental irritability usually accompanies this exhaustion, great depression of spirits, with unrest of mind and body. These are the typical cases for the mountains. The stimulus and object which they afford to muscular exertion; the bracing atmosphere rousing the physical energies and re-awakening the sense of powers unimpaired and unexhausted; the soothing effect of the quiet and stillness of high mountain regions, and the absence of the human crowd;—all these influences bring rest and renovation to the over-worn mind.

It is important to remember that the same individual may, at different times and under different conditions, be differently affected by sea and mountain air. If he happens to be the victim of an

irritable and exhausted nervous system, the result of over-strain, he will, probably, be benefited by removal to the mountains; if, on the other hand, he should be slowly recovering from chronic disease, and especially from certain surgical maladies, or after surgical operation, where the processes of tissue change require hastening, without necessitating any activity in the patient himself, then he should go to the sea.

Sea air is better suited than mountain air to persons who cannot bear great and sudden changes of temperature, as is the case with most of those who suffer from grave chronic maladies, as well as with many others. If, however, it should turn out, as suggested by Professor Beneke, that rarefied air is a bad conductor of heat, we can readily understand why a high degree of cold at a great elevation should exercise a much less injurious and depressing effect on the animal organism than the same degree of cold at the level of the sea.

A certain morbid sensitiveness to cold, or rather to "taking cold," is often greatly lessened by a residence in the bracing, rarefied air of elevated localities, and the same good effects are also to be obtained by such persons from exposure to a bracing sea air, especially if accompanied by sea-bathing.

Speaking within very wide limits, mountain air is less suitable to persons advanced in years than sea air. The very stimulus to muscular exertion which mountain air produces is to persons much past middle life often a pitfall and a snare. *Qui va doucement, va loin*, is especially applicable to this period of life, and the state of feverish activity which is sometimes induced in aged persons in the mountains is not by any means for their good.[1]

We must not forget to consider that the effects of sea air vary very much with locality. The very bracing effects which Professor Beneke observed on the Isle of Norderney would not be found, for instance, in the warm moist air of our own south-western coasts. The former locality would, no doubt, be frequently visited by the cold, dry, continental east winds. The watering-places on our east coast enjoy a much more bracing and less humid atmosphere than those on our west and south-west coasts, and those on the north coasts of France and Belgium have a drier air than either. The warm, moist, and soothing but relaxing climate of Penzance and Torquay suits admirably many persons with irritable, hyper-sensitive mucous membranes, to whom the air of Cromer or Lowestoft would be unbearably exciting and irritating. To many the air of Bournemouth proves particularly soothing: the air here is, I believe, drier

(1) I met a well-known statesman in Switzerland a year or two ago, who with characteristic wisdom and discretion informed me that he was going to visit a locality where he could *look at* a mountain he had once *climbed*. There are many who with much less vigour than this gentleman possessed, when they get into the neighbourhood of mountains, are not content, as they should be, with simply contemplating them.

than in the more southern coast-towns, partly on account of the absorbent nature of the soil; moreover, it does not lack a certain bracing quality.

The undercliff in the Isle of Wight, Hastings, and St. Leonards are cheerful and sunny spots, more bracing than the resorts farther north, and not so bracing as those further east. Brighton possesses a very bracing, stimulating sea air; a much too decided sea climate for many delicate persons, whom it often renders bilious and dyspeptic. Eastbourne and Folkestone are excellent quarters, both for sea air and sea-bathing. Folkestone is especially bracing on its east and west cliffs, where, at a considerable elevation above the sea, the air is less charged with moisture, and when the wind blows off the land it comes fresh across the fine open downs behind the coast. Dover is a good and convenient bathing-station. Still further east, but maintaining something of a southern aspect, we have Ramsgate, and then, with a more decidedly eastern aspect, Margate. These two last are most valuable bracing health-resorts, the air there possessing important tonic properties. On the drier and more bracing east coast we have Lowestoft, Yarmouth, Cromer, Filey, Scarboro', Whitley, Redcar, and others.

The health-resorts on the French and Belgian coasts on the other side of the channel possess a drier and brighter air than our own coast towns, and, as they are very accessible, they offer decided attractions to those persons, and they are very numerous, who find advantage in breathing a drier air than can be obtained in Great Britain. Boulogne, Dieppe, Trouville, Fécamp, and especially Etretat, are favourite French resorts; the latter is exceedingly picturesque, and has the advantage of being a place of much more simple and quiet manners than its neighbours. On the Belgian coast, Ostend is the best known and most popular watering-place, but Blankenberghe, a fishing-village about three hours by rail from Bruges, is, for many reasons, much to be preferred. It has a finer promenade on the seashore, and the life there is much more retired and simple.

Having thus hastily attempted to characterize a few of the principal resorts where sea air and sea-bathing can be enjoyed, I must next pass briefly in review a few of the chief mountain stations on the continent; and first of all, on account of its importance, and because I am personally better acquainted with it than any other, I will speak of the Engadine. The Upper Engadine, as a mountain health-resort, must be regarded as typical and unique, so far as Europe is concerned. Its general physical and historical characters have already been ably described in this Review.[1] It is a wide valley, running for many miles at a nearly uniform level of from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea, and bounded by mountains of compara-

(1) See *Fortnightly Review* for March, 1876.

tively moderate height. By its considerable elevation and its peculiar geographical position, it is removed, in a great measure, from the regions of cloud and mist. By its peculiar geographical position I mean its remoteness from the lower-lying districts which are nearest it. From the north it is approached by a road which, starting in the Rhone Valley at an elevation of over 2,000 feet above the sea, pursues for nearly fifty miles a steady ascent, the only notable descent in the whole way being at Tiefenkasten (2,900 feet), thence for nearly thirty miles the ascent is unbroken till the northern barrier of the valley is surmounted. On the south it is separated from the Val Tellina, about thirty miles distant, by a vast mountain range covered with ice and snow, and reaching an elevation of nearly 14,000 feet, and which protects it, to a great extent, from the mists rising from the southern plains of Italy. Towards the east it stretches for thirty miles without descending 1,000 feet, and then it is again separated from any lower level by a high mountain range, which forms a striking and grand eastern boundary to the Upper Engadine. Its only vulnerable point, speaking climatologically, is towards the west, or rather south-west, where it descends somewhat suddenly into the Val Bregaglia; this descent continues steadily towards the south-west, till it reaches the Lake of Como. It is from this quarter that nearly all the clouds and rain come that visit the Engadine. It is to this remoteness from the lower levels that the Engadine owes its peculiar and characteristic mountain climate; and it is on this account that persons fail to find the same bracing effects at the same, or nearly the same, elevations elsewhere.

It is not difficult to characterize the different villages in the Upper Engadine where visitors may dwell. Samaden has obtained a vogue, and is popular in spite of its extremely uninteresting position. It is situated just at the spot where the Upper Engadine begins to be almost ugly. But a good hotel, and an obliging and clever landlord, has no doubt contributed much towards creating and maintaining its popularity. Then it has a certain prestige as the capital of the valley. It serves, too, as a kind of reservoir for the reception of the stream of visitors who are waiting for accommodation at Pontresina or St. Moritz, being about equidistant from both. Then, for some, it probably has attractions of a theological kind, for a sturdy hand has raised here, in a conspicuous manner, the standard of the Evangelical party.

Pontresina is the most popular of the Engadine villages. Its situation is exceedingly picturesque, and it possesses several very excellent hotels. It is, moreover, the most convenient station for exploring the high mountains, the valleys, and the glaciers of this portion of the Upper Engadine. It is close to the foot of Piz

Languard, the Rigi of the Engadine, and it is about an hour nearer the glaciers of the Morteratsch and the Rosegg than either St. Moritz or Samaden. It is out of the way of the patients and the doctors of St. Moritz, but it is in the way of the raw, blistered, be-spectacled faces and be-roped bodies of alpine club-men of all nations. It has been said to have a milder climate than St. Moritz, but from frequent personal observations I am led to doubt whether this is the case. I believe it is both hotter and colder than St. Moritz. From its situation in a wide open space at the junction of two lateral valleys with the main one, it is much exposed to the direct rays of the sun for many hours during the day; and around and near the village I have at times found the sun-heat greater and more unbearable than in almost any other locality I am acquainted with. But for the same reasons it is to be expected that the nocturnal cold would be greater than at St. Moritz, and it is so situated as to receive directly the cold gusts of air blowing down the Rosegg valley. I have certainly experienced colder winds at Pontresina than at St. Moritz.

St. Moritz is the head-quarters of the "cure," and has much to recommend it, especially for the water-drinkers. It is overrun with hotels and pensions. It has three churches, a *kurhaus*, and a chemist's shop. I have elsewhere entered fully into its special characters as a health-resort.[1] A convenient abode for those who would be at St. Moritz, but not of St. Moritz, is the village of Campfer, about a mile from the baths, and in an exceedingly picturesque part of the upper valley of the Inn. Both the upper road which connects it with the village of St. Moritz, and the lower road along the banks of the Inn (especially a path through the woods on the right bank of the river) command exceedingly pretty views of lake, river, and mountain; and the wooded mountain sides around the village afford facilities for quiet rambles not to be found in the more frequented parts of the valley. About two miles higher up the valley is Silva Plana, a pretty village charmingly situated at the foot of the Julier Pass. It is a post station and is the first village arrived at after crossing the Julier, and as few people like to remain at the place they first reach, and as it is too far off for those whose destination is St. Moritz, Silva Plana has always appeared to me to have an air of unrest about it, as if everybody there was on the point of going somewhere else. Still higher up are the villages of Sils and Sils Maria, one on the north, the other on the south side of the valley. They are in the most picturesque part of the Upper Engadine and are provided with good hotels, but they are so far away from its more frequented parts, that to remain at either village is sufficient to give one the character of a misanthrope.

(1) "Notes of a Season at St. Moritz." Longmans.

The *Davos* valley is another mountain station in the Grisons, about 5,000 feet above the sea. It is situated to the north of the Engadine, with which it runs parallel, at a distance, as the crow flies, of probably not more than twenty miles. To the lover of the picturesque it can offer few attractions compared with those of the Engadine, only a few hours distant; while the fact that it is the special resort of several hundred consumptive patients would, in itself, deter many from making it a resting-place. It has a kurhaus, which has been carefully fitted up and adapted with baths and douches for the systematic treatment of chest affections. Of the advantage of this course of treatment, combined with prolonged residence in this high mountain valley, to many who have suffered from chest disease, there can be no longer any doubt. This is not, however, a suitable occasion to discuss the question of the influence of mountain climates in the treatment of pulmonary consumption, important and interesting as it is. Of the mode in which mountain air acts in these cases I have elsewhere expressed my opinion.[1]

Bormio, 4,300 feet above the sea, at the foot of the Stelvio, on the Italian side, and at the head of the Val Tellina, is also in the immediate neighbourhood of the Engadine, and a pedestrian starting from Pontresina can cross over the mountainous path which extends from the Bernina road to Bormio in one long day. Carriages have to make a long detour by Tirano in the Val Tellina.

Bormio has long been known for its thermal springs; its climate is milder and more equable than that of the Engadine, owing partly to its southern aspect and partly to its lower elevation. It serves, therefore, admirably as a refuge for those who find the cold of the Engadine too severe and its climate generally too exciting. Much, however, cannot be said as to the beauty of its situation. The country around has a barren and unattractive aspect, and the Baths of Bormio have a background of reddish, hot-looking, bare mountains of uniform sugar-loaf form. But it is close to very beautiful scenery; for it is only seven miles through the picturesque Val Furva to the Baths of *Santa Catarina*, 5,700 feet above the sea, a mountain station very nearly as high as St. Moritz, and, like St. Moritz, possessing a strong chalybeate spring. This is an exceedingly beautiful spot, surrounded by a semicircle of magnificent snow-covered summits. From its position on the southern side of the Alps, and from its being enclosed by an amphitheatre of lofty mountains, its climate is no doubt much less bracing than that of the Upper Engadine. Were it not for this circumstance, and its greater distance from home, Santa Catarina would certainly become a formidable rival to St. Moritz.

The Baths of *Tarasp* and the picturesquely situated village of

(1) Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association, August, 1876.

Schuls, about a mile from the baths, as well as the little hamlet of Vulpera still nearer the baths, ranging from 4,000 to 4,800 feet above the sea, are also in the vicinity of St. Moritz, being situated in the Lower Engadine, about six hours' drive from Samaden. Here the climate is much milder than in the upper valley of the Inn. The waters of Tarasp have virtues, and a deservedly high reputation, of their own, quite independent of the mountain climate; but Schuls and Vulpera offer excellent resorts for those who need less decidedly bracing treatment than is to be found at St. Moritz, while they also afford convenient intermediate resting-places for those delicate and sensitive persons who may desire to avoid either a too sudden approach to, or a too sudden descent from, the rarefied air of the Upper Engadine.

The villages of Bergün and Molins, the one on the Albula Pass and the other on the Julier, are the places, perhaps, most commonly selected for the purpose of breaking this ascent or descent. But apart from the fact that the latter certainly is hardly sufficient of a break, they neither of them afford comfortable accommodation for two or three days' stay. Bergün is most picturesquely situated, and if the village were improved in cleanliness and a really good hotel established there, it ought to prove an attractive resting-place *en route* to or from the Engadine.

A new resource has been provided this season for breaking conveniently the descent from St. Moritz, by the opening of an hotel in one of the most beautiful parts of the Val Bregaglia—the Hotel Bregaglia—situated between Vico Soprano and Castasegna, and between 1,000 and 2,000 feet higher than Chiavenna, the station to which persons hitherto had to descend in going from the Engadine towards Como and North Italy. This will be a real gain to invalids going south.

Monte Generoso, situated between the lakes of Lugano and Como, and usually ascended from the town of Mendrisio, has lately become justly popular as a health-resort, since Dr. Pasta has established a comfortable hotel a few hundred feet below the peak, which is between 5,000 and 6,000 feet above the sea. This, for its elevation, is a comparatively mild mountain situation, and better suited on that account to highly sensitive organizations, while the beauty of the scenery it commands can scarcely be surpassed. It is a most convenient locality for persons coming north, after wintering in the south of France or Italy.

Of other frequented European mountain stations a very brief account must suffice. Of very bracing health-resorts, over 6,000 feet, the following are the best known:—The hotels on the Œggisch-horn and the Bel-Alp, the former ascended from Viesch, the latter from Brieg in the Rhone Valley, in the midst of the grandest mountain scenery, and close to the great Aletsch Glacier;

the Riffel Hotel, facing Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn; and the hospices of the Great St. Bernard, of the St. Gothard, of the Bernina, and of the Grimsel passes.

Of bracing, but less extreme, mountain climates, ranging between 5,000 and 6,000 feet above the sea, the following may be mentioned:— The Baths of San Bernardino, on the southern side of the pass of that name, where there is a chalybeate spring. Its southern aspect moderates the rigour of its high mountain climate. Mürren, beautifully situated above Lauterbrunnen; the Rigi Scheideck; the village of Zermatt; Panticosa, on the southern slope of the Pyrenees, in the province of Aragon, a few hours from Les Eaux Chaudes; here there is an alkaline spring; this and its moderate temperature have made it a resort for consumptive patients, chiefly from Spain.

Of milder and less exciting mountain climates we have a great variety to choose from; ranging between 4,000 and 4,500 feet we have Comballaz in the Val des Ormonds, about three miles above Seppey: the Baths of Leuk, at the foot of the Gemmi; Weissenstein, a ridg of the Jura, near Solothurn, a station for the goat's milk and whey cure, commanding a very fine view; the village of Andermatt, on the St. Gothard road; the well-known Kaltbad on the Rigi; Barèges, in the Pyrenees; and the town of Briançon in Dauphiné, and many others.

Of those between 3,000 and 4,000 feet I may name Bealtenberg, over 3,500 feet, in an admirable situation above the right bank of the Lake of Thun; Gurnigel, also, over 3,500, a frequented sulphur bath not far from Berne; Courmayeur, nearly 4,000 feet; Grindelwald; Engelberg, a favourite mountain resort at the foot of the Titlis, and near glaciers, with an equable, fresh and tonic climate, and whey and goat's milk cure; Chateau d'Oex in the Simmenthal; Chaumont, overlooking Neuchatel, and easily approached from that town; like most of the Jura stations, it is more exciting and bracing than other localities of the same elevation. Sainte Croix, also near Neuchatel, on a declivity of the Jura chain, is about 3,600 feet. St. Cergues, also in the Jura, is a village built in a gorge looking east, at the foot of the Dôle. It is much frequented for its bracing climate, but it is considered too irritating for delicate, impressionable persons. The climate of the Jura chain is said to be generally colder and more humid than than that of the Central Alps.

A very easily accessible mountain station is that of Mont Dore, in the mountains of Auvergne; it is ascended from Clermont-Ferrand, within a few hours by rail of Paris; it is about 3,300 feet above the sea, and in an interesting country. It has hot alkaline springs which are drunk and used as baths and inhalations. Some consumptive patients have made remarkable recoveries there, notwithstanding the fact that fogs and rain are very prevalent.

As examples of very mild and slightly tonic mountain climates between 2,000 and 3,000 feet above the sea there are Glion and Les Avants, near Montreux; St. Gervais, in a very favourable position, near the valley of Chamounix; Seelisberg, in a protected and mild situation above the Lake of Lucerne; Gais, Weissbad and Heiden, in the canton Appenzell, above the Lake of Constance; these three are exceedingly pleasant, quiet resorts, out of the way of the beaten track, and excellently well suited for those who need repose and quiet in a pure and moderately bracing air.

Finally, whether we seek health in the mountains or by the sea, in either case we shall find change—that change which is the type of life and the condition of health; that change which is rest. And who shall estimate the moral, as well as physical, refreshment we gain by changing the sordid routine of city life, the "greetings where no friendship is," for the contemplation of the solemn moods of nature, whether in sea or mountain? Looking on these eternal realities, in the grandeur of their calm repose or in the majesty of their roused anger, we recover that sense of proportion which we are so prone to lose—our sense of the relative proportion of the individual to the whole. Or, if we need no such stern remindings, we may seek changeful Nature in her gentler moods in the soft woodland shade, and there, amidst the perfume of flowers, the songs of birds, and the murmur of the trees, we may, as well as by the sea or on the mountain, recover health of mind and body as we—

"Draw in easier breath from larger air."

J. Burney Yeo.

CAVOUR.

THERE is no portion of the history of the nineteenth century that better repays careful study than those memorable ten years during which Cavour, as the constitutional minister of a small and impoverished state, gradually raised Piedmont from her position of existence on sufferance to the recognised leadership of an almost completed Italy. To Englishmen in particular the life of Count Cavour will ever be of singular interest, for he avowedly built upon lines traced by our politicians and thinkers, and his most successful reforms were modelled upon improvements which we have slowly introduced into our own anomalous political system. Englishmen indeed are entitled to feel proud of the high regard expressed for them and their institutions by two patriots of such different character and such widely different ambition as Garibaldi and Cavour. The perfect freedom we have gained, the energy and patriotism we have shown at all critical periods in our history, appear alike to the cool calculating statesman and to the enthusiastic simple-minded warrior worthy of the constant imitation of their countrymen. It is refreshing, after that long course of self-depreciation which is an integral part of English training, to observe the success which has attended the wise application of English methods amid an excitable and far from homogeneous people. The fashion is gaining ground of jeering at the cumbrous forms of representative parliamentary government, and some even go so far as to predict its speedy downfall. It is described on the one hand as involving a waste of power and a sacrifice of efficiency by excessive deference to the popular will; whilst on the other hand the checks and balances so carefully contrived are held to fritter away all genuine responsibility, and to prevent the true tendency of popular feeling from making itself felt at the most important time. A system, however, that rendered it possible for Italy to secure unity, independence, and in the main good government under the most difficult circumstances without any serious internal commotion, can scarcely be really wanting either in strength or in flexibility. Weak ministers, or those of a naturally arbitrary disposition, may fail to manage a machine which enabled rulers of greater capacity and wider grasp to carry through projects that would have been hopeless without its assistance; but the real value of parliamentary institutions is not the less great on that account. Herein it was that Cavour displayed the noblest sagacity. He was ever ready to blame his own incompetence rather than to find fault with his tools or his materials.

Throughout all the bitter struggles that he engaged in when his policy was thwarted, his motives misrepresented, and even his character traduced, he steadily refused to tamper with one iota of that liberty, failing which, as he persistently declared, it was not worth while to reconstitute Italy. Parliaments themselves might be refractory, his adversaries unscrupulous, or his allies exacting, but nothing could justify a statesman in taking a short cut to his object over the broken-down fences of the rights of the people. Cavour, from the first, had a deep-rooted confidence in his own countrymen, and they more than repaid him for it in the end. No minister of a despotic sovereign, no dictator raised to supreme power by the pronunciamento of an army or the ignorant plébiscite of a mob, could possibly have had the weight in Italy and throughout Europe that Cavour carried with him as the responsible chief of a constitutional cabinet. That which he thought and felt to-day, it was certain that through his persuasion the great majority of Italians would think and feel to-morrow. By degrees he established such a community of sentiment between himself and them that they could follow him as readily in the most intricate negotiations as in pursuing those ends which were obviously for their advantage. The perfect openness of mind which enabled Cavour to work willingly and harmoniously with all, no matter what might be their political or religious views, who could subordinate their own opinions to the good of their country, is a rare quality even among statesmen of the first rank, and it is this, even more than his genius, which renders him an example to be imitated. He alone of modern ministers could have fairly said with Demosthenes, "Though each of you is nearer to his own than I am, yet I, the statesman, am nearest to you all."

Not until he was thirty-eight years old did Cavour begin to take an active part in the public affairs of Piedmont, and the circumstances under which he commenced political life were as extraordinary as his capacity for dealing with them was exceptional. In 1848 all Europe broke through the spell of absolutism which had pressed upon every country with such deadening weight since the great peace of 1815, and nowhere was the awakening more sudden or more hopeful for the time than in Italy. To this Cavour himself had in some degree contributed by the establishment of his journal, the *Risorgimento*. When also, just before the outbreak, a deputation from Genoa appealed to the despotic priest-ridden Charles Albert to obtain the expulsion of the Jesuits and the formation of the National Guard, Cavour at once gave form and substance to the ill-conceived petition by demanding a constitution in a manner as bold as it was prudent. The Charter thus unexpectedly asked for was still more unexpectedly granted, and Cavour was one of the foremost in labouring on the committee appointed to

draw up the Electoral Bill. At this time, nevertheless, his ability was still unappreciated, and the step which he had taken in respect to the Charter was derided by the more advanced Liberals, to whom he might naturally have looked for encouragement and support. Between Cavour, however, and the ablest of the moderate men, Cesare Balbo, Massimo d'Azeglio, and Vincenzo Gioberti, there was already this in common, that they had all determined to give up the old conspiring, revolutionary methods, which, identified as they were with the name of a man whose patriotism was undoubted, had nevertheless rendered assassin and Mazzinian almost convertible terms throughout Europe. Before the assembling of the first Piedmontese Parliament, however, Italy was in a blaze of insurrection. The "five days" of Milan which drove the Austrian army in headlong rout to Verona, and the almost simultaneous successful risings in Venice, Rome, and Central Italy, drew away attention from the internal affairs of Piedmont. The time had arrived for a definite resolve, and Cavour urged that the only honourable course should be taken. A few days later Charles Albert issued his proclamation to the Italians, put himself at the head of the army, crossed the Ticino, and for some months carried everything before him.

The opening of the campaign was indeed most favourable to Italian hopes. It seemed that for once long-standing feuds and jealousies would be forgotten in the common desire that Italy should suffice for herself. Republicans and Monarchists could rejoice together that the newly elected Pope had ranged himself on the side of liberty and independence. The enthusiasm of the people unfortunately affected the judgment of the leaders; the dispute about the spoils began ere the battle was half won, and there appeared on every side those sad differences which so long interfered with the best-laid plans for Italian enfranchisement. Fanatical Republicans boldly declared that no good thing could come out of monarchical Piedmont, and did all in their power to hamper Charles Albert. "They were really Austria's most useful allies." And so it chanced that the Pope, alarmed at the spread of freedom, issued his Encyclical of April 29th; the army of Durando, which might have acted with crushing effect, was frittered away at the decisive moment; Venice rendered no important assistance; and even the Piedmontese Ministry lent but a lukewarm support to the prosecution of the war. This last mistake Cavour, now deputy for Turin as well as editor of the *Risorgimento*, never ceased to condemn vigorously, though he gave a general support to the Ministry against the machinations of the Left. In the meantime, unfortunately, intrigues both reactionary and socialistic were carried on in every direction. At length Radetzky, who had received large reinforcements, felt himself strong enough to assume the offensive, and Charles Albert and his gallant

little army, deprived of the national support on which he had reckoned, were after a series of unlucky defeats driven back through Lombardy into his own state, whilst Turin itself was scarcely deemed safe from attack. During the first four months of unchequered victory public expectation had naturally been raised to the highest pitch, and the disappointment at the result was none the less keen because the vision of Italian unity had been by no means clearly defined. With the defeat of the Piedmontese army all hope vanished, but the agitators were ready to lay the blame of the catastrophe upon anything rather than their own disinclination honestly to back up a king who was fighting on their side. In Milan some misguided fanatics attempted to assassinate Charles Albert. The miserable word "tradimento," which all the Latin races are only too ready to use when things go badly with them, passed rapidly from mouth to mouth, and on his arrival in Turin the unfortunate monarch found himself surrounded by a discontented, clamorous mob, who used their newly acquired liberties only to show that they were as yet unworthy to have them. Well might Cavour say of the extreme Republicans, who were so deeply responsible for the issue of '48, "I admire their self-sacrifice, but their fanaticism horrifies me."

In November of that melancholy year he pointed out that "revolutionary methods," with their disregard for the general laws of society and political economy, invariably result in the defeat of their own ends. It was this mania for revolutionary methods which had constantly wrecked the noblest causes, and he predicted that the newest application of this false and treacherous system would seat Louis Napoleon on the throne of France. Now, too, it was that Cavour gave evidence of his capacity to appreciate the stern logic of facts, and manifested that determination not to be swept away from the sound basis of his principles by the tide of emotional folly that surged up around him, which afterwards earned for him the complete trust of his more excitable countrymen. A thorough man of business above everything, he had no mercy for those sentimental enthusiasts who imagine that because their quarrel happens to be just, the days of miracles will return for their benefit. Therefore when the thoughtless and hasty were shouting at the end of 1848 and the commencement of 1849 in favour of an immediate renewal of the war, he raised his voice in the Piedmontese Parliament on the side of watchfulness and delay. But moderate counsels were not just then in season. Cavour was met with yells and hisses both in and out of Parliament, and the most liberal statesman in Italy was howled down as a reactionist and a "codino," because he refused to give in wholly to the unreasoning clamour of men who could understand neither the political nor the military situation. Cavour lost his seat for Turin, and Charles Albert went forth to his final defeat of Novara. The abdication of the King followed, and

his son Victor Emanuel, then as unpopular and as much distrusted as his father, succeeded him on the throne. It would have been easy for the young king to have recalled the Charter, thrown himself into the arms of Austria, and lived for some years without much trouble, supported by the bayonets of the principal power in Italy; but he chose the nobler course, and has earned a brilliant reward.

Cavour was born at Turin in 1810. His father, the Marquis Michele Benso di Cavour, was the head of the old and noble family of the Bensi, which rose to wealth and renown during the twelfth century in the little republic of Chieri. At the time of Cavour's birth, the Marquis di Cavour held the post of grand chamberlain to Prince Borghese, the governor of Piedmont under the French dominion, and his wife, a De Sellon, of Geneva, was lady in waiting to the Princess Borghese, that beautiful Pauline Buonaparte sculptured by Canova as Venus, who, in warmth of disposition as well as loveliness of form, was not unlike the goddess she personated. The young Cavour was named Camillo, after the Prince, and it is not impossible that this early connection of himself and his family with the Buonapartes may have had a favourable influence when Cavour came to deal directly with Napoleon III. However this may be, it is certain that the boy grew up amid a people who regretted the disappearance of the French rule, and who suffered under the restoration of many of the abuses which Napoleon's influence had swept away. Thus his mind may naturally have turned towards France as a benefactor long before he conceived the idea that through an alliance with her Italy might be freed. At the age of ten the lad was appointed page to the Prince of Carignano, afterwards Charles Albert. For some reason he appears to have taken a dislike not only to the servile duties which he had to perform, and the "livery" he was bound to wear, but to the heir to the throne himself, and he soon returned to the military academy which he had lately left. In 1826 he received his commission, at eighteen joined the Piedmontese army as lieutenant of engineers, and in 1831 was employed in surveying the fortifications of Genoa. At this time, "proud, witty, and self-reliant, unsuited to obey," as one of his most eloquent eulogists[1] described him, the liberal opinions which he shared in common with young Italy (though in a much more moderate form), were but confirmed by the repressive system in vogue at Turin, and his Swiss relations and friends helped him to acquire that knowledge of the true principles of liberty which he adhered to throughout with so firm a grasp. A young man of his open speech could not long escape punishment in those days, and the French Revolution of July, 1830, seems to have had even more attraction for him than others. For some free remarks on the

(1) Vincenzo Botta.

tendencies of that movement he was sent into confinement at Fort Bard in 1831, his own father being Vicário of Turin, Chief of the Police, and one of the leaders of the reactionist party. Piedmont, indeed, then and for many years after, was under a strictor and more oppressive rule than even that which was maintained in the Austrian dominion, and nowhere outside of Rome and Naples was the influence of the priesthood greater. Cavour's visit to Switzerland seemed to him like an escape into the open country from the confined atmosphere of Turin. On his release from Fort Bard Cavour resigned his commission in the army, and in the same year he wrote the remarkable letter to a friend in which, referring to the sacrifice of his profession, he said, "I thank you for the interest you take in my misfortune, but, believe me, I shall accomplish my career despite of it. I am a very, an enormously ambitious man, and when I am minister I shall justify my position; for I tell you in my dreams I already see myself Minister of the Kingdom of Italy." Other young men of twenty-two have had, perhaps, similar visions, but Cavour spent the next eighteen years of his life in thoroughly qualifying himself for the time of trial. Even his military training, though he never appears to have resumed his studies in this direction, was of considerable value. From 1832 to 1835 he passed his time chiefly in travelling in Italy—where he already had the honour of being marked as a dangerous "suspect" by the Austrian police—France, and England. His stay in the last-named country in 1835 greatly influenced the bent of his political genius, though he did not then understand our language. Both on these travels, and in the more important journeys which he took eight years later to the same countries, Cavour showed himself as a clever, lively, agreeable man of the world, ready to take advantage of his means and position for purposes of enjoyment as well as for the acquisition of knowledge.

Nor with all his genuine convictions in favour of what would certainly pass for radicalism in those days, did he ever condescend, as M. de Mazade notes approvingly, to play the part of the *aristocrate défroqué*. Cavour, however, was a second son, and having given up his profession, he found it necessary to settle down, in the then condition of politics, to the regular life of a Piedmontese country gentleman. It is probable that no part of his experience was more useful to him than that which he acquired in this capacity. The whole of Northern Italy is essentially an agricultural district, and Cavour's everyday dealings, as a well-to-do gentleman farmer, with the shrewd Piedmontese peasantry, gave him an insight into the real requirements of the country which he could have gained so surely in no other way. His steady attention to his own land was rewarded with complete success, and the flat and monotonous estate of Leri, which Cavour, so greatly enriched and improved by his care and skill,

played a similar part in the history of his life to that which Varzin has filled in the career of the great German statesman. His labours and experiments at Leri by no means prevented Cavour from keeping a careful watch upon the course of European and Italian politics. During these years he became more attached than ever to the policy of the *juste milieu* or broad Italian whiggism—a rather original position to take up in Italy, where the gulf between the reactionist clerical party and the hot-headed Republicans seemed impossible to bridge over. His letters at this period are interesting, not only on account of the judicious criticisms they contain on current events, but because of the clear perception which they manifest, that only by the development of liberty could Italy be permanently strengthened, and an end be put once for all to those disastrous conspiracies and fitful insurrections which exhausted the patriotic party without really injuring the oppressors. By constant trips to Turin, as well as by the formation of an agricultural society and a whist club, both more or less political in their constitution, Cavour kept up his connection with the stronger men of all parties, whilst his essays on the State and Prospects of Ireland, on the Influence of Commercial Reforms in England, on the Economical Condition of Italy, in addition to two others on Communism and Italian Railways, gained him almost an European reputation as a political writer of wide and statesmanlike views. As editor of the *Risorgimento* also, and member for Turin in the critical times of 1848—49, he had still further strengthened his standing as a politician of sound views, and considerable powers of clearly expressing them. Thus when after Novara Cavour was again elected deputy for Turin, a seat which he held to the end of his life, he was an active, vigorous man of thirty-nine, full of life and gaiety, more thoroughly acquainted with the resources of Piedmont and better versed in the true principles of finance than any of the statesmen who held a prominent position in the government; his knowledge of the affairs of Western Europe also entitling him to consideration in any discussion on foreign politics. A strong man, both physically and intellectually, was needed to take the control of Piedmontese affairs during the next few years, and it was well for Sardinia and Italy that Cavour stood ready for the work.

Cavour was naturally no orator, and the hesitation with which he spoke in public was increased by the fact that his pronunciation of Italian was very imperfect. He spoke French far better, but though either French or Italian might be used in the Piedmontese Parliament, he invariably chose the national tongue. "When he spoke Italian," says S. Artom, "his delivery was awkward, broken, almost painful to listen to." Yet, in spite of this great drawback, Cavour soon became the most powerful debater in the House. At first he confined himself chiefly to the subjects with

which he was specially familiar—those relating to taxation and finance. His criticisms on these matters were so much to the point, and the liberalism which he professed on all occasions was so broad and clearly defined, that he rapidly rose to the leadership of the band of independent liberal members who, in the new Parliament, gave their support to the Government founded after Novara by the chivalrous, unselfish Massimo d'Azeglio. D'Azeglio's position, indeed, was such that he needed all the help that could be given him. Peace was not concluded, the finances were in terrible disorder, and the factiousness of both the extreme parties made the task of government much heavier than would have been the case had all in that time of depression made common cause for the public good. Cavour, therefore, took the really patriotic course in warmly championing D'Azeglio's government both in Parliament and in the *Risorgimento,* though its principles were, on the whole, more conservative than he could himself approve. It was not, however, until the bill introduced by Count Siccardi for the suppression of the ecclesiastical tribunals that Cavour clearly stood forward as one to whom the highest offices in the state must shortly be offered. Not long afterwards Pietro Santa Rosa, the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, died, and in August, 1850, Cavour was appointed his successor. It was then that Victor Emanuel made his celebrated prediction: "I am quite ready to approve; but, mark my words, he will take every one of your offices into his own hands." As the first step towards the fulfilment of this prophecy Cavour took the portfolio of finance, in addition to that which he already held, in April, 1851.

Now commenced that long spell of herculean labour in the various departments which lasted with little relaxation to the end of his life. None but a man of the strongest constitution and the most inexhaustible fund of animal spirits could have gone through the amount of work and petty vexation together without breaking down. Cavour not only did so, but, unless all the stories of the period are to be discredited, he contrived to hold his own at the same time even with such a well-known free-liver as the King. But there is no need now to recall this *chronique scandaleuse*, and Cavour never allowed his pleasures to interfere with the business of the state. His activity was indeed prodigious. The conclusion of commercial treaties with the various European states was entirely due to his energy and determination, and how completely he understood the real principles of free-trade may be judged from the remarks which he made in a discussion on differential duties so early as April 4th, 1850. Cavour then contended that these duties ought to be abolished, whether anything were to be obtained from other nations in return or not; the reform was good in and for itself, quite irrespective of the proceedings of other countries. Towards France, as he openly

stated, he was specially easy in negotiation, because it might be advantageous to acquire her moral if not material support; and the Austrians accused him of purchasing the English goodwill by the excessive liberality of his commercial policy. It is easy to understand what a tremendous opposition his anti-protectionist measures met with from the "vested interests:" every step he took in advance left a cloud of enemies on his flank and rear. But these treaties of commerce removed a dead weight from the prosperity of the country, and the trade of Piedmont soon began to show the effects of his enlightened management. For the gradual abolition of protective duties was but a small part of the economical reforms he introduced. The establishment of banks, the construction of railways and other public works, the encouragement of every new industry that promised to be profitable, the raising of such loans as were necessary to carry out his projects, all these matters were personally attended to by Cavour himself, and he left very little even of the detail of his financial work to be done by clerks. This desire to do everything himself, which rapidly grew upon him, was, undoubtedly, a serious weakness in his otherwise powerful intelligence.

Cavour was now becoming the most important member of D'Azeglio's Ministry, and it says much for the noble character of D'Azeglio himself, that he not only exhibited no jealousy of Cavour's growing influence, but supported his new colleague most unreservedly in carrying through measures the value of which he scarcely appreciated, and which he saw alienated some of his own staunchest supporters. The boldness of these proceedings might well appear little better than the most dangerous rashness, at a period when Piedmont was labouring under a chronic deficit, and the taxation was already too heavy to be borne continuously even by the most patriotic population. But Cavour never slackened speed for a moment. He had made up his mind that the only way in which he could make both ends meet, and at the same time prepare Piedmont for her future of successful self-sacrifice, was by enriching the people up to the taxation and not by lowering the taxation (at the cost of reducing the army and retarding public works) to the needs of the people. And Cavour was not the man to be deterred by opposition from resolutely carrying out his programme. On all questions of internal liberty he was as firm as in his financial policy; and he now began to develop in relation to the affairs of the Church that policy of a Free Church in a Free State—"Libera Chiesa in Libero Stato"—which Italy would be wise to adhere to even under circumstances of the greatest provocation. The *coup d'état* in France, which Cavour had foretold, took place on December 2nd, 1851, and it then appeared that Piedmont was advancing too fast on the road to genuine liberty to suit the convenience of any of her

neighbours. Her free press in particular, which, to say the truth, indulged in a good deal of license, was galling to the imperial régime, and a new press law was demanded in relation to the comments permissible on foreign governments. The position of little Piedmont at this time was indeed anomalous, for she was growing every day in the strength of constitutional principles, whilst the two great Powers by which she was hemmed in were, if possible, more reactionary than ever. The introduction of a law for the regulation of the press led to the break-up of D'Azeglio's administration. During the debate which brought about this result Cavour found himself frequently in accord with Ratazzi, who had been the leader of the Left Centre since 1849, and the ablest opponent of the Government on all questions of interior policy. Cavour even went so far as to make common cause with Ratazzi, and helped him to secure the Presidency of the Chamber. He did not join D'Azeglio's reconstituted administration, but left Italy in July, 1852, for Paris and London. In September he returned to Turin fuller than ever of enthusiasm for England. He was sent for by the King on D'Azeglio's retirement, but the Roman question presented an insuperable difficulty, and it was not until the more conservative Balbo had failed to form an administration that Cavour came up from Leri and assumed the supreme direction of affairs. Cavour's approach to Ratazzi prior to his departure had given as great a shock to many of his old friends as that which disturbed the majority of the Tory party when his favourite statesman, Sir Robert Peel, abandoned the Conservatives on the question of the Corn Laws. They accused Cavour of steering his bark towards new and dangerous shores; to which he replied that he desired only that the craft of the State should sail in the direction of the bow—he, at any rate, had no wish to get stern way on her. In November, 1852, Cavour constituted a moderate liberal cabinet, in which he held three portfolios.

Thus in little more than three years after his first election to Parliament Cavour had become chief Minister of Piedmont, and, without having sacrificed one of his liberal principles, found himself in a position to command a majority for his own views. As head of the administration he devoted the same attention to the development of the resources of the country that he did when he inaugurated his bold progressive policy with D'Azeglio, and in Paleocapa he found as able a colleague for the department of Public Works as La Marmora proved in the reorganization of the army. A year later, Cavour's agreement with Ratazzi on the Press Bill bore further fruit in the appointment of that able but unscrupulous politician to the Ministry of Grace and Justice. Necessary as the "connubio" was, the connection between the liberal aristocrat and such a statesman as Ratazzi was by no means easy to

maintain. Ratazzi, however, more than justified Cavour's foresight in seeking his support, for the eventual success of the Civil Marriages Bill was in a great degree due to his judgment and to the unwearied efforts which he lavished on its behalf. Piedmont was already a long way from the starting-point of the abolition of the ecclesiastical tribunals, and the nation, now accustomed to the exercise of freedom, no longer shrank from a direct contest with Rome. But the hostility of the Church to what she regarded as a fresh invasion of her most cherished rights was so violent, that the supporters of the Ministry were provoked to retort in similar fashion. In spite of his moderation, therefore, Cavour came to be considered by many as a godless politician, and his subversive measures in every direction were denounced as leading straight to anarchy and disaster. A crisis was in fact fast approaching, and it was well for the liberal party that the political education of the last few years enabled the mass of the people to comprehend the question really at issue. A succession of misfortunes befell the country, and the famine, the slackness of trade, and the cholera were all attributed to Cavour's irreligious measures, aggravated by his unreasonable interference with the old commercial regulations. At this juncture Ratazzi brought in his bill for dealing with religious corporations, and this still further provoked the opposition, which now numbered in its ranks all who were suffering from any cause whatever. The King himself, who throughout his life has been subject to fits of theological despondency, was terrified at the successive deaths of the Queen, the Queen Mother, and the Duke of Genoa, and considered that these bereavements were punishments sent from Heaven to chastise his obduracy towards the Church. Cavour was hooted in the streets of Turin, and the agitation reached such a point that for the moment it appeared as if the liberties of Piedmont might be seriously endangered. The King refused to sanction Ratazzi's Law, and Cavour resigned. Then it was that Massimo d'Azeglio did his country the greatest service which it had ever been even in his power to perform. There was no time to be lost, for every day's delay tended towards further trouble, and external affairs called for immediate action on the part of a united people. D'Azeglio, therefore, availing himself of his position outside of politics, and his great reputation as a stainless patriot and a man of a religious mind, appealed directly to the King not to risk the whole future of his family and of his country by further hesitation, but at whatever cost to his private feelings to throw in his lot with the people whom he ruled. The King happily listened to his faithful servant, the law was passed, and Cavour was recalled. After the first moment of hesitation the whole nation had rallied round the great minister, and it soon became manifest what a risk had been run. For the Crimean War had begun, and Cavour alone could

deal successfully with the circumstances which arose out of that memorable struggle.

One scarcely knows which to admire most, the nobility and resolution of the statesman who was not afraid to assume the responsibility of sending the Sardinian army to the Crimea, or the confidence of the people, who at that critical time supported their leader in such a hazardous enterprise. The idea of taking part in the war occurred to Cavour early in 1854, but in November of that year "the whole Cabinet was against it." Cavour nevertheless had made up his mind to accept the proposals of England, and by degrees overcame the opposition of his colleagues. It was at this point that Cavour reaped the benefit of the complete publicity which had attended all his doings, as well of his invariable good-humour and accessibility. There was no need for him to be continually threatening to resign, or asking for fresh unconstitutional powers. Liberty had bred mutual confidence, and the people came to understand intuitively what Cavour could not fully express, that although nominally only minister of Piedmont, he was acting thenceforth as minister of Italy. Still there were some moments of doubt and distrust; nor can this be wondered at. The arguments of Cavour's opponents were assuredly not without weight, and the contention that the crippled state of the finances could not bear the strain, that England's alliance was not worth purchasing, that Austria was most unfriendly, and that Italian blood had far better be spent in Italy, could only be met by counter-arguments which left much to the imagination of the hearers. Cavour's speech on February 5th, 1855, was notwithstanding the greatest which he had yet delivered. After referring to the Treaty of Alliance with England and France, he read in full Lord Clarendon's letter to Sir James Hudson, brimming over with compliments to the Sardinian Government, and then proceeded to review the interests which Sardinia had in opposition to Russian supremacy in the Black Sea, touched upon the state of the finances and the loan guaranteed by England, and wound up with a clear and even eloquent review of Sardinia's standing in Europe and the European situation, which involved an animated defence of his whole policy, foreign as well as domestic. This speech marked, in fact, the end of an old policy and the beginning of a new one. Up to the date of the Crimean war Cavour had given his mind chiefly to the regulation of the internal affairs of the country—to finance, public works, and the re-establishment of credit. Henceforth, whilst pursuing the same course at home, he subordinated these measures to the needs of his foreign policy, and no longer hesitated to stretch the resources of Piedmont to the utmost limit, in order to be ever in readiness for a blunder on the part of his formidable enemy across the Ticino. The departure of the Sardinian army for the Crimea

brought with it a period of dreadful suspense. The command was given to General La Marmora, who had been for so many years the guiding spirit of the reorganization. For weeks after the landing, the only enemy which he had to face was the cholera. This terrible disease almost decimated the little army, and the feeling of uneasiness in Turin deepened almost into panic as each succeeding mail brought intelligence of continued sickness and death. But the gallant stand made by the Piedmontese force at the battle of the Tchernaya more than compensated for this harassing anxiety, and when the news arrived Cavour felt that the great game which he had played was already in a fair way to be won. Piedmont had justified her existence in the eyes of Europe, and for the future all Italy could look to her with pride as the natural leader in any fresh struggle with Austria.

This is precisely what Cavour was throughout striving for. He desired that when the time came for a renewed effort to rescue Italy from foreign interference, there should be no further question as to what was the part to be taken by every man who loved his country, and he was determined that the remembrance of "the conspiracies, plots, revolutions, and ill-contrived risings," which, as he truly said in his speech on the Alliance, had degraded Italy in the opinion of Europe, should be swept away by the inauguration of a bolder and more successful policy. The Alliance with England and France should lead not only to the defeat of Russia, but to the final establishment of Italian independence. Nearly all the abler Italians who doubted him at first, now felt that Cavour was taking the only course by which success could sooner or later be certainly achieved. Daniel Manin, who at one moment had himself been offered the portfolio of Foreign Affairs in Piedmont during the crisis of 1848-9, slowly recognised that Italy was not ripe for the republican government on which, as a Venetian, he had set his heart, and living in exile as a poor schoolmaster in Paris, he rejoiced to see in Cavour the statesman who could carry out his own projects with a firmer hand. Poerio, too, a galley-slave at Naples, felt his chains lighten when he heard of the conclusion of the Alliance with England and France. Mazzini alone, in spite of his love for Italy and the many services which he had rendered her, could not sacrifice his long-cherished Utopias to the welfare of his country. Italy must be freed, if freed at all, in accordance with the plans of the master-conspirator, and he gave a dismal proof of his unbending fanaticism by stirring up an insurrection in Genoa at a most critical moment.

Unfortunately for the speedy fulfilment of Cavour's hopes, the capture of Sebastopol brought the Crimean war to a close, and Cavour himself could scarcely see at first how Sardinia was to be recouped for the sacrifices which she had made. She was excluded

from the early negotiations at Vienna, and although she was admitted to the Congress of Paris, on the representations of England, France, and Russia, in spite of the strong protest of Austria, this had so much the appearance of an admission on sufferance, that Cavour said, "What is the use of going there to be treated like a child?" He nevertheless went, and ere long succeeded, thanks to his tact, good-humour, and genuine knowledge, in making himself felt at the council board. By degrees he was enabled to side, in the discussions which took place, with France and Russia, against England and Austria, though without offending Lord Clarendon. His chief gain consisted in the friendly relations which he established with the Russian plenipotentiary, and the ill-feeling which he contrived to aggravate between Russia and Austria. Later, owing to the Emperor of the French, the question of Italy made its appearance at the Congress. This gave Cavour the opportunity he sought of placing on record the national grievances, and in particular enabled him to point out that Austria herself, by overstepping the bounds imposed by the treaties of 1815, had destroyed the equilibrium established at that time, and had placed Piedmont in a most difficult position. These views he further elaborated in a note to Lord Clarendon and Count Walewski; and though little came of all this at the time, it was something new to have the claims of Italy as a nation pressed by an Italian plenipotentiary at an European congress.

There can be no doubt, however, that the vision of an united Italy near at hand turned Cavour's head for the moment, and he attributed more importance to the kindly expressions of Lord Clarendon and to the Emperor's question, "What can we do for Italy?" than they deserved. His letters to Ratazzi at this time were written under the influence of considerable exaltation. A visit to London calmed him at once, for, though he was exceedingly well received, Lord Palmerston evidently had no intention of giving him any assistance, and on his return through France he saw that the Emperor, too, was by no means inclined to move at present. Still, though nothing definite had been done, Cavour was fairly entitled to the enthusiastic welcome with which he was greeted at Turin, and the still more satisfactory congratulations which he received from the other great cities of Italy. He had accomplished even more than he yet knew, and the well-assured self-confidence which he had acquired by measuring himself against the representatives of the Great Powers was of the highest value in the difficult succession of negotiations on which he now entered. It is true that the envoys at the Congress of Paris were, with the exception only of himself, a very second-rate company; but that was not then so plain as it is now, and only the veteran Metternich, looking on at the destruction of his own handiwork, recognised that there was but one first-rate diplomatist

in Europe, "and he opposed to us, Cavour." Of this diplomacy and its methods Cavour could afterwards proudly say, "Whilst my enemies are groping for me in the by-paths and hedges, I am fearlessly marching along the public highway." And in spite of some necessary secrecy, this description of his acts was in the main correct. He never disguised that every step which he took was in one definite direction, and that he was constantly and vigorously working to overthrow the Austrian domination.

On Ratazzi's retirement, after Mazzini's miserable *émeute* at Genoa, Cavour took the Ministry of the Interior, in addition to the three other departments, into his own hands; but his ministerial dictatorship still rested entirely upon parliamentary majorities and the will of the people. These were the days of the fortification of Alessandria and Casale, of the subscription for a million of muskets, of the piercing of Mont Cenis, and, above all, of the formation of the arsenal at Spezzia—at the very end of the Piedmontese dominions—matters to which Cavour, in spite of his innumerable engagements, contrived still to give his personal attention. Charles Lever, in one of his amusing papers, has sketched the short, thick-set, active figure, with its broad hunched shoulders and owl-like face, that appeared one fine day examining the environs of the Bay of Spezzia, and whose investigations ended in the destruction of his favourite villa. It was the same with the Cenis Tunnel, which owed its rapid progress in great part to his energetic support. His activity and promptitude became more astonishing than ever. Rising at four, he finished his private correspondence and the perusal of confidential reports before breakfast, dispatched the business of his four departments with less of apparent effort than it cost some of his colleagues to attend to one, and night after night was in his place in Parliament defending his policy in every branch against assailants who made little account of the difficulties by which he was surrounded. The rancour of parties had been much embittered during the year 1857, and the successes of the Right at the elections had driven many of the Moderate Liberals into the arms of the revolutionists. But Cavour held his own through all these troubles. The Turinese, who prided themselves on their famous and indefatigable representative, always said that by Cavour's face and manner, as he passed through the streets, they could tell whether things were going well or ill with the State, and his familiar gesture of rubbing his hands when pleased spread confidence through the city at the most critical times.

The Foreign Office alone might have sufficed from 1856 to 1859 for the energies of any ordinary man. The good understanding which Cavour had established with Russia at the Congress of Paris enabled him to offer suggestions on the subject of the Danubian

Principalities and the Danube itself, which soothed the pride of Russia without wounding the susceptibilities of England, though the grant of a harbour at Villafranca to the northern power in 1857 almost called forth a remonstrance from Lord Palmerston. England, in fact, had drawn closer to Austria in spite of Cavour, and looked with suspicion upon any movement on the part of Sardinia for the liberation of Italy. The treaties of 1815, rudely shaken as they had been by the Crimean war, were still the objects of her gravest solicitude. The Emperor of the French, on the other hand, was becoming more and more favourable to intervention, and Cavour, who spared no pains to keep the cause of Italy continually before him, could look forward with well-founded hope to the time when Napoleon's ideas would be reduced to action. Matters were indeed progressing precisely as the Piedmontese minister desired, when Orsini attempted to assassinate the Emperor on January 14th, 1858. This raised a storm of indignation, and even England felt something of its effects in the violent address of the French colonels, the trial of Dr. Bertrand, and the defeat and resignation of Lord Palmerston, on account of his presumed subservience to Louis Napoleon. England could afford to disregard the anger of France, but to Piedmont it was a much more serious affair. She was in no position to dispense with the friendship of the Emperor, and yet Cavour, though he proposed a law for the stricter regulation of the ultra-revolutionary press, and took order with the advocates of assassination, positively refused to have recourse to the arbitrary methods of arrest and suppression which Count Walewski vehemently urged him to adopt.

Nothing was lost in the end by Orsini's attempt, and the Emperor seems to have appreciated Cavour's manly behaviour. At any rate, Cavour's secret visit to Plombières in July served to conclude an informal alliance, and the marriage of Prince Napoleon with the Princess Clotilde, the Italian campaign, and possibly the cession of Savoy and Nice on certain contingencies, were arranged at this interview. The Emperor's idea at that time was no doubt that of an Italian national confederation, afterwards elaborated in the pamphlet, "Napoléon et l'Italie," but it may be doubted whether Cavour ever looked upon this as more than a stepping-stone to a more complete unification. During his stay at Plombières he fully confirmed the favourable impression which he had previously made on the Emperor, and established between them a community of feeling which even the shock of Villafranca did not altogether upset. Everything was now ready for the great *coup* so long and patiently waited for. But politicians were unprepared for what followed, and the menacing words of Louis Napoleon to Baron Hubner on the 1st January, 1859, fell like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky upon startled Europe. Victor Emanuel's speech of the 10th, and the

marriage of Prince Napoleon, revealed a preconcerted plan, and from then until the actual outbreak of hostilities Cavour lived in one perpetual turmoil of diplomatic encouragements and remonstrances. Fortune once more favoured the Italian statesman. Austria, wearied out with negotiations, suddenly called upon Piedmont to disarm in three days, and the war began. The Emperor declared in his proclamation, before leaving Paris, that Austria must either be mistress to the Alps, or Italy should be free from the Alps to the Adriatic. The French army, still at the height of its reputation, was pushing forward full of confidence and spirit; the Piedmontese forces, though not very numerous, were admirably equipped, and worthy to take their place side by side with their friends of the Crimea; above all, as showing the triumph of the liberal policy, Garibaldi, the hero of Rome and South America, whose very name was even then a tower of popular strength, was conducting a separate warfare, precisely suited to his genius, on the skirts of the Tyrol. Cavour himself was now the whole administration, and his direction made itself felt at every point. As the allied forces swept onwards from victory to victory, new governments were established in their rear, and the ablest representatives of the Piedmontese system were appointed to superintend the interests of Italy and order at Milan, Florence, Modena, Parma, Bologna, and the other cities, which hastened to throw off the yoke of Austria and Rome.

But Italy was doomed to experience a cruel disappointment. The victories of Montebello, Palestro, and Magenta led up only to the bloody drawn battle of Solferino. Before Napoleon lay the almost impregnable Quadrilateral; he had lost a large portion of the flower of his army, and Prussia threatened to take the field. France had entered upon a campaign from which under no circumstances could she derive great advantage, and sad as it might be for Italy to see Venice still in the power of Austria, Frenchmen might well feel that they had done enough for an idea. The armistice was signed at Villafranca, between France and Austria, without reference to Piedmont, and Cavour arrived at the camp only to find that Victor Emanuel had likewise signed the document, and that peace was, therefore, virtually assured. When he learnt that his plans were thus frustrated, and Italy, as he thought, betrayed, Cavour gave way to a tremendous fury of passion, which appears to have unhinged his intelligence, already tried by overwork. He refused to be responsible for such a peace, sent in his resignation to the King, and hurried back to Turin without even seeing the Emperor.

That this was a really grave mistake on the part of the great statesman must be apparent to any unprejudiced person who considers the facts of the case, and though it may be easy to excuse, it is impossible to defend, the burst of petulance which deprived Italy of

his counsels at this most critical juncture. Granted that Cavour had been deceived, and that his sovereign had been forced into signing peace against his will, this was no more than a politician of Cavour's experience ought to have counted upon as at least a possibility when he committed Piedmont to the French alliance; and the very vehemence of his anger convicts him of want of foresight. But worse than this, his own capacity had forced him into a position of such overwhelming importance that he had no right to be angry at all, save in the strictest way of business. He had gathered all the skeins of negotiation, the whole powers of the Government, into his own hands, with the full consent of all parties, it is true, but, nevertheless, to the exclusion of men who might have been qualifying to succeed him in the event of sickness or death. Consequently Cavour was bound to stay at his post, or at any rate remain as adviser at Turin, until he saw what was the result of the armistice and the retirement of the French. The good of his country demanded no less of him, and he should have sacrificed all personal feeling to that. It may be urged that Italy lost nothing by his withdrawal just then, and that he gained increased influence with the people by thus markedly expressing that bitter disappointment which all his countrymen felt. But who shall tell what effect Cavour's personal influence with the Emperor of the French might not have had? Who shall say that if Cavour had been at hand to insist upon the drawbacks of Villafranca, and had exercised his unrivalled tact and diplomacy in the negotiations which immediately followed, the annexations of the Central States would not have been more easily attained, and perhaps the sacrifice of Savoy and Nice avoided by some less valuable surrender? But the Italians felt for their leader, and admired rather than blamed him. His one hurried interview with the Emperor at Turin a few days after served in some sort to soothe his shattered nerves, and he then took his departure for Switzerland, leaving the government in the hands of Ratazzi, La Marmora, and Dabormida. But though Cavour had gone, his spirit remained. Farini, D'Azeglio, and, above all, Ricasoli, his friend and his ablest successor, maintained the provisional governments at Modena, Bologna, and Florence with a firmness and a capacity which earned for them the gratitude of the whole country. After all, had Cavour stopped to consider the results already achieved, he would have been forced to admit that, provoking as the conclusion of such a peace might be, the failure was by no means so complete as he imagined in the first moments of depression. A year or two earlier he would have looked upon the acquisition of Lombardy, which was secure under any circumstances, as in itself a great achievement; and it was obvious, even before he went to the camp, that not only was the confederation scheme shelved, but that,

in spite of any convention, the Central States and Romagna were far more likely to link their future to that of Piedmont than to return to the control of their former rulers, or to set up permanent governments on their own account. Much remained to be done, but much had been accomplished by the policy which had been so steadily pursued.

The Ministry which succeeded to power during Cavour's temporary retreat proved incompetent to deal with the series of confused negotiations that followed upon the half-settlement of Villafranca and the Treaty of Zurich. One French army was in Lombardy, ready to encounter any Austrian aggression; another French army still occupied Rome, prepared to chastise any attempt on the part of the Italians to interfere with Umbria and the Marches; the States of Central Italy, who wished nothing better than to exchange their provisional governments for definite annexation to Piedmont, were unable to carry their intentions into effect on account of the doubtful attitude of the master of these French legions, and the necessity under which he felt, or pretended to feel, himself to observe the engagements of Villafranca. In reality the Emperor, as usual, could not make up his mind to be wholly generous or thoroughly grasping. He was not himself averse to the extension of the Piedmontese rule, but he was keenly alive to the criticisms of those who looked with distrust upon the rising power of Italy, and he desired to have some recompense to show the French people in return for the cost of the war. It was no discredit to Ratazzi's administration that they failed to understand the Emperor's flickering policy: they had never been to Plombières, and could not guess that the solution of the question of Central Italy lay on the French side of the Alps. Still their hesitation made them unpopular, and it was clear that Cavour, who had returned to Leri, and was taking an active though not responsible part in current politics, must once more assume the direction of affairs. He was recalled therefore, and the cession of Savoy and Nice to France was arranged on the same terms as the annexation of the central provinces to Piedmont—the adoption of the measure by the whole of the populations affected in both cases by means of a plébiscite. The result of such a test in Tuscany and Romagna was a foregone conclusion, and the vote in Savoy and Nice had been most carefully prepared. Sardinia therefore became merged in Italy, and France, in gaining two new provinces, lost the credit she had obtained by her magnanimous Italian campaign. All Piedmont, from the King downwards, felt the surrender of Savoy in particular as a terrible blow; and necessary as the sacrifice was, and little as Cavour himself could be blamed for what occurred, there can be no doubt that the loss was ever present to his mind, and in the end, by leading to a memorable misunderstanding, tended to shorten his life.

Cavour's defence of his policy against the able, well-arranged indictment of Ratazzi and the fierce personal attack of Guerazzi, the dictator of Florence in 1848, was one of the best of his speeches. Guerazzi had the temerity to attempt to force home his invective by a reference to an episode in English history. This was Cavour's strongest ground, and he retorted with crushing effect in a famous passage. It is perhaps the most complete reply of its kind ever made in the course of a debate, and certainly lost none of its point from the constitution of the Opposition in the new Italian Parliament.

"The honourable member Guerazzi reminds me of the case of Lord Clarendon; he reminds me how that statesman, after having followed his sovereign into exile, after having given proofs of fidelity only too rare in England in those days, after having been in power for more than twenty years, was impeached by the Commons, sent into exile by his sovereign, and condemned to die there for having ceded the port of Dunkirk to the French. The honourable member will permit me to observe that if Lord Clarendon, in defence of his policy, so bitterly attacked by his enemies in Parliament, had been able to point to several millions of Englishmen freed from the yoke of the stranger, to many provinces added to the realm of his master, perhaps the Parliament would not then have been so harsh, perhaps Charles II. would not then have been so ungrateful to the most faithful of his servants. But, gentlemen, since Signor Guerazzi wished to read me a lesson in history, it was his business to have finished it. After having spoken of Lord Clarendon, he ought likewise to have reminded me who were the opponents of that minister, what manner of men were they who pressed for his impeachment, divided his spoils, and succeeded to his power. Then he would have told you that opposed to Lord Clarendon was that famous clique of politicians united to one another by no previous history, by no community of principles, by not one single political idea—banded together only in the most factious egotism; men who had been false to every party, who had professed every creed, who were by turns Puritans, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and finally Papists; Republicans to-day, bigoted Royalists to-morrow; demagogues in the market-place, courtiers in the palace; tribunes in parliament, advocates of reaction and extreme measures in the councils of their king; the men, in short, who formed that ministry which history has branded with the name of the Cabal. And then I should have been able to remind the deputy Guerazzi that Englishmen highly honour Lord Clarendon, and esteem his memory one of the glories of their country, in contrast to his political opponents—to Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale."

But this speech was something much more than a personal vindication or a defence of the inevitable surrender of Savoy and Nice. In it Cavour found occasion to give again a brief but luminous review of the whole course of policy which had been pursued by Piedmont under the direction of himself and his colleagues since the year 1850, and the striking summary thus delivered before the Assembly which he had done more than any living man to bring together, produced an almost unexampled effect. As the story of past doubts, dangers, responsibility, and difficulties was unfolded to the representatives, not now of Piedmont only, but of Lombardy and Parma, Tuscany and Modena, by the statesman to whom they owed their liberties and their independence; as the success of the present and the well-

grounded hopes for the future were held up for their encouragement, the loss of the provinces seemed but trifling in comparison with what had been and yet would be achieved, and when he sat down Cavour had fully established his position as the indispensable minister of the new Italy.

Even as he was speaking Garibaldi was on his way to Sicily, Lamoricière, one of the famous generals of the French wars in Africa, had taken the command of the Papal army, and the relations of Victor Emanuel's Government, both with Rome and Naples, were exceedingly strained. The European Powers also, who had become generally reconciled to the annexations already accomplished, again manifested uneasiness at what they regarded as the unlimited ambition of Piedmont. The extraordinary success of Garibaldi's expedition, which Cavour, though he certainly could not foresee, did his best to assist without too far compromising Italy with Europe, raised the popular enthusiasm to the highest pitch. Garibaldi himself, loyal and chivalrous throughout, openly proclaimed that he was acting only in the interests of Victor Emanuel and Italy, as with his heroic little band of volunteers he marched steadily forward. Sicily conquered, he crossed to the mainland, and almost before diplomatists had time to consider what was taking place, Francesco II. had retreated to the Volturno, and Garibaldi the Republican, the devoted follower of Mazzini, was signing decrees in Naples as Dictator of Southern Italy. It is strange to look back to the consternation produced. The red republican spectre, which had so affrighted the monarchs of Europe twelve years before, had now actually taken its seat in a royal chair. The influence of Mazzini threatened to overpower that of the representative of Piedmont with the noble but impulsive Italian. Garibaldi was induced to delay the plébiscite which was to declare the annexation to Upper Italy, and intoxicated by his victories over the Neapolitan forces, he began to plan enterprises against Rome and Venice, which would undoubtedly have jeopardised what had been so dearly won. The situation was not improved by the personal feeling which Garibaldi, who went so far as to demand the First Minister's dismissal, manifested towards Cavour. The policy of reason and the policy of emotion now stood face to face. The latter had done good work, but it threatened to hazard everything for a problematical advantage. Between Naples and the Piedmontese army, which could alone put an end to the growing anxiety, lay the States of the Church, with Lamoricière at the head of a cosmopolitan rabble, ready to defend the Pope's temporal power. Once more hesitation would have been fatal, and Cavour, having secured the Emperor's good-will, pushed forward the army into Umbria and the Marches, whilst he ordered the fleet round to Ancona. This was in its way as bold a stroke as

the Crimean alliance, and it was rewarded with a more immediate, if not more genuine success. Lamoricière was defeated, the army penetrated without difficulty to the Neapolitan frontier, took part in the final overthrow of Francesco II. on the Volturno, and commenced the siege of Gaeta. Garibaldi, who, though frequently thoughtless and ill-advised, had not a spark of jealousy in his composition, heard with genuine satisfaction that his "Piedmontese brothers" had again taken up arms to secure the unity of Italy. In the end too giving way, as a good patriot, to the vote of confidence in Cavour passed by the Parliament, he went out to meet Victor Emanuel on his entry into Naples, and then retired suddenly to his island of Caprera. The *coup* had been completely successful, and Naples and the Marches were peaceably annexed. Had Cavour now treated the volunteers with open-handed generosity, and done his utmost to remove any remains of ill-feeling from the minds of men who, whatever their defects, had just rendered a vast service to Italy, all might yet have been well, and Garibaldi would have forgotten his sense of personal neglect in the honours and benefits conferred upon his friends. But unfortunately little was done in this way, and it was almost enough for Garibaldi to prefer a request in order to insure its rejection. This was most probably due to the mistakes of subordinates, rather than to any deliberate intention on the part of the great statesman himself. But Cavour's hostility to all that savoured of revolutionary propagandism was well known, and every slight received by the Garibaldians from the Piedmontese officials was laid to his account. Garibaldi therefore remained at Caprera, carefully nursing his wrath against the man who had made him a stranger in Italy. Cavour, however, was now at the height of his popularity, and the reception which he met with at Turin, when, with the venerable Manzoni by his side, he came forth from the palace where the Parliament of all Italy was happily assembled, no more than reflected the unmeasured enthusiasm felt for him by the great body of his countrymen. He was still in the full vigour of life, and Italians might well look forward to having the benefit of his matured counsels for many years to come. Cavour himself knew that the task of consolidation and reorganization was as difficult as anything which he had previously undertaken, and that the Neapolitans and Sicilians were as yet far from ready to bear their full share in the working of liberal institutions. The prevailing jealousy of Piedmont had to be overcome, and the rival claims of the great cities to be adjusted. Above all, the relations of the Government to the Church, and how to obtain possession of Rome—shortly afterwards declared, though still occupied by foreigners, to be the national capital—were questions that needed most careful handling. To the Roman question, as the most troublesome of all, he now turned in earnest. Throughout Italy the priesthood was still bitterly opposed to the government of the "King of

Sardinia," and though in the northern provinces they confined their hatred and malice within the bounds of legality, in the Papal States and the two Sicilies they openly proclaimed their intention to conspire continually against the new rule. As to the Pope, he, as well as his counsellors, was disinclined to enter into any arrangement whatever with the sacrilegious power that had robbed him of the countries which he had so infamously misgoverned. Yet Cavour in nowise despaired of eventually carrying out his favourite scheme of "Libera Chiesa in Libero Stato," with the full and willing consent of the Pontiff himself. He trusted in this as in other cases to the continued influence of liberty and patriotism to convince the leaders of the Church, and with them their followers, that it was possible to be a good Catholic without ceasing to be a good citizen. But Cavour was not to accomplish his own designs. The statesman who had laid the foundation and raised the superstructure did not live to see the crowning of the edifice.

That Rome and Venice should still be left under the control of the Pope and Austria, until a favourable opportunity might arise for obtaining their liberation by diplomacy or force, seemed to the more excitable spirits a wilful betrayal of the Italian cause, and unfortunately Garibaldi, whose popularity, especially in Southern Italy, was even greater than that of Cavour, proved no more capable at Caprera than at Naples of comprehending the impossibility of success at that juncture. He not only called upon all Italians to arm themselves for a renewal of the war on their own account, but still smarting at the cession of his birthplace, and at the remembrance of what he considered the shabby treatment of his followers, he besought his countrymen to withdraw their support from Cavour, and from that majority in Parliament which had enabled the minister to betray his country and to "drag Italian honour through the mud." Such language could not pass unnoticed in the Assembly, to which Garibaldi had been elected a deputy. Ricasoli made himself the spokesman of the whole of the moderate party in Parliament and throughout the country, when he referred to Garibaldi's attacks as insults to Italy and disloyalty to the King. Garibaldi came to Turin from Caprera, and in an earnest letter proclaimed his unalterable fidelity to Victor Emanuel. But his feeling against Cavour was still further aggravated by this enforced explanation, and in the debate on military reorganization and the army of the south he poured forth all the accumulated bitterness of months. The scene which followed was as painful as it was dramatic. Garibaldi, after enlarging in the warmest language upon his own devotion to an united Italy, and the glorious exploits of his gallant army, proceeded to a point-blank denunciation of the cold, self-seeking ministry, which, not content with blighting the noble achievements of his force, would, but for his own patriotism and self-sacrifice, have pro-

voked a "fratricidal" war. Cavour, who had listened in silence to the wounding statement that the speaker could never give his hand to one who had rendered Garibaldi a stranger in Italy, now sprang to his feet, and, overcome with indignation, demanded in strong terms that the General should be called to order. The House had already protested for him even more warmly. Garibaldi, in spite of this, quite beside himself with rage, unmindful of the general cry of shame and of the milder remonstrances of the President Ratazzi, repeated the monstrous accusation. This was the signal for general disorder, the Garibaldini in the galleries cheering on their hero, and the great majority of all parties in the House itself siding with Cavour. The confusion was such that the sitting had to be suspended for a time. When the debate was resumed General Bixio appealed to Cavour to overlook what had passed, and Cavour, who had at once mastered his momentary feeling of personal resentment, replied in language as well chosen as it was generous, that he was aware that one occurrence had placed an impassable gulf between himself and General Garibaldi, and that from the grief that he himself had felt when compelled to make the sacrifice of Nice, he could sympathize with Garibaldi in his affliction. Garibaldi, on his side, though professing himself Cavour's opponent, admitted that he had always considered that statesman a friend of Italy. But Cavour, determined not to risk anything by a policy of provocation, could not give way to the General's demands for the reorganization of the volunteers, and the breach between these two great men was never filled up. Though a private meeting was arranged between them, and Cavour showed himself ready as ever to renew his friendship with one who had done so much for the common cause, Garibaldi could not forget the circumstances which had led to his intemperate outburst. That Cavour was in the right, from a political point of view, does not admit of question, for a renewal of the war at that time would in all probability have arrayed against Italy at least two of the great Powers. Garibaldi then, as in after years, was quite incapable of appreciating such considerations, and thought that his readiness to lay down his own life, or to imperil his great reputation, were arguments in favour of immediate action, no matter what overwhelming superiority of numbers might be found on the opposite side.

Cavour never fully recovered from the shock which he had received, and the efforts he had made to control himself. This stormy sitting took place on the 18th April, 1861; on the 6th of June Cavour was dead. The amount of work to be done necessarily increased with each successive annexation, and Cavour, regardless of his health, foolishly piled more and more upon his own shoulders. But he had over-estimated his strength; and when to this continuous exhausting labour were added annoyance and grief that his exertions were not appreciated by one section of his countrymen, his unequalled

powers of rallying from the effects of overwork seem to have failed. He felt himself giving way, yet he could not afford to be ill, and the approach of serious danger was manifested by a mental irritability which he had never previously exhibited under the most trying circumstances. On the 29th May, after having spoken in the House, he was taken ill on his return home; but he never dreamed that the attack was mortal, and even recommenced work on the third day, confident that he would shortly recover. But the Italian doctors willed it otherwise, and Cavour, who had the same faith in bleeding that is still held by many of his countrymen, lent himself readily to this dangerous remedy. He gradually grew worse under the treatment, and all Turin watched sadly round the house where he lay. His last conversation expressed the same love of liberty and dread of arbitrary methods which had accompanied him throughout his whole life. "Above all, no state of siege," he said, with reference to Naples, in words that have already become historical: "any one can govern in a state of siege." "Libera Chiesa in Libero Stato," he repeated to Father Giacomo, as he bade him farewell, when the priest had administered the sacraments in accordance with his promise of seven years before. Shortly afterwards, murmuring "Italy, Rome, Venice," the great statesman breathed his last. He had been ill but eight days, and his sudden death was a blow to all truly liberal men in Europe, without distinction of party. This active, bold, wide-reaching intellect, which never despaired and never was satisfied, had apparently become so indispensable to the country that men looked blankly to a future without Cavour.

Apart from his great natural genius and his indefatigable industry, Cavour owed the success which attended him to the perfect fearlessness of his character, and to his confidence in the power of freedom and publicity to make the right cause prevail. No statesman of modern times has assumed graver responsibilities, or acted more completely on his own judgment, yet none more implicitly relied upon Parliament and the people to sanction the steps which he had taken. He never yielded one inch to popular clamour, or swerved aside from the course which he had deliberately decided was the best for the interests of his country; but yet he declared that when Parliament was not sitting, he felt half his strength was gone. From first to last he never hesitated to meet the most harassing interpellations with perfect openness, maintaining that the inconvenience of such questionings at critical times was more than counterbalanced by the confidence which a full statement of his policy at all seasons gradually develops in a capable minister. And thence it came that even his mistakes served but to endear him the more to the people whom he loved. His errors were theirs, and he freely shared with them his victories.

H. M. HYNDMAN.

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE—A REPLY.

THOSE who take exception to the new regulations for the Indian Civil Service Examination, and notably Mr. Playfair who is their spokesman, seem to be influenced by two entirely distinct motives, which may be sufficiently described by saying that one is a regard for India and the other a regard for Scotland, or at least for Scotch Universities. In their minds no doubt the two to a certain extent coincide. They believe, and not without some grounds, that India is best governed by Scotchmen, and that Scotchmen should go to Scotch Universities. Nevertheless, even if Scotchmen were not better civil servants than Englishmen, they would probably object to these regulations as an injustice to Scotland, and even if these did not put (so to speak) a differential duty on the importation of Scotchmen into our Eastern Empire, they would object to them as being on other grounds an injury to India. Which of these two motives is the most powerful with the objectors it is not, of course, for me to determine; but there can be no doubt which ought to weigh most with the Indian Government. And following this order, I shall examine first the arguments for and against the new regulations as they affect the training and selection of the future governors of India, leaving as far as possible to the end any consideration respecting the effect these regulations may have in determining the part of the Empire, or the place of education from which these gentlemen are likely to come.

The change which the Secretary of State in Council has decided on, and which has produced so much anxiety in the mind of Mr. Playfair, will be found fully stated by the latter in his article in the last (July) number of this Review, and may be summarised thus:— Under both sets of regulations the selection of candidates is by open competition in subjects which are taught, or which are supposed to be taught, at our public schools and universities. But whereas under the old system the limits of age between which candidates could be examined were seventeen and twenty-one, under the new system they are to be seventeen and nineteen. Under both sets of regulations the successful candidates have to undergo two or more years of probation before going to India, during which they are required to qualify themselves in subjects which have a more special bearing on their future duties. But whereas under the old regulations they received £150 a year during this period, whatever their place of residence, under the new regulations this bonus is only to be given them if they reside at a university approved by the

Secretary of State. So that (to adopt Mr. Playfair's summary, Fortnightly Review, July, page 116), the changes are practically twofold—

(1.) Reduction of the age from twenty-one to nineteen.

(2.) University attendance during probation.

Now it is to be observed that the first of these changes has only been made in order to secure the second. It is because Lord Salisbury desires that Indian Civil Servants should have the benefits of a university education, and because he considers that this is better given after the competitive examination than before it, that he has decided on reducing by two years the maximum age at which young men can compete. It is true that there are, as I shall point out, collateral advantages obtained by the change; it may be true, as its opponents allege, that there are also collateral disadvantages; but the considerations which have mainly influenced the decision of the Indian Government are undoubtedly these three.

1st. That university life ought to form part of the training of an Indian Civil Servant.

2nd. That the training can better be given *after* selection than *before* it.

3rd. That this training cannot be conveniently given after selection if the age of selection is as late as twenty-one.

On the first of these points there is a large preponderance of evidence on the part of Indian authorities. Indeed if it were not so, the fact would imply the strangest discrepancy between the opinions of Anglo-Indians and those of ordinary Englishmen on the subject of education. That on the whole a university life is a healthy life, that on the whole it forms the safest and the most beneficial transition between youth and manhood, is a belief as firmly rooted and as little contested as any in the whole range of educational theory. And there seem peculiar reasons why this particular training should be of more importance to the future Indian civilian than to the members of almost any other profession in the community. To mix freely and intimately with men drawn from every class, professing every shade of opinion, and destined to every walk in life, must be of especial benefit to those whose best years may be passed in the solitude of an Indian station; while the habit of living among equals must be of great value to those whose life has to be spent either in giving orders or in obeying them. If then it be admitted, as it is admitted, that we should aim at giving these future officials the advantages of a university life, can this be done conveniently or effectually under the present regulations concerning age? It is evident at the first glance that a university course which is to begin at twenty-one and end at twenty-two and a half (the latest date at which it is thought convenient that the young civilians should leave for India)

begins too late and ends too soon. The men will come up to their college two years older than the average, they will leave before they have done much more than get into the full swing of university life, and even if the universities so far relax their present regulations as to give them a degree, such a degree will not possess even the very moderate amount of meaning still left to that coveted symbol, which, as things now are, can hardly be described as being much more than a certificate of residence. Would it then be possible to retain the present limit of age and go through the university course *before* the age of twenty-one? To this plan there are certain special objections, but it will be more convenient, I think, to merge the discussion of them in the more general argument respecting all schemes by which the university training is placed before, and not after the open competition.

The chief authority for this way of settling the difficulty is supposed to be the Master of Balliol. His letter is referred to by almost every writer of importance in the Blue-book as carrying with it great weight, which, considering the position he holds at Oxford, and the fact that he was a member of Lord Macaulay's Commission which laid down the original lines of the present system, is not at all to be wondered at. It is, therefore, to be regretted that it is by no means easy to form a coherent theory out of the opinions which he now presses on the attention of the Indian Government.

When, after the lapse of years, Mr. Jowett's works are subjected to the searching examination of the higher criticism, some learned English scholar will, I fear, show to demonstration that this particular document originally consisted of two separate papers, written possibly at different times, referring certainly to different theories, and unskilfully joined together by some blundering editor. He will even be able to point to the exact spot at which the one ends and the other begins. He will show that down to the end of Section ii. (p. 10 of the Blue-book) Mr. Jowett contemplates a university training for condidates *before* the competitive examination; while throughout Section iii. all the remarks assume that the training is to take place *after* that examination. In Section ii. he argues strongly in favour of putting the date of the competition as late as possible. Nothing but the necessity of sending out the successful candidates to India before the age of twenty-four, and of giving them two years' special training after the competition, induces him to place the limit of age as low as twenty-one. But, in order to give candidates the opportunity of going to a university, he would, under certain special circumstances, raise the limit of age to twenty-two. From this scheme it is clear that Mr. Jowett *does* contemplate students going to the university before competition, and does *not* contemplate their getting their technical education there. Indeed,

since the only provision for inducing students to go to the university which he mentions in his summary of proposed changes (p. 12 of Blue-book) is that of raising the age of possible competition, it seems clear that he intends them to go to the university before, and not after, their selection. And in this sense, accordingly, his scheme has been commonly understood. But the curious thing is that about half his letter is devoted to making suggestions and obviating objections, which only have a meaning, if we suppose the candidates to go to the university *after* their selection. He talks of the *selected* candidates being brought to Oxford and Cambridge. He shows how the Government allowance of £150 might be made an engine for inducing the candidates to prefer the universities to London as places of study—though the Government allowance only begins after competition. He points out and replies to the objection to his scheme that there will be only two years left for the university course; though, if the university course is to be before twenty-one, there is no regulation in force which is to prevent it being four years or more. It may perhaps be thought that Mr. Jowett contemplates adopting *both* plans. Had this been the case, however, he would surely have taken more pains to indicate the fact in his summary of proposals, and also to have answered the obvious objection that the second plan, if carried into effect, would render the first almost nugatory. By the first plan men are to be induced to finish their university career by the privilege of deferring their competition till the age of twenty-two—a privilege diminished by the condition that they must previously pass an examination in "law, political economy, and some Indian language." Having succeeded in the competition, they are then to have only one instead of two years of special training, and, I presume, of Government grant. By the second plan they are to compete at twenty-one, and spend two years at the university, studying their special subjects and receiving the annual allowance. What man in his senses would adopt the first plan if he could adopt the second? Since there is no reason why, under the second plan, he should not go to the university before competition, as he is supposed to do under the first, there seems to be no single point in which the first is more advantageous: so that anybody who adopted it would pay £150 solely for the privilege of hampering himself in a severe competition with the useless burden of "law, political economy, and some Indian language."

It must be held, therefore, that Mr. Jowett's scheme is in the main to raise the age of the competitors and to get them to the university before competition; but an unfortunate result of the confusion which prevails in his letter is that he has occupied so much space in showing the advantages of the scheme which he does *not* want carried out, that he has not been able to answer

the obvious objection to the scheme he *does* want carried out. These objections, nevertheless, seem extremely cogent. To begin with, there is no machinery in force by which the competitors can be either forced or persuaded to go before competition, while there are certain reasons forcibly set forth in the despatch of the Secretary of State (Blue-book, p. 325), which would certainly have great weight in inducing them to stay away. The whole object of the candidates, before their examination, is to acquire such knowledge and in such a manner as will "pay" in examination. For this purpose they study various important branches of learning —classics, mathematics, English composition, natural science, and so forth; and, doubtless, as the Civil Service Commissioners assert, in order to be studied successfully, these things must be studied intelligently. Nevertheless, however little cramming (in the bad sense of the word) there may be, however little learning by rote, the object of the students must always be, not to get knowledge but to get marks. To meet this demand there has naturally sprung up a class of men who study mark-getting as an art, and who are willing to communicate that art for a consideration. They calculate to a nicety the direction in which each student may most easily acquire the largest amount of information—estimated in marks. They study with the greatest attention the various methods by which this knowledge may most easily be imparted, and they cultivate with assiduity the talent by which it may most effectively be reproduced on the day of examination. This is not a trade in which the universities can be successful competitors. It is not a trade in which it is to be wished that they *should* be successful competitors. They are already, far more than is desirable, institutions for hashing up knowledge into a form suitable for examinations; let us be thankful that from the nature of things they are never likely to succeed in this particular line so well as their metropolitan rivals.

From this inferiority on the part of the universities, however much to be desired on other grounds, it follows that but few intending competitors who have a regard for their own interests will go to them, unless by some artificial arrangement it can be made worth their while to do so. A money bribe on the part of the Government would obviously be out of the question. The *selected* candidates receive £150 a year for two years, and as the Government can attach any condition they choose to the payment, they have a hold over them. But it requires no argument to show that no such payment could be made to the candidates *before* selection, partly because of their number, which it would require sixty thousand a year to satisfy, but chiefly because it would be impossible to determine who out of those that announced their intention of trying for an appointment, really intended to devote all their energies to getting one. It being therefore impossible to offer an inducement in the

shape of money, Mr. Playfair has suggested an inducement in the shape of marks.

"The simple device of giving five hundred or a thousand marks to all candidates who possessed degrees in arts," appears to him to be a plan by which candidates might be persuaded into giving themselves the benefits of university life without the Government having to give a "monopoly" to any university. But it is clear that unless there was some "monopoly" there might be very little benefit. There are universities which give degrees without providing either supervision or that life in common which it is the particular wish of the Indian Government that their civil servants should have enjoyed. A degree, therefore, given by them would, for all practical purposes, be entirely worthless. It would indeed be a certificate of a certain very moderate amount of proficiency in one or two branches of study; but proficiency in study is the one thing which the Civil Service Commissioners can be sure of obtaining without the assistance of any university. It would surely be absurd to make it a *sine quâ non* for men who must pass a hard examination before they get an appointment, to bring up to that examination a certificate that they have already passed an easy one; and unless certain universities are excluded, whereby Mr. Playfair's favourite principle of "dealing fairly by all places of education" would be violated, a degree would really not necessarily mean more than this. But even if the degrees for which marks were conferred were confined to those given by universities approved of by the Secretary of State, there would nevertheless be this fatal objection to the scheme, that it is in direct contradiction to the principle of open competition. If these added marks are to act as a motive at all, they must be sufficiently numerous to make a material difference in the examination; and this can evidently only be the case if they enable a man who has been at the university to pass a better man than himself who has not been there. So that if Mr. Playfair's scheme is to work at all, if men are to be induced by any system of mark-giving to go through the desired university training *before* selection, it must be by dealing "unfairly" not only by places of education but by individual competitors. To this it will perhaps be replied that though the best man, in the sense of the man best fitted to pass examinations, may not get the appointment, the best man in the sense of the man best fitted for the post, *will* get it. By requiring university training at all, it is implied that the efficiency of the future civilian is thereby increased, so that if efficiency can be estimated in marks, this increase must have some mark value. Assign (it will be said) that value to it and allow for it in examination, and the greatest number of marks will, as formerly, indicate the best man. Now this argument might have some weight if the choice lay between having the university education before

competition, and not having it at all. But it evidently has no weight when the alternatives are having it before competition, and having it after. By the first plan you get all the efficiency conferred by the university, but are not sure of getting all the efficiency as tested by examination; by the second plan you are sure of getting both. From this point of view, therefore, the second plan is obviously to be preferred.

The practical difficulties then in the way of inducing candidates to go to the universities before competition would seem to be almost insuperable. But there are strong reasons of a more general kind why the competitive examination should not be put off to a date so late as to allow an English university career before it. I do not allude here to the argument urged by Sir Henry Maine and Lord Salisbury—that it is not wise to put an examination in which most candidates must necessarily fail, so late in a man's life that it becomes difficult or impossible for him after it to find any other suitable career—though this seems to me to be of great weight. I allude rather to reasons which flow, as I think, from the very nature of a competitive examination itself.

The history of public opinion regarding competition is a curious one. The main object—I should be inclined to say the sole object—of instituting any method of selection is to get the best men possible to do the required work; but the strongest passions which have been aroused on this subject have had reference, not to the manner in which, under any particular system, the work would be done; but as to how, under that system, the privilege of doing it would be distributed. These feelings, not very reasonable in themselves, dragged into their service all sorts of reasons, good and bad, respecting the first, and what should have been the only, question at issue. On the one side people talked as if there were no moral and intellectual advantage which could not be secured by open competition; to listen to the other side one would suppose that a service recruited in this way would be filled with men without either breeding or knowledge of the world, whose bodies were shattered by study, and whose minds were only fitted to take in crude masses of learning which they were always prepared,—not to use but—to reproduce on the shortest notice. Socially, it was said, these gentlemen were prigs, intellectually they were mere books of reference.

The truth, it need hardly be said, lies between these extremes; and it is not, I think, very difficult to determine what it is that we *may*, and what it is that we may *not*, reasonably expect a competitive examination to tell us. Some things it tells us for certain. There can be no doubt, for example, that a man who can succeed in a severe competition must have great powers of work, great powers of concentration, great powers of mastering a subject, and great powers of

reproducing his knowledge. The existence of these mental powers is shown to demonstration by success: and they are all of them of the utmost use in every walk of life, and not least, perhaps, in that of an Indian civilian. Next to these is a second class of qualifications which may or may not be found in successful competitors, but which will be more often found in them than in men selected at random. Such, for example, would be a certain originality of mind, and a power of grasping all the factors of a complicated problem so as to be able to form a judgment on them. Such also, according to some testimony, is bodily vigour and the power of resisting mental strain. Then comes a third class of qualifications whose existence, so far as I can see, is not indicated in the slightest degree by success in examinations. Such are decision, firmness, that rapid intuition which marks the man of action, whether statesman or soldier, refinement, knowledge of the world, the generality of the moral qualities, and anything which approaches to what is called genius.

Now it is perfectly true that these are the most important qualities of all for a ruler of men to possess: and it is also true that we must on the whole trust to luck for obtaining them in our civil officers. But the advocates for competition are undoubtedly in the right when they say that it would be folly to reject a method of selection which ensures *some* of the qualifications we desire, simply on the ground that it cannot ensure them all. The error they are perhaps apt to fall into is of another kind. They perceive clearly that a competitive examination is a good test, but they assume, I think somewhat rashly, that it also promotes a good education. To this I find it difficult to agree. The strain and effort of mind may be beneficial, though even this may be carried on for too long a time; but the habit of looking at every subject of knowledge as a mere instrument for getting marks, the tendency to value information not in proportion to its intrinsic worth, but rather in proportion to how it will "pay" in examination, must, I am persuaded, be pernicious in the highest degree. Now if this observation be true, its bearing on the question of the proper age for the competition is obvious; for it affords a strong argument for placing it as early as possible in the life of each candidate, with only one limitation:—that at the age which is chosen for examination the ratio between the powers of the various competitors should be approximately what it will remain in mature life. If too early an age is taken, this will clearly not be the case. To take an extreme instance, it would hardly be possible to form any estimate of the comparative powers of two men of thirty, from a competitive examination held when they were five years old. What the precise age may be at which this particular difficulty in drawing conclusions from competition may be said practically to vanish, I could not venture to determine; but I think it will be generally

allowed that nineteen is on the right side of the line, and that therefore there are strong reasons from this point of view for placing the maximum of age then rather than at twenty-one.

Mr. Playfair indeed sees a danger to the cause of sound education in the lowering of the limit of age where I see an advantage; and his argument, if I understand him rightly, is this: The technical education of these civilians begins when their general education ends, namely, at the date of their competitive examination. After that they have to turn their attention to those special subjects which are to be of use to them in their future profession. By lowering the age of the competitor you therefore cause the technical education to commence two years earlier than it otherwise would, and you diminish *pro tanto* the general culture of the selected candidates.

Now it is clear that this argument derives the whole of its weight from an assumption that technical education and general culture are in some way opposed and mutually exclusive; and it must be owned that the assumption is often true. In teaching a man his trade you do not usually do much towards enlarging his general knowledge or widening his sympathies; and it is undoubtedly a loss, unfortunately in many cases a necessary one, to begin such teaching before the general education is completed. But then it must be recollected that this technical education is not injurious because it is useful, but because it is narrow. Provided that the subjects taught are of general interest, and are not mere instruments for earning a living, they are not the worse but the better for being of some future use to the student. If it were not so, indeed, the whole scheme of our university studies would require remodelling. For how many of the successful Honour-men choose their particular line of study with some reference to their intended profession? The classical or mathematical men frequently become schoolmasters, those who pass the theological examination usually become clergymen, those who study natural science often become doctors. To all intents and purposes these studies are as technical as those of the Indian probationers, indeed the first two of them have even a more direct bearing on the future calling of those who work at them; but no one has so far questioned their fitness to give university culture as to propose their being omitted from the university curriculum. A glance at the list of subjects in which the probationers are examined will show how untenable in their case is the antithesis insisted on by Mr. Playfair between technical education and general culture. Sanskrit, Indian vernaculars, Indian history, law, and political economy. There are surely materials enough and to spare in this catalogue for supplying all that is required in a university course. Nor need any university be afraid lest by giving a degree for even a very moderate proficiency in these subjects, it should lower the intellectual standard now signified by its B.A.

There is another evil which Mr. Playfair sees in having the education of the candidates carried on at the university after, rather than before, competition. He anticipates that "the system of special training will have the effect of separating the civil servants from ordinary academical students" (page 121), and therefore I suppose of depriving them of some of the advantages of academic life. That such a separation, if it took place to the extent of forming a distinct caste, would be injurious is of course undeniable. But I see no reason to expect it, for there does not seem any cause adequate to produce it. The similarity of their profession might have a tendency to form the future civilians into a "set." But so far from this being a danger to be avoided, by general consent it is a consummation greatly to be desired, inasmuch as it is expected to facilitate future co-operation in India. The similarity of their studies would have a similar effect. But any one acquainted with Oxford or Cambridge must be perfectly aware that community of college life is a far more powerful bond of union among university men than either community of profession or community of study, and that so long as the former exists the latter will afford useful but still only subordinate principles of cohesion.

The case then for giving candidates a university training, and a university training after, rather than before, competition, would seem very strong on general grounds drawn from the principle of sound education and from the peculiarities of an Indian civilian's life. But it becomes much stronger when we reflect on the alternative which is presented to us if we reject this solution of the problem. This alternative would practically appear to be life in London lodgings. Now it is hard to believe that any one acquainted both with London and with the universities, would seriously assert that lodgings in the one are to be compared to college life in the other, as a place of residence for a young man of twenty. Something like such a theory is indeed hinted at by Mr. Playfair, for he talks of the "practical immunity from danger" in the first, while he gloomily prognosticates that the probationers will be "sadly tempted by the sharks of money-lenders who infest our higher universities," in the second. It is to be observed, however, on this, that the only evidence for the "practical immunity" is the fact that no candidate has as yet sunk so low as to be rejected on the score of character by the Commissioners, while, on the other hand, that is surely a curiously constructed virtue which, while it could resist the manifold temptations of a London life, falls a prey to the "sharks of money-lenders at our higher universities"!

One consequence of lowering the age of competition may be, that some alteration will have to be made in the subjects of examination. If this is so, I trust that the first change effected will be the substitution of political economy for moral science. The first of these is one

of the best subjects for examination, the latter is, of all subjects in which examinations are held, perhaps the very worst. And the reasons for this are not far to seek. The main requirements of a good subject for examination are—*first*, that the effort of memory in mastering the subject should be small when compared with the effort of intelligence; *second*, that it should be easy to distinguish an answer which shows merely a skilful use of the memory, from one which shows an intelligent grasp of the subject; and *third*, that there should be substantial agreement respecting the body of doctrine in which the examination is held. In all these respects political economy is good, and in all of them moral science is bad. Its failure, indeed, in the last alone is so great as to make it a bad subject for examination, since the difference between various systems of philosophy, still living, still supported by great names, and professed by numerous disciples, is as great as that between astronomy and astrology. Indeed, it is greater. For whereas astronomers and astrologers both agree that their respective sciences have to do with the stars, philosophers of different schools can hardly be said to have, even to that extent, a common ground; since the very existence of that which some of them assert to be the subject-matter of philosophy is denied by others. "Under the head of moral sciences," say the Civil Service Commissioners (Blue-book, p. 17), when defending this part of their present system, "it is no doubt true that some questions have to be treated which are not yet, and perhaps never may be, thoroughly settled." Since this assertion can be made with truth of *every* considerable branch of knowledge, it is no doubt an insufficient objection to examinations being held in any particular one. But the peculiarity of moral science is, not that some questions belonging to it are unsettled, but that very few important questions *are* settled in any positive sense. No doubt progress has been made in this branch of inquiry, but the progress has been (so to speak) chiefly negative. The labours of successive generations of thinkers have, after all, come to little more than this —that over certain paths of speculation we are able to write, "No thoroughfare."

It is not, however, simply because philosophers differ, that philosophy is a bad examination subject, but because they differ so widely as to make intelligent sympathy between them difficult or impossible. To an absolute idealist, for example, current English philosophy appears to be a tissue of often-exposed fallacies. To a disciple of the latter school absolute idealism appears a strange dream, which cannot be verified even in those few cases where it can be understood. Nor is the matter much mended if we turn from metaphysics to ethics, where the difference of theory is as great, and is rendered even more startling by the substantial agreement as to practical

results. The difficulties which such a state of things must throw in the way of successful examinations are obvious; and as they would be entirely obviated if political economy were substituted for philosophy, the change is surely greatly to be desired. Sir Henry Maine, indeed (Blue-book, p. 107), thinks political economy a misleading subject for Indian civilians to study, because the assumptions on which it rests are by no means absolutely true of India. Nor are they absolutely true (it might be added) of any other country. Political economy, like every deductive science, artificially simplifies the phenomena with which it deals. It simplifies them more violently than other deductive sciences, and it simplifies them more violently when it treats of India than when it treats of England. But the person who is ignorant of this, must know either very little of India or very little of political economy—two sources of possible error which it would surely be very easy to avoid in the case of civil servants. It must also be recollected that there are many economic laws which are as true in India as in England. The value of the precious metals, the theory of foreign exchanges, the principles of population, the theory of prices, are not greatly affected by peculiarities of land tenure or the prevalence of caste—and these form no inconsiderable portion of economic science strictly so called.

So far the discussion respecting limits of age has turned simply on what seem to be the merits of the case, without any special reference to the authorities which might be quoted either on one side or on the other. But undoubtedly, if Indian opinion tended very decidedly in one direction, it would afford a strong argument for adopting the course so indicated, which nothing but the clearest reasons on the other side would justify the Indian Government in disregarding. Now it appears from Mr. Playfair's article that, in his opinion, there is such a consensus of Indian opinion, that it has been deliberately disregarded and then misrepresented by the Secretary of State, and that the Secretary of State was influenced in his decision in this matter by his official connection with the University of Oxford. The second of these charges will be considered presently. The first of them is made in a curious passage which I will quote at length:—

"Lord Salisbury admits that the opinion in India is divided on the subject; his words are: 'Thirty-three are in favour of raising the age; twenty-seven in favour of lowering it.' But this statement gives a very inaccurate view of the case, for not only does it omit allusion to the large number who preferred the existing age of twenty-one, and reported against any alterations, but it does not include the opinion of all the hundred and ten reporters in the Blue-book. They may be classed as follows:—

"41 reporters were in favour of twenty-one as the maximum age.

"41 reporters thought the maximum should be twenty-two or upwards.

"13 reporters were in favour of twenty as the maximum age.

"15 reporters were in favour of nineteen as the maximum age.

"All this, no doubt, coincides with Lord Salisbury's statement, that the opinion of India is divided, but, as I have shown, it is divided into two very unequal parts—that is, ninety-five reporters are against reducing the age to nineteen, and only fifteen are in its favour. Now, with this overwhelming evidence against the course, so far as Indian opinion went, what evidence in England had Lord Salisbury to justify him in making such an important reduction in age?" [p. 116.]

In this passage Mr. Playfair first attacks Lord Salisbury's method of dealing with statistics, and then gives us his own: and his accusation against the Secretary of State is to this effect, that Lord Salisbury gives an inaccurate view of the case because he omits any allusion to the opinions that were opposed to *any* alteration of age. But had Mr. Playfair considered the course of Lord Salisbury's argument, he would have seen that the omission was perfectly legitimate. Lord Salisbury had already dealt with the plan by which the maximum age was to remain unaltered; he had already given reasons, in his opinion conclusive reasons, why that plan would not be consistent with any scheme for promoting the object about which there was "practical unanimity," namely, a university training for the candidates. It was therefore perfectly competent for him to say—since we are not to retain the present age—shall we lower it, or shall we raise it? and to quote as one of the factors in forming a decision on the point the amount of authority on one side and on the other. But, says Mr. Playfair, "ninety-five reporters are against reducing the age to nineteen, and only fifteen are in its favour. Now with this overwhelming evidence against the cause," &c.; and again (p. 125), the association of probationers at Oxford "might have been secured, *as ninety-five of the one hundred and ten Indian witnesses intimated*, without lowering the age to nineteen." From these passages one would be apt to conclude that there were two courses open to the Indian Government; that fifteen gentlemen recommended one of them, and ninety-five recommended the other, and that therefore the overwhelming weight of authority was in favour of the second. It is unnecessary to say, for it is sufficiently evident from Mr. Playfair's own figures, that this second course has no actual existence whatever. There is, as might naturally be expected where several plans may be adopted, and when many independent witnesses are consulted who have no motive for compromise, a majority against *every* course, including the course of leaving things as they are. So that if we were to follow what appears to be Mr. Playfair's method of inference in these matters, and were to attempt to regulate our conduct according to the opinion of the majority, we should find ourselves in the embarrassing position of being obliged to do something while at the same time we could do nothing in particular! Is it suggested that we should raise the age to twenty-two? There is a large majority against such a plan. Is it proposed to lower it to twenty? Again a large adverse majority.

Is it proposed to leave it as it is? The majority are decidedly opposed to such a course. And so every possible scheme might be rejected in turn, and always with the sanction of the majority. What makes Mr. Playfair's criticism the more absurd is that he himself does actually commit the sin which he imputes to Lord Salisbury. The one point on which Mr. Playfair says that we may find practical unanimity is that there should be university training *after* the competition; and yet much of his article is devoted to attacking this plan, by showing, first that it would not work (p. 121), and secondly, that if it did work it would be unfair to the Scotch universities.

This brings us at last to the local grievance which lies apparently at the root of much of Mr. Playfair's feeling against the new regulations. He fears that by placing the limit of age at nineteen, candidates for the competitive examination will be discouraged from going to the Scotch universities, to the serious detriment of the latter. But a glance at the figures would seem to show that the injury done to them, supposing (which need not be anticipated) that the worst happened, and that they lost *all* intending competitors, would be so trifling as to be hardly worth considering, if even the smallest benefit is to be derived by the selected candidates from the new system. It appears that the average number of candidates who were at any Scotch university before competition has been not more than eighteen, during the last three years of which we have official information: and of these on an average only about four were successful. Surely to say that four great universities can be seriously affected by losing (supposing they do lose) eighteen students, of whom only about four are good enough to get Indian appointments, is somewhat extravagant. But this is not all. Not only does Mr. Playfair see among the collateral consequences of the scheme a serious injury to the Scotch universities, but the whole thing appears to him to be a dark plot contrived between Lord Salisbury and the University of Oxford, aided and abetted by Sir Henry Maine. On the one hand Lord Salisbury, in defiance of opinion in India, is to lower the maximum age of competition, which Mr. Playfair says is "deeming Oxford wise and India foolish" (p. 117); while on the other hand that university is to provide professorships and readerships in order to give the requisite instruction to the selected candidates, a proceeding which I understand Mr. Playfair to describe as "bidding high for £12,000 a year of public money" (p. 122). So that because a Secretary of State in council and an ancient university see their way to inducing something under forty additional young men to spend incomes of £150 a year at college, therefore India is to be neglected and Scotland left out in the cold!

It is needless to say that this idea is a pure chimera, and that if Oxford has been unduly favoured by the new regulation, it has not

been in order to distribute a few thousands a year more among Oxford tradesmen or a few hundreds a year more among Oxford tutors. But has it been unduly favoured? Are these new regulations a violation of the principle of Lord Macaulay's Commission that "all places of liberal education should be fairly dealt by"? Mr. Playfair thinks that they are, but he scarcely makes out his case. In the first place if dealing fairly by all places of liberal education means so arranging the age of competition as to make it equally convenient to all of them, such fair dealing must be unattainable. No ingenuity can fix a date which shall alike suit all the schools and all the universities of the United Kingdom. But, secondly, this "fair dealing" was, I apprehend, only intended as a means to an end: the end, namely, of obtaining the widest field from which candidates might be selected. But there is no reason to suppose that this area of selection will be in any way limited by the new system. Scotchmen will not be discouraged from competing, even if they have to come to the examination, as most Englishmen now come, not from college but from school; indeed, since the new course of education may be shorter, and therefore cheaper than the old, it is possible that it may act in favour of the poorer country. And thirdly, "fair dealing" does not mean dealing with different things as if they were similar, it does not require us to ignore real distinctions, but only to exclude arbitrary ones. Now the distinction that may be made by the new system between Oxford and Cambridge on the one hand and some other universities on the other is not arbitrary, but a necessary consequence of the aim of the Indian Government in framing that system. It is thought desirable, not by the Secretary of State alone, but by a large majority of Indian officials, that a certain training should be given to the probationers. Oxford can give it. London University cannot. To treat Oxford and London alike in the matter would be acting not so much fairly as foolishly. In making these remarks I am influenced by no blind admiration for Cambridge; still less for Oxford. In some important respects they seem to me to fall far more short of the Ideal University than do their poorer sisters north of the Tweed. But it so happens that the one thing the Indian Government desire for their future civilians is the one thing that Oxford and Cambridge can give in the highest perfection. In the advancement of learning, in the work of adding new provinces to the domain of knowledge, many universities are before them, very few I am afraid behind them. But for giving a training, moral and social, to young men on the threshold of life, for supplying those elements of education which the Indian civilian in his solitary and responsible career will most require but can least easily obtain, they stand unrivalled in the world.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

THREE BOOKS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

I.

HOLBACH'S SYSTEM OF NATURE.

No survey of the intellectual preparation of the French Revolution would be complete, which should leave out three remarkable books that seemed to speak the last word of the thought of the eighteenth century. That word spoken, it only remained to translate the word into social action. With an account of these three works, I propose to quit a field of study that has perhaps taxed the patience of the readers of this Review for a longer period than it is satisfactory to look back upon.

The *System of Nature* was published in 1770, eight years before the death of Voltaire and of Rousseau, and it gathered up all the scattered explosives of the criticism of the century into one thundering engine of revolt and destruction. It professed to be the posthumous work of Mirabaud, who had been secretary to the Academy. This was one of the common literary frauds of the time. Its real author was Holbach. It is too systematic and coherently compacted to be the design of more than one man, and it is too systematic also for that one man to have been Diderot, as has been so often assumed. At the same time there are good reasons for believing that not only much of its thought, but some of the pages, were the direct work of Diderot. The latest editor of the heedless philosopher has certainly done right in placing among his miscellanea the declamatory apostrophe which sums up the teachings of this remorseless book. The rumour imputing the authorship to Diderot was so common, and Diderot himself was so disquieted by it, that he actually hastened away from Paris to his native Langres and to the Baths of Bourbonne, in order to be ready to cross the frontier at the first hint of a warrant being out against him.[1] Diderot has recorded his admiration of his friend's work. "I am disgusted," he said, "with the modern fashion of mixing up incredulity and superstition. What I like is a philosophy that is clear, definite, and frank, such as you have in the *System of Nature*. The author is not an atheist in one page and a deist in another. His philosophy is all of one piece."[2]

No book has ever produced a more widespread shock. Everybody insisted on reading it, and almost everybody was terrified. It suddenly revealed to men, like the blaze of lightning to one faring through

(1) *Œuv.* xvii. 329. (2) *Œuv.* ii. 398.

darkness, the formidable shapes, the unfamiliar sky, the sinister landscape, into which the wanderings of the last fifty years had brought them unsuspecting. They had had half a century of such sharp intellectual delight as had not been known throughout any great society in Europe since the death of Michel Angelo, and had perhaps north of the Alps never been known at all. And now it seemed to many of them, as they turned over the pages of Holbach's book, as if they stood face to face with the devil of the mediæval legend, come to claim their souls. Satire of Job and David, banter about Joshua's massacres and Solomon's concubines, invective against blind pastors of blinder flocks, zeal to place Newton on the throne of Descartes and Locke upon the pedestal of Malebranche, wishes that the last Jansenist might be strangled in the bowels of the last Jesuit—all this had given zest and savour to life. In the midst of their high feast, Holbach pointed to the finger of their own divinity, Reason, writing on the wall the appalling judgments that there is no God; that the universe is only matter in spontaneous movement; and, most grievous word of all, that what men call their souls die with the death of the body, as music dies when the strings are broken.

Galiani, the witty Neapolitan, who had so many good friends in the philosophic circle, anticipated the well-known phrase of a writer of our own day. "The author of the *System of Nature*," he said, "is the Abbé Terrai of metaphysics: he makes deductions, suspensions of payment, and causes the very Bankruptcy of knowledge, of pleasure, and of the human mind. But you will tell me that after all there were too many rotten securities; that the account was too heavily overdrawn; that there was too much worthless paper on the market. That is true too, and that is why the crisis has come."[1] Goethe, then a student at Strasburg, has told us what horror and alarm the *System of Nature* brought into the circle there. "But we could not conceive," he says, "how such a book could be dangerous. It came to us so gray, so Cimmerian, so corpse-like, that we could hardly endure its presence; we shuddered before it as if it had been a spectre. It struck us as the very quintessence of musty age, savourless, repugnant."[2]

If this was the light in which the book appeared to the young man who was soon to be the centre of German literature, the brilliant veteran who had for two generations been the centre of the literature of France was both shocked by the audacity of the new treatise, and alarmed at the peril in which it involved the whole Encyclopædic brotherhood with the Patriarch at their head. Voltaire had no sooner read the *System of Nature* than he at once snatched up his

(1) *Corresp. de Galiani*, i. 142.
(2) *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, Bk. xi.

ever ready pen and plunged into refutation.[1] At the same time he took care that the right persons should hear what he had done. He wrote to his old patron and friend Richelieu, that it would be a great kindness if he would let the King know that the abused Voltaire had written an answer to the book that all the world was talking about. I think, he says, that it is always a good thing to uphold the doctrine of the existence of a God who punishes and rewards: society has need of such an opinion. There is a curious disinterestedness in the notion of Lewis the Fifteenth and Richelieu, two of the wickedest men of their time, being anxious for the demonstration of a *Dieu vengeur*. Voltaire at least had a very keen sense of the meaning of a court that rewarded and punished. The author of the *System of Nature*, he wrote to Grimm, ought to have felt that he was undoing his friends, and making them hateful in the eyes of the king and the court.[2] This came true in the case of the great philosopher-king himself. Frederick of Prussia was offended by a book which spared political superstitions as little as theological dogma, and treated kings as boldly as it treated priests. Though keenly occupied in watching the war then waging between Russia and Turkey, and already revolving the partition of Poland, he found time to compose a defence of theism. 'Tis a good sign, Voltaire said to him, when a king and a plain man think alike: their interests are often so hostile, that when their ideas do agree, they must certainly be right.[3]

The philosophic meaning of Holbach's propositions was never really seized by Voltaire. He is, as has been justly said, the representative of ordinary common-sense, which with its declamations and its appeals to the feelings is wholly without weight or significance as against a philosophic way of considering things, however humble the philosophy may be.[4] He hardly took more pains to understand Holbach, than Johnson took to understand Berkeley. In truth it was a characteristic of Voltaire always to take the social, rather than the philosophic view, of the great issues of the theistic controversy. One day when present at a discussion as to the existence of a deity, in which the negative was being defended with much vivacity, he astonished the company by ordering the servants to leave the room, and then proceeding to lock the door. "Gentlemen," he explained, "I do not wish my valet to cut my throat to-morrow morning." It was not the truth of the theistic belief in itself that Voltaire prized, but its supposed utility as an assistant to the police. D'Alembert,

(1) See the article *Dieu* in the *Dict. Philosophique*.
(2) Voltaire's *Corr.*, Nov. 1, 1770.
(3) July 27, 1770.
(4) Lange's *Gesch. d. Materialismus*, i. 369; where the author shows how entirely Voltaire failed to touch Holbach's position as to the meaning of Order in the universe.

on the other hand, viewed the dispute as a matter of disinterested speculation. "As for the existence of a supreme intelligence," he wrote to Frederick the Great, "I think that those who deny it, advance far more than they can prove, and scepticism is the only reasonable course." He goes on to say, however, that experience invincibly proves the materiality of the soul, and a material deity—like that which Mr. Mill did not repudiate—of limited powers and dependent on fixed conditions.[1]

Let us now turn to the book itself. And first, as to its author. The reader of the New Heloïsa will remember that the heroine, after her repentance and her marriage, has only one chagrin in the world; that is the blank disbelief of her husband in the two great mysteries of a Supreme Being and another world. Wolmar, the husband, has always been supposed to stand for Rousseau's version of Holbach, and Holbach would hardly have complained of the portrait. The Wolmar of the novel is benevolent, active, patient, tranquil, friendly and trustful. The nicely combined conjunction of the play of circumstance with the action of men pleases him, just as the fine symmetry of a statue or the skilful contrivance of dramatic effects would please him. If he has any dominant passion, it is a passion for observation; he delights in reading the hearts of men.[2]

All this seems to have been as true of the real Holbach as of the imaginary Wolmar. He was one of the best-informed men of his time (1723—1789). He had an excellent library, a collection of pictures, and a valuable cabinet of natural history; and his poorer friends were as freely welcome to the use of all of them as the richest. His manners were cheerful, courteous, and easy; he was a model of simplicity, and kindliness was written on every feature. His hospitality won him the well-known nickname of the maître d'hôtel of philosophy, and his house was jestingly called the Café de l'Europe. On Sundays and Thursdays, without prejudice to other days, from ten to a score of men of letters and eminent foreign visitors, including Hume, Wilkes, Shelburne, Garrick, Franklin, Priestley, used to gather round his good dishes and excellent wine. It was noted as a mark of the attractiveness of the company that the guests, who came at two in the afternoon, constantly remained until as late as seven and eight in the evening. To one of those guests, who afterwards became the powerful enemy of the Encyclopædic group, the gaiety, the irreverence, the hardihood of speculation and audacity of discourse, were all as gall and wormwood. Rousseau found their atheistic sallies offensive beyond endurance.[3] Their hard rationalism was odious to

(1) *Œuv.* v. 296, 303, &c.

(2) *Nouvelle Héloïse*, IV. xii.

(3) In a book about Goethe, published the other day, containing the substance of

the great emotional dreamer, and after he had quarrelled with them all, he transformed his own impressions of the dreariness of atheism into the passionate complaint of Julie. "Conceive the torment of living in retirement with the man who shares our existence, and yet cannot share the hope that makes existence dear; of never being able with him either to bless the works of God, or to speak of the happy future that is promised us by the goodness of God; of seeing him, while doing good on every side, still insensible to everything that makes the delight of doing good; of watching him, by the most bizarre of contradictions, think with the impious, and yet live like a Christian. Think of Julie walking with her husband; the one admiring in the rich and splendid robe that the earth displays, the handiwork and the bounteous gifts of the author of the universe; the other seeing in it all nothing but a fortuitous combination, the product of blind force! Alas! she cries, the great spectacle of nature, for us so glorious, so animated, is dead in the eyes of the unhappy Wolmar, and in that great harmony of being where all speaks of God in accents so mild and so persuasive, he only perceives eternal silence."[1]

Yet it is fair to the author of this most eloquent Ignoratio Elenchi to notice that he honestly fulfilled the object with which he professed to set out—namely, to show both the religious and philosophical parties that their adversaries were capable of leading upright, useful, and magnanimous lives. Whether he would have painted the imaginary Wolmar so favourably, if he could have foreseen what kind of book the real Holbach had in his desk, is perhaps doubtful. For Holbach's opinions looked more formidable and sombre in the cold deliberateness of print, than they had sounded amid the interruptions of lively discourse.

It is needless to say, to begin with, that the writer has the most marked of the philosophic defects of the school of the century. Perhaps we might put it more broadly, and call the disregard of historic opinion the natural defect of all materialistic speculation from Epicurus downwards.[2] Like all others of his school, Holbach has no perception nor sense of the necessity of an explanation how the mental world came to be what it is, nor how men came to think and believe what they do think and believe. He gives them what he deems unanswerable reasons for changing their convictions, but he never dreams of asking himself in what elements of human character the older convictions had their root, and from what fitness for the conduct of life they drew the current of their sap. Yet

lectures delivered before the University of Berlin, Dr. Grimm speaks of Rousseau as an "atheist,"—Rousseau of all people in the world! Dr. Grimm might as well call Moses and Isaiah atheists.

(1) *Nouv. Hél.* V. v. (2) See Lange, i. 85.

unless this aspect of things had been well considered, his unanswerable reasons were sure to fall wide of the mark. Opinions, as men began to remember after social movement had thrown the logical century into discredit, have a history as well as a logic. They are bound up with a hundred transmitted prepossessions, and they have become identified with a hundred social customs that are the most dearly cherished parts of men's lives. Nature had as much to do with the darkness of yesterday as with the light of to-day; she is as much the accomplice of superstition as she is the oracle of reason. It was because they forgot all this, that Holbach's school now seem so shallow and superficial. The whole past was one long working of the mystery of iniquity. "The sum of the woes of the human race was not diminished—on the contrary, it was increased by its religions, by its governments, by its opinions, in a word, by all the institutions that it was led to adopt on the plea of ameliorating its lot."[1] *On lui fit adopter!* But who were the *on*, and how did they work? With what instruments and what fulcrum? Never was the convenience of this famous abstract substantive more fatally abused. And if religion, government, and opinion had all aggravated the miseries of the human race, what had lessened them? For the Encyclopædic school never attempted, as Rousseau did, to deny that the world had, as a matter of fact, advanced towards happiness. It was because the Holbachians looked on mankind as slaves held in an unaccountable bondage, which they must necessarily be eager to throw off, that their movement, after doing at the Revolution a certain amount of good in a bad way, led at last to a mischievous reaction in favour of Catholicism

Far more immediately significant than the philosophy of the *System of Nature* were the violence, directness, and pertinacity of its assault upon political government. Voltaire, as has so often been noticed, had always abstained from meddling with either the theory or the practical abuses of the national administration. All his shafts had been levelled at ecclesiastical superstition. Rousseau, indeed, had begun the most famous of his political speculations by crying that man who was born free is now everywhere in chains. But Rousseau was vague, abstract, and sentimental. In the *System of Nature* we have a clear presage of the trenchant and imperious invective which, twenty years after its publication, rang in all men's ears from the gardens of the Palais Royal and the benches of the Jacobins' Hall. The writer has plainly made up his mind that the time has at last come for dropping all the discreet machinery of apologue and parable, and giving to his words the edge of a sharpened sword. The vague disguises of political speculation, and the mannered reservations of a Utopia or New Atlantis, are exchanged

(1) *Syst. de la Nat.* pt. I. c. xvi.

for a passionate, biting, and loudly practical indictment. All over the world men are under the yoke of masters who neglect the instruction of the people, or only seek to cheat and deceive them. The sovereigns in every part of the globe are unjust, incapable, made effeminate by luxury, corrupted by flattery, depraved by licence and impunity, destitute of talent, manners, or virtue. Indifferent to their duties, which they usually know nothing about, they are scarcely concerned for a single moment of the day with the well-being of their people; their whole attention is absorbed by useless wars, or by the desire to find at each instant new means of gratifying their insatiable rapacity. The state of society is a state of war between the sovereign and all the rest of its members. In every country alike the morality of the people is wholly neglected, and the one care of the government is to render them timorous and wretched. The common man desires no more than bread; he wins it by the sweat of his brow; joyfully would he eat it, if the injustice of the government did not make it bitter in his mouth. By the insanity of governments, those who are swimming in plenty, without being any the happier for it, yet snatch from the tiller of the soil the very fruits that his arms have extracted. Injustice, by reducing indigence to despair, drives it to seek in crime resources against the woes of life. An iniquitous government breeds despair in men's souls; its vexations depopulate the land, the fields remain untilled, famine, contagion, and pestilence stalk over the earth. Then, embittered by misery, men's minds begin to ferment and effervesce, and what inevitably follows is the overthrow of a realm.[1]

If France had been prosperous, all this would have passed for the empty declamation of an excited man of letters. As it was, such declamation only described, in language as accurate as it was violent and stinging, the real position of the country. In the urgency of a present material distress, men were not over-careful that the basis of the indictment should be laid in the principles of a sound historical philosophy of society. We can hardly wonder at it. What is interesting, and what we do not notice earlier in the century, is that in the *System of Nature* the revolt against the impotence of society, and the revolt against the omnipotence of God, made a firm coalition. That coalition came to a bloody end for the time, four and twenty years after Holbach's book proclaimed it, when the Committee of Public Safety dispatched Hébert and better men than Hébert to the guillotine for being atheists,—atheism, as Robespierre said, being aristocratic.

Holbach's work may be said to spring from the doctrine that the social deliverance of man depends on his intellectual deliverance, and that the key to his intellectual deliverance is only to be found in

(1) I. xiv. xvi. etc. etc.

the substitution of Naturalism for Theism. What he means by Naturalism we shall proceed shortly to explain. The style, we may remark, notwithstanding the energy and coherence of the thought, is often diffuse and declamatory. Some one said of the *System of Nature* that it contained at least four times too many words. Yet Voltaire, while professing extreme dislike of its doctrine, admitted that the writer had somehow caught the ear of the learned, of the ignorant, and of women. "He is often clear," said Voltaire, "and sometimes eloquent, yet he may justly be reproached with declamation, with repeating himself, and with contradicting himself, like all the rest of them."[1] Galiani made an over-subtle criticism on it, when he complained of the want of coolness and self-possession in the style, and then said that it looked as if the writer were pressed less to persuade other people than to persuade himself. This was a crude impression. Nobody can have any doubt of the writer's profound sincerity, or of his earnest desire to make proselytes. He knows his own mind, and hammers his doctrines out with a hard and iterative stroke that hits its mark. Yet his literary tone, in spite of its declamatory pitch, not seldom sinks into a drone. Holbach's contemporaries were in too fierce contact with the tusks and hooked claws of the Church, to have any mind for the rhythm of a champion's sentences or the turn of his periods. But now that the efforts of the heterodox have taught the Churches to be better Christians than they were a hundred years ago, we can afford to admit that Holbach is hardly more captivating in style, and not always more edifying in temper, than some of the Christian Fathers themselves.

What then is the system of Nature, and what is that Naturalism which is to replace the current faith in the deities outside of observable nature? The writer makes no pretence of feeling a tentative way towards an answer. From the very outset his spirit is that of dogmatic confidence. He is less a seeker than an expounder; less a philosopher than a preacher; and he boldly dismisses proof in favour of exhortation.

"Let man cease to search outside the world in which he dwells, for beings who may procure him a happiness that nature refuses to grant; let him study that nature, let him learn her laws, and contemplate the energy and unchanging fixity with which she acts; let him apply his discoveries to his own felicity, and submit in silence to laws from which nothing can withdraw him; let him consent to ignore the causes, surrounded as they are for him by an impenetrable veil; let him undergo without a murmur the decrees of universal force."

Science derived from experience is the source of all wise action. It is

(1) *Dict. Phil.* s. v. Dieu, § iv.

physical science (*la physique*) and experience that man ought to consult in religion, morals, legislature, as well as in knowledge and the arts. It is by our senses that we are bound to universal nature; it is by our senses that we discover her secrets. The moment we first experience them, we fall into a void where our imagination leads us endlessly astray.

Movement is what establishes relations between our organs and external objects. Every object has laws of movement that are peculiar to itself. Everything in the universe is in movement; no part of nature is really at rest.[1]

Whence does nature receive this movement? From herself, since she is the great whole, outside of which consequently nothing can exist. Motion is a fashion of being which flows necessarily from the essence of matter; matter moves by its own energy; its motion is due to forces inherent in it; the variety of its movements and of the phenomena resulting from them comes from variation of the properties, the qualities, the combinations, originally found in the different primitive matters of which nature is the assemblage.

Whence came matter? Matter has existed from all eternity, and as motion is one of the inherent and constitutive qualities of matter, motion also has existed from eternity.

The abstract idea of matter must be decomposed. Instead of regarding matter as a unique existence, rude, passive, incapable of moving itself, of combining itself, of producing anything by itself, we ought to look upon it as a Kind of existence, of which the various individual members comprising the kind, in spite of their having some common properties, such as extension, divisibility, figure, &c., still ought not to be ranged in a single class, nor comprised in a single denomination.

What is Nature's process? Continual movement. From the stone which is formed in the bowels of the earth by the intimate combination, as they approach one another, of analogous and similar molecules, up to the sun, that vast reservoir of heated particles that gives light to the firmament; from the numb oyster up to man,—we observe an uninterrupted progression, a perpetual chain of combination and movements, from which there result—beings that only differ among one another, by the variety of their elementary matters, and of the combination and proportion of these elements. From this variety springs an infinite diversity of ways of existing and acting. In generation, nutrition, preservation, we can see nothing but different sorts of matter differently combined, each of them endowed with its own movements, each of them regulated by fixed laws that cause them to undergo the necessary changes.

Let us notice here three of the author's definitions. (1.) *Motion*

(1) Holbach confesses his obligation on this head to Toland's *Letters to Serena* (1704).

is an effort by which a body changes or tends to change its place. (2.) Of the ultimate composition of Matter, Holbach says nothing definite, though he assumes molecular movement as its first law. He contents himself, properly enough perhaps in view of the destination of his treatise, with a definition "relatively to us." Relatively to us, then *Matter in general is all that affects our senses in any fashion whatever; and the qualities that we attribute to different kinds of matter are founded on the different impressions that they produce in us.* (3.) "When I say that Nature produces an effect, I do not mean to personify this Nature, which is an abstraction; I mean that the effect of which I am speaking is the necessary result of the properties of some one of those beings that compose the great whole under our eyes. Thus, when I say that nature intends man to work for his own happiness, I mean by this that it is of the essence of a being who feels, thinks, wills, and acts, to work for his own happiness. By Essence I mean that which constitutes a being what it is, the sum of its properties, or the qualities according to which it exists and acts as it does."

All phenomena are necessary. No creature in the universe, in its circumstances and according to its given property, can act otherwise than as it does act. Fire necessarily burns whatever combustible matter comes within the sphere of its action. Man necessarily desires what either is, or seems to be, conducive to his comfort and well-being. There is no independent energy, no isolated cause, no detached activity, in a universe where all beings are incessantly acting on another, and which is itself only one eternal round of movement, imparted and undergone, according to necessary laws. In a storm of dust raised by a whirlwind, in the most violent tempest that agitates the ocean, not a single molecule of dust or of water finds its place by *chance;* or is without an adequate cause for occupying the precise point where it is found. So, again, in the terrible convulsions that sometimes overthrow empires, there is not a single action, word, thought, volition, or passion in a single agent of such a revolution, whether he be a destroyer or a victim, which is not necessary, which does not act precisely as it must act, and which does not infallibly produce the effects that it is bound to produce conformably to the place occupied by the given agent in the moral whirlwind.

Order and disorder are abstract terms, and can have no existence in a nature, where all is necessary and follows constant laws. Order is nothing more than necessity viewed relatively to the succession of actions. Disorder in the case of any being is nothing more than its passage to a new order; to a succession of movements and actions of a different sort from those of which the given being was previously susceptible. Hence there can never be either monsters or prodigies,

either marvels or miracles, in nature. By the same reasoning, we have no right to divide the workings of nature into those of Intelligence and those of Chance. Where all is necessary, Chance can mean nothing save the limitation of man's knowledge.

The writer next has a group of chapters (vi.—x.) on Man, his composition, relations, and destiny. The chief propositions are in rigorous accord with the general conceptions that have already been set forth. All that man does and all that passes in him are effects of the energy that is common to him with the other beings known to us. But, before a true and comprehensive idea of the unity of nature was possible to him, he was so seized by the variety and complication of his organism and its movements, that it never came into his mind to realise that they existed in a chain of material necessity, binding him fast to all other forces and modes of being. Men think that they remedy their ignorance of things by inventing words; so they explained the working of matter, in man's case, by associating with matter a hypothetical substance, which is in truth much less intelligible than matter itself. So they regarded themselves as double; a compound of matter and something else miraculously united with it, to which they gave the name of *mind*, or *soul*, and then they proudly looked on themselves as beings apart from the rest of creation. In plain truth, Mind is only an *occult force*, invented to explain occult qualities and actions, and really explaining nothing. By Mind they mean no more than the unknown cause of phenomena that they cannot explain naturally, just as the Red Indians believed that it was Spirits who produced the terrible effects of gunpowder, and just as the ignorant of our own day believe in angels and demons. How can we figure to ourselves a form of being, which, though not matter, still acts on matter, without having points of contact or analogy with it; and on the other hand itself receives the impulsions of matter, through the material organs that warn it of the presence of external objects? How can we conceive the union of body and soul, and how can this material body enclose, bind, constrain, determine a fugitive form of being that escapes every sense? To resolve these difficulties by calling them mysteries, and to set them down as the effects of the omnipotence of a Being still more inconceivable than the human Soul itself, is merely a confession of absolute ignorance.

It is worth noticing that with the characteristic readiness of the French materialist school to turn metaphysical and psychological discussion to practical uses, Holbach discerned the immense new field which the materialist account of mind opened to the physician. "If people consulted experience instead of prejudice, medicine would furnish morality with the key of the human heart; and in curing the body, it would be often assured of curing the mind too.

. . . The dogma of the spirituality of the soul has turned morality into a conjectural science, which does not in the least help us to understand the true way of acting on men's motives. . . . Man will always be a mystery for those who insist on regarding him with the prejudiced eyes of theology, and on attributing his actions to a principle of which they can never have any clear ideas." —(Ch. ix.) It is certainly true as a historical fact that the rational treatment of insane persons, and the rational view of certain kinds of crime, were due to men like Pinel, trained in the materialistic school of the eighteenth century. And it was clearly impossible that the great and humane reforms in this field could have taken place before the decisive decay of theology. Theology assumes perversity as the natural condition of the human heart, and could only regard insanity as an intolerable exaggeration of this perversity; and secondly, the absolute independence of mind and body which theology brought into such overwhelming relief, naturally excluded the notion that by dealing with the body you might be doing something to heal the mind. Perhaps we are now in some danger of overlooking the potency of the converse illustration of what Holbach says: namely, the efficacy of mental remedies or preventives in the case of bodily disease.

If you complain—to resume our exposition—that the mechanism is not sufficient to explain the principle of the movements and faculties of the soul, the answer is, that it is in the same case with all the bodies in nature. In them the simplest movements, the most ordinary phenomena, the commonest actions are inexplicable mysteries, whose first principles are for ever sealed to us. How shall we flatter ourselves that we know the first principle of gravity, by virtue of which a stone falls? What do we know of the mechanism that produces the attraction of some substances and the repulsion of others? But surely the incomprehensibility of natural effects is no reason for assigning to them a cause, that is still more incomprehensible than any of those within our cognisance.

It is not given to man to know everything; it is not given to him to know his own origin, nor to penetrate into the essence of things, nor to mount up to the first principle of things. What is given to him is to have reason, to have good faith, to concede frankly that he is ignorant of what he cannot know, and not to supplement his incertitudes by words that are unintelligible and suppositions that are absurd.

Suns go out and planets perish; new suns are kindled, and new planets revolve in new paths; and man—infinitely small portion of a globe, that is itself only a small point in immensity—dreams that it is for him that the universe has been made, imagines that he must be the confidant of nature, and proudly flatters himself that he must

be eternal! O man, wilt thou never conceive that thou art but the insect of a day? All changes in the universe; nature contains not a form that is constant; and yet thou wouldst claim that thy species can never disappear, and must be excepted from the great universal law of incessant change!

We may pause for a moment to notice how in their deliberate humiliation of the alleged pride of man, the orthodox theologian and the atheistic Holbach use precisely the same language. But the rebuke of the latter was sincere; it was indispensable, in order to prepare men's minds for the conception of the universe as a whole. With the theologian the rebuke has now become little more than a hollow shift, in order to insinuate the miracle of Grace. The preacher of Naturalism replaces a futile vanity in being the end and object of creation, by a fruitful reverence for the supremacy of human reason and a right sense of the value of its discreet and disciplined use. The theologian restores this absurd and misleading egoism of the race, by representing the Creator as above all else concerned to work miracles for the salvation of a creature whose understanding is at once pitifully weak and odiously perverse, and whose heart is from the very beginning wicked, corrupt, and given over to reprobation. This difference is plainly enormous. The theologian discourages men; they are to wait for the miracle of conversion, inert or desperate. The naturalist arouses them; he supplies them with the most powerful of motives for the energetic use of the most powerful of their endowments. "Men would always have Grace," says Holbach, with excellent sense, "if they were well educated and well governed." And he exclaims on the strange morality of those who attribute all moral evil to Original Sin, and all the good we do to Grace. "No wonder," he says, "that a morality founded on hypotheses so ridiculous should prove to be of no efficacy."[1]

This brings us to Holbach's treatment of Morals. The moment had come to France, which was reached at an earlier period in English speculation, when the negative course of thought in metaphysics drove men to consider the basis of ethics. How were right and wrong to hold their own against the new mechanical conception of the Universe? The same question is again urgent in men's minds, because the Darwinian hypothesis and the mass of evidence for it have again given a tremendous shake to theological conceptions, and startled men into a sense of the precariousness of the official foundations of virtue and duty.

Holbach begins by a most unflinching exposure of the inconsistency with all that we know of nature, of the mysterious theory of Free Will. This remains one of the most effective parts of the book, and perhaps the work has never been done with a firmer hand. The

(1) Ch. xi.

conclusion is expressed with a decisiveness that almost seems crude. There is declared to be no difference between a man who throws himself out of the window, and the man whom I throw out, except this, that the impulse acting on the second comes from without, and that the impulse determining the fall of the first comes from within his own mechanism. You have only to get down to the motive, and you will invariably find that the motive is beyond the actor's own power or reach. The inexorable logic with which the author presses the Free-Willer from one retreat to another, and from shift to shift, leaves his adversary at last exactly as naked and defenceless before Holbach's vigorous and thoroughly realised Naturalism, as the same adversary must always be before Jonathan Edwards' vigorous theism. "The system of man's liberty," Holbach says (II ii.), with some pungency, "seems only to have been invented in order to put him in a position to offend his God, and to justify God in all the evil that he inflicted on man for having used the freedom which was so disastrously conferred upon him."

If man be not free, what right have we to punish those who cannot help committing bad actions, or to reward others who cannot help committing good actions? Holbach gives to this, and the various other ways of describing fatalism as dangerous to society, the proper and perfectly adequate answer. He turns to the quality of the action, and connects with that the social attitude of praise and blame. Merit and demerit are associated with conduct, according as it is thought to affect the common welfare advantageously or the reverse. My indignation and my approval are as necessary as the acts that excite these sentiments. My feelings are neither more nor less spontaneous than the deciding motives of the actor. Whatever be the necessitating cause of our actions, I have a right to do my best by praise and blame, by reward and punishment, to strengthen or weaken, to prolong or to divert, the motives that are the antecedents of the action; exactly as I have a right to dam in a stream, or to divert its course, or otherwise deal with it to suit my own convenience. Penal laws, for instance, are ways of offering to men strong motives to weigh in the scale against the temptation of an immediate personal gratification. Holbach does not make it quite distinct that the object of penal legislation is in some cases to give the offender, as well as other people, a strong reason for thinking twice before he repeats the offence; but in other cases, where the punishment is capital, the legislation does not aim at influencing the mind of the offender at all, but the minds of other people only. This is only a side illustration of a common weakness in most arguments on this subject. A thorough vindication of the penal laws on the principles of a systematic fatalism can only be successful, if we think less of the wrongdoer in any given case, than of affecting

general motives, and building up a right habit of avoiding or accepting certain classes of action.

The writer then justly connects his scientific necessarianism in philosophy with humanity in punishment. He protests against excessive cruelty in the infliction of legal penalties, and especially against the use of torture, on two grounds; first, that experience demonstrates the uselessness of these superfluous rigours; and second, that the habit of witnessing atrocious punishments familiarises both criminals and others with the idea of cruelty. The acquiescence of Paris for a few months in the cruelties of the Terror was no doubt due, on Holbach's perfectly sound principle, to the far worse cruelties with which the laws had daily made Paris familiar down to the last years of the monarchy. And Holbach was justified in expecting a greater degree of charitable and considerate judgment from the establishment in men's minds of a Necessarian theory. We are no longer vindictive against the individual doer; we wax energetic against the defective training in the institutions which allowed wrong motives to weigh more heavily with him than right ones. Punishment, on the theory of necessity, ought always to go with prevention, and is valued just because it is a force in prevention, and not merely an element in retribution.

Holbach answers effectively enough the common objection that his fatalism would plunge men's souls into apathy. If all is necessary, why shall I not let things go, and myself remain quiet? As if we *could* stay our hands from action, if our feelings were trained to proper sensibility and sympathy. As if it were possible for a man of tender disposition not to interest himself keenly in all that concerns the lot of his fellow-creatures. How does our knowledge that death is necessary, prevent us from deploring the loss of a beloved one? How does my consciousness that it is the inevitable property of fire to burn, prevent me from using all my efforts to avert a conflagration?

Finally, when people urge that the doctrine of necessity degrades man by reducing him to a machine, and likening him to some growth of abject vegetation, they are merely using a kind of language that was invented by ignorance of what constitutes the true dignity of man. What is nature itself but one vast machine, in which our human species is no more than one weak spring? The good man is a machine whose springs are adapted so to fulfil their functions as to produce beneficent results for his fellows. How could such an instrument not be an object of respect and affection and gratitude?

In closing this part of Holbach's book, while not dissenting from his conclusions, we will only remark how little conscious he seems of the degree to which he empties the notions of praise and blame of the very essence of their old contents. It is not a modification, but the substitution of a new meaning under the old names. Praise in its

new sense of admiration for useful and pleasure-giving conduct or motive, is as powerful a force and as adequate an incentive to good conduct and good motives, as praise in the old sense of admiration for a deliberate and voluntary exercise of a free-acting will. But the two senses are different: the old ethical association is transformed into something which usage and the requirements of social self-preservation must make equally potent, but which is not the same. If Holbach and others who hold necessarian opinions were to perceive this more frankly, and to work it out fully, they would prevent a confusion that is very unfavourable to them in the minds of most of those whom they wish to persuade. It is easy to see that the work next to be done in the region of morals is the readjustment of the ethical phraseology of the volitional stage to fit the ideas proper to the stage in which man has become as definitely the object of science as any of the other phenomena of the universe.

The chapter (xiii.) on the Immortality of the Soul examines this memorable growth of human belief with great vigour and a most destructive penetration. As we have seen, the author repudiates the theory of a double energy in man, one material and the other spiritual, just as he afterwards repudiates the analogous hypothesis of a double energy in nature, one of two being due to a spiritual mover outside of the external phenomena of the universe. Consistently with this renunciation of a separate spiritual energy in man, Holbach will listen to no talk of a spiritual energy surviving the destruction of the mechanical framework. To say that the soul will feel, think, enjoy, suffer, after the death of the body, is to pretend that a clock broken into a thousand pieces can continue to strike or to mark the hours. And having emphatically proclaimed his own refusal to share the common belief, he proceeds with good success to carry the war into the country of those who profess the belief, and defend it as the safeguard of society. We need not go through his positions. They are substantially those which are familiar to everybody who has read the Third Book of Lucretius's poem, and remembers those magnificent passages which are not more admirable in their philosophy, than they are noble and moving in their poetic expression:—

"Nam veluti pueri trepidant atque omnia caecis
In tenebris metuunt, sic nos in luc timemus
Interdum, nilo quae sunt metuenda magis quam
Quae pueri in tenebris pavitant finguntque futura.
Hunc igitur terrorem animi tenebrasque necessest
Non radii solis neque lucida tela diei
Discutiant, sed naturae species ratioque."

And so forth down to the exquisite lines:—

"'Jam jam non domus accipiet te laeta, neque uxor

Optima nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
Praeripere et tacita pectus dulcedine tangent.
Non poteris factis florentibus esse, tuisque
Praesidium. Misero misere' aiunt 'omnia ademit
Una dies infesta tibi tot praemia vitae.'
Illud in his rebus non addunt, 'nec tibi carum
Jam desiderium rerum super insidet una.'
Quod bene si videant animo dictisque sequantur,
Dissoluant animi magno se angore metuque.
'Tu quidem ut es leto sopitus, sic eris aevi
Quod superest cunctis privatu' doloribus aegris;
At nos horrifico cinefactum te prope busto
Insatiabiliter deflevimus, aeternumque
Nulla dies nobis maerorem e pectore demet.'
Illud ab hoc igitur quaerendum est, quid sit amari
Tanto opere, ad somnum si res redit atque quietem,
Cur quisquam aeterno possit tabescere luctu."

We may regret that Holbach, in dealing with these solemn and touching things, should have been so devoid of historic spirit as to buffet David, Mahomet, Chrysostom, and other holy personages as superstitious brigands. And we may believe that he has certainly been too sweeping in denying any deterrent efficacy whatever to the fires of hell. But where Holbach found one person in 1770, he would find a thousand in 1877, to agree with him that it is possible to think of commendations and inducements to virtue that shall be at least as efficacious as the fiction of eternal torment, without being as cruel, as wicked, as infamous to the gods, and as degrading to men.

From his attack on Immortality, Holbach naturally turns with new energy, as do all who have passed beyond that belief, to the improvement of the education, the laws, the institutions, which are to strengthen and implant the true motives for turning men away from wrong and inspiring them to right. He draws a stern and prolonged indictment against the kings of the earth, unjust, incapable, enervated by luxury, corrupted by flattery, depraved by licence and impunity, destitute alike of talent and virtue. One passage in this chapter is the scripture of a terrible prophecy, the very handwriting on the wall which was to be so accurately fulfilled almost in the life of the writer:—"The state of society is now a state of war of the Sovereign against all, and of each of its members against the other. Man is bad, not because he was born bad, but because he is made so; the great and the powerful crush with impunity the needy and the unfortunate, and these in turn seek to repay all the ill that has been done to them. They openly or privily attack a native land that is a cruel step-mother to them, who gives all to some of her children, while others she strips of all. Sorely they punish her for her partiality; they show her that the motives borrowed from another life are powerless against the passions and

the bitter wrath engendered by a corrupt administration in the life here; and that all the terror of the punishments of this world is impotent against necessity, against criminal habits, against a dangerous organization that no education has ever been applied to correct." (Ch. xiv.) In another place:—"A society enjoys all the happiness of which it is susceptible, so soon as the greater number of its members are fed, clothed, housed; are able, in a word, without an excessive toil, to satisfy the wants that nature has made necessities to them. Their imagination is content, so soon as they have the assurance that no force can ravish from them the fruits of their industry, and that they labour for themselves. By a succession of human madness, whole nations are forced to labour, to sweat, to water the earth with their tears, merely to keep up the luxury, the fancies, the corruption, of a handful of insensates, a few useless creatures. So have religious and political errors changed the universe into a valley of tears." This is an incessant refrain that sounds with hoarse ground-tone under all the ethics and the metaphysics of the book. There are scores of pages in which the same idea is worked out with a sombre vehemence, that makes us feel as if Robespierre were already haranguing in the National Assembly, Camille Desmoulins declaiming in the gardens of the Palais Royal, and Danton thundering at the Club of the Cordeliers. We already watch the smoke of the flaming châteaux going up like a savoury and righteous sacrifice to the heavens.

From this point to the end of the first part of the book, it is not so much philosophy, as the literature of a political revolution. There is a curious parenthesis in vindication not only of a contempt for death, but even of suicide; the writer pointing out with some malice that Samson, Eleazar, and other worthies caused their own death, and that Jesus Christ himself, if really the Son of God, dying of his own free grace, was a suicide, to say nothing of the various ascetic penitents who have killed themselves by inches.[1] "The fear of death, after all," he says, summing up his case, "will only make cowards; the fear of its alleged consequences will only make fanatics or melancholy pietists, as useless to themselves as to others. Death is a resource that we do ill to take away from oppressed virtue, reduced as many a time it is, by the injustice of men to desperation." This was the doctrine in which the revolutionary generation were brought up, and the readiness with which men in those days inflicted death on themselves

(1) This is not original in Holbach. Diderot's article on Suicide in the Encyclopædia (*Œuv.* xvii. 235) contains the usual arguments of the Church against suicide, with some casuistic illustrations, but it also contains an account of Dr. Donne's vindication of suicide, called *Bia-thanatos* (1651), in which these remarks of Holbach occur verbatim. Hallam found Donne's book so dull and pedantic, that he declares no one would be induced to kill himself by reading such a book, unless he were threatened with another volume.

and on others showed how profoundly it had entered their souls.[1] We think, as we read, of Vergniaud and Condorcet carrying their doses of poison, of Barbaroux with his pistol and Valazé with his knife, of Roland walking forth from Rouen among the trees on the Paris road, and there driving a cane-sword into his breast as calmly as if he had been throwing off a useless vesture.

Holbach has been accused of reducing virtue to a far-sighted egoism,[2] and detached and nude propositions may be quoted, that perhaps give a literal warrant for the charge. Nominally he bases morality on happiness, but his real base is the happiness of the greatest number. To borrow Mr. Sidgwick's classification, Holbach is a Universalistic, and not an egoistic Hedonist. The spirit of what he says is, in fact, not individualist, but social. "The good man is he to whom true ideas have shown his own interest, or his own happiness, to lie in such a way of acting that the others are forced to love and approve for their own interest. . . . It is man who is most necessary to the well-being of man. . . . Merit and virtue are founded on the nature of man, on his needs . . . it is by virtue that we are able to earn the good-will, the confidence, the esteem, of all those with whom we have relations; in a word, no man can be happy alone. . . . To be virtuous is to place one's interest in what accords with the interest of others; it is to enjoy the benefits and the delights that one is the means of diffusing among them. . . . The sentiments of self-love become a hundred times more delicious, when we see them shared by all those with whom our destiny binds us. The habit of virtue excites wants within us that only virtue can satisfy; thus it is that virtue is ever its own recompense, and pays itself with the blessings that it procures for others."—(Ch. xv.)

Surely it is a childish or pedantic misinterpretation to represent this as egoism, whether armed or not with keen sight; and still worse to talk of it as overthrowing the barriers that keep in the throng of selfish appetites. "Every citizen should be made to feel that the section of which he is a member is a Whole, that cannot subsist and be happy without virtues; experience should teach him at every moment that the well-being of the members can only result from that of the whole body."—(Ch. xv.) It is the absurdity of philosophic prejudice to say of such a doctrine as this, that it is to invite every individual to make himself happy after his own will and fashion, and to pull down the barriers of the selfish appetites. It is

(1) Hume's suppressed Essay on Suicide (see the edition by Mr. Green and Mr. Grose, 1875, vol. ii. 405) is a much more exhaustive argument than Holbach's, though the language of the two pieces is sometimes curiously alike. Rousseau in this, as in so many other moralities—marriage, for instance—was on the side of the Church, only allowing suicide where a man happened to be stricken by a painful and incurable disease. See the two famous letters in the *New Heloïsa*, pt. iii. Letters xxi.—ii.

(2) Taine's *Ancien Régime*, p. 287.

for us to look at Holbach's ethical doctrine in its widest practical application, and if we place ourselves at a social point of view, we cannot but perceive that the principle laid down in the words that we have just quoted, was the indispensable weapon against the anti-social selfishness of the oppressive privileged class. These words represent the ethical side of every popular and democratic movement. You may class Holbach's morality as the morality of self-interest, if you please; but its true base lay in social sympathy. To proclaim happiness as the test of virtue was to develope the doctrine of naturalism; for happiness is the outcome of a conformity to the natural condition of things. On the other hand, to insist that virtue lies in promoting the happiness of the body social as a whole, was to preach the most sovereign of all truths in a state of things where the body social as a whole was kept distracted and miserable by the selfishness of a scanty few of its members. The Church, nominally built upon the morality of the Golden Rule, was perverted into being the great organ of sinister self-interest. The Atheists, apparently formulating the morality of the Epicureans, were in effect the teachers of public spirit and beneficence. And, taught in such circumstances, public spirit could only mean revolution. We may doubt whether Holbach had thought out the very different questions that may be fused under the easy phrase of a basis for morals. What are the sanctions of moral precepts? Why ought each to seek the happiness of all? What is the mark of the difference between right and wrong? What is the foundation of Conscience, or that habit of mind which makes right as such seem preferable to wrong? Clearly these are all entirely separate topics. Yet Holbach, it is obvious, had not divided them in his own mind, and he seems to think that one and the same answer will serve for what he mistook for one and the same question. He found it enough to say that every individual wishes to be happy, and that he cannot be happy unless he is on good terms with his neighbours; this reciprocity of needs and services he called the basis of morals. For a rough and common-sense view of the matter, such as Holbach sought to impress on his readers, this perhaps will do very well; but it is not the product of accurate and scientific thinking.

It is not necessary, again, to point out how Holbach, while expounding the System of Nature, left out of sight the great natural process by which the moral acquisition of one generation becomes the starting point of further acquisitions in the next. He forgot the stages. He talks of Man, as if all the races and eras of man were alike, and also as if such individual deliberately worked out sums in happiness on his own account. It would not only have been more true, according to modern opinions, but more in accordance with Holbach's own view of necessity, and of the irremovable chain

that binds a man's conduct fast to a series of conditions that existed before he was born, if he had recognised conscience, moral preferences, interest in the public good, and all that he called the basis of morals, as coming to a man with the rest of the apparatus that the past imposes on the present, and not as due to any process of calculation.

Holbach had not clearly thought out the growth, the changes, varieties, and transformations among moral ideals. He was, of course, far too much in the full current of the eighteenth century not to feel that exultation in life and its most exuberant manifestations, which the conventional moralists of the theological schools had set down and proscribed as worldliness and fleshliness. "Action," he says in this very chapter; "action is the true element of the human mind; no sooner does man cease to act, than he falls into pain and weariness of spirit." No doubt this is too absolutely stated, if we are to take some millions of orientals into our account of the human mind, but it has been true of the nations of the west. Yet the recognition of this law did not prevent the writer from occasionally falling into some of the old canting commonplaces about people being happiest who have fewest wants. As if, on the contrary, that action which he describes as the true element of man, were not directly connected with the incessant multiplication of wants. We may take this, however, as a casual lapse into the common form of moralists of ascetic ages. In substance, the system of Nature is essentially a protest against ascetic and quietist ideals.

The second half of the *System of Nature* treats of the Deity; the proofs of his existence; his attributes: the manner in which he influences the happiness of men. What is remarkable is that here we have an onslaught, not merely on the Church with its overgrowth of abuses, nor on Christianity with its overgrowth of superstitions, but on that great conception which is enthroned on unseen heights far above any Church and any form of Christianity. It is theism, in its purest as in its impurest shape, that the writer condemns. No more elaborate, trenchant, and unflinching attack on the very fundamental propositions of theology, natural or revealed, is to be found in literature. Pure rationalism has nothing to add to this destructive onslaught. The tone is not truly philosophic, because the writer habitually regards the notion of a God as an abnormal and morbid excrescence, and not as a natural growth in human development. He takes no trouble, and it would have been an incredible departure from the mental fashion of the time if he had taken any trouble to explain theology, or to penetrate behind its forms to those needs, aspirations, and qualities of human constitution in which theology had its best justification, if not its earliest

source. He regards it as an enemy to be mercilessly routed, not as a force with which he has to make his account. Still as a piece of rough and remorseless polemic, the second part of the *System of Nature* remains full of remarkable energy and power. The most eager Nescient or Denier to be found in the ranks of the assailants of theology in our own day, is timorous and moderate, compared with this direct and on-pressing swordsman. And the attack, on its own purely rationalistic ground, is thoroughly comprehensive. It is not made on an outwork here, or an outwork there; it encircles the whole compass of the defence. The conception of God is examined and resisted from every possible side, cosmological, ethical, metaphysical. To say that the argument is one-sided, is only to say that it is an attack. But the fact that the writer omits the contributions made under the temporary shelter of theology to morality and civilisation, does not alter the fact that he states with unsurpassed vigour all that can be said against the intellectual absurdities and moral obliquities that theology has nourished and approved, and only too firmly planted.

Of the elaborate examination of the proofs of the existence of a God adduced by Descartes, Samuel Clarke, Malebranche, and Newton (Ch. iv. and v.) we need only say that its whole force might have been summed up in the single proposition that the author once for all repudiates any *à priori* basis for any beliefs whatever. It would have been sufficient for philosophic purposes if he had contented himself with justifying and establishing that position. The fabric of orthodox denunciation would have fallen to the ground, on the destruction of its foundations. Holbach rejected the whole *à priori* system; it was a matter of course therefore that he rejected each one of the twelve propositions which Clarke had invented by the *à priori* method. Holbach held that experience is the source and limit of knowledge, reasoning, and belief, and rejected as a fantastic impertinence of dreamy metaphysicians the assumption that our conceptions measure the necessities of objective existence. From that point of view, merely to state was to empty of all demonstrating quality such assertions as that something has existed from all eternity; an independent and immutable Being has existed from all eternity; this immutable and independent Being exists by himself, and is incomprehensible; the Being existing necessarily is necessarily single and unique, and so forth. Even if we accept this *à priori* method, and accept the first assumption that something must have existed from all eternity, it was open to Holbach to say as Locke said on setting himself to examine Descartes' proof of a God: "I found that by it senseless matter might be the first eternal being and cause of all things, as well as an immaterial intelligent spirit." But what we feel is that the whole controversy is being conducted

between two disputants on two different planes of thought, between two creatures dwelling in different elements. To apply to Clarke's propositions, or to the slightly different propositions of Malebranche, the tests of experience, to measure them by the principle of relativity, must be fatal, in the minds of such persons as already accept experience as the only right test in such a matter. It is exactly as if the action of an Italian opera should be criticised in the light of the conditions of real life: the whole performance must in an instant figure as an absurdity. No partisan of the lyric drama would consent to have it so judged, and the philosophic partisans of theology would perhaps have been wiser to keep clear of pretensions to *prove* their master thesis. They might have been content to keep it as an emotional creation, an imaginative hypothesis, a simplification of the chimeras of the primitive consciousness of the race.

As it was, neither side could be convinced by the other, for they had no common criterion. They had hardly even a common language. The only effect of Holbach's blows was to persuade the bystanders who thronged round the lists in that eager time, that the so-called proofs with which the high philosophic names were associated, were only proofs to those who accepted a way of thinking which it was the very characteristic of the age decisively to reject. The controversial force of this part of the attack simply lay in the piercing thoroughness with which the irreconcilable discrepancies between the seventeenth century notion of demonstration and that notion in the eighteenth were forced upon the reader's attention.

One other general remark may be made. Whatever we may think of the success of the author's assault on the theistic hypothesis of the universe, it is impossible to deny that he at least succeeds in repelling the various assaults levelled on what is vulgarly termed atheism. He rightly urges the unreasonableness of taxing those who have formed to themselves intelligible notions of the moving force of the universe, with denying the existence of such a power: the absurdity of charging the very men who found everything that comes to pass in the world on fixed and constant laws, with attributing everything to chance. If by Atheist, he says, you mean a man who would deny the existence of a force inherent in matter, and without which you cannot conceive nature, and if to this moving force you give the name of God, then an Atheist would be a madman. Holbach then describes the sense in which Atheists both exist and, as he thinks, may well justify their existence. Their qualities are as follows:—To be guided only by experience and the testimony of their senses, and to perceive nothing in nature except matter essentially active and mobile, and capable of producing all the beings we see; to forego all search for a chimerical cause, and not to mistake for better knowledge of the moving force of the universe merely a separate

attribution of it to a being placed outside of the great whole; to confess in good faith that their mind can neither conceive nor reconcile the negative attributes and theological abstractions with the human and moral qualities that are ascribed to the Divinity.

The chapter (ix.) on the superiority of Naturalism over Theism as a basis for the most wholesome kind of Morality, is still worth reading by men in search of weapons against the presumptuous commonplaces of the pulpit. In this sphere Holbach is as earnest and severe as the most rigorous moralist that ever wrote. People who talk of the moral levity of the destructive literature of the eighteenth century, would be astonished if they could bring themselves to read the books about which they talk, by the elevation of the System of Nature. The writer points out the necessarily evil influence upon morals of a Book popularly taken to be inspired, in which the Divinity is represented as now prescribing virtue, but now again prescribing crime and absurdity; who is sometimes the friend and sometimes the enemy of the human race; who is sometimes pictured as reasonable, just, and beneficent, and at other times as insensate, unjust, capricious, and despotic. Such divinities, and the priests of such divinities, are incapable of being the models, types, and arbiters of virtue and righteousness. No; we must seek a base for morality in the necessity of things. Whatever the Cause that placed man in the abode in which he dwells, and endowed him with his faculties—whether we regard the human species as the work of Nature, or of some intelligent Being distinct from Nature—the existence of man, such as we see him to be, is a fact. We see in him a being who feels, thinks, has intelligence, has self-love, who strives to make life agreeable to himself, and who lives in society with beings like himself; beings whom by his conduct he may make his friends or his enemies. It is on these universal sentiments that you ought to base morality, which is nothing more nor less than the science of the duties of man living in society. The moment you attempt to find a base for morals outside of human nature, you go wrong; no other is solid and sure. The aid of the so-called sanctions of theology is not only needless, but mischievous. The alliance of the realities of duty with theological phantoms, exposes duty to the same ruin which daylight brings to the superstition that has been associated with duty. It places the arbitrary demands of a varying something, named Piety, for the plain and natural requirements of Right. As for saying that without God man cannot have moral sentiments, or, in other words, cannot distinguish between vice and virtue, it is as if one said that, without the idea of God, man would not feel the necessity of eating and drinking.

The writer then breaks out into a long and sustained contrast, from which we may make a short extract to illustrate the heat to which the battle had now come:—

"Nature invites man to love himself, incessantly to augment the sum of his happiness; Religion orders him to love only a formidable God who is worthy of hatred, to detest and despise himself, and to sacrifice to his terrible idol the sweetest and most lawful pleasures. Nature bids man consult his reason, and take it for his guide: Religion teaches him that this reason is corrupted, that it is a faithless, truthless guide, implanted by a treacherous God, to mislead his creatures. Nature tells man to seek light, to search for the truth: Religion enjoins upon him to examine nothing, to remain in ignorance. Nature says to man, 'Cherish glory, labour to win esteem, be active, courageous, industrious:' Religion says to him, 'Be humble, abject, pusillanimous, live in retreat, busy thyself in prayer, meditation, devout rites; be useless to thyself, and do nothing for others.' Nature proposes for a model men endowed with noble, energetic, beneficent souls, who have usefully served their fellow-citizens: Religion makes a show and a boast of the abject spirits, the pious enthusiasts, the frenetic penitents, the vile fanatics, who for their ridiculous opinions have troubled empires. . . . Nature tells children to honour, to love, to hearken to their parents, to be the stays and supports of their old age: Religion bids them prefer the oracle of their God, and to trample father and mother under foot, when divine interests are concerned. Nature commands the perverse man to blush for his vices, for his shameless desires, his crimes: Religion says to the most corrupt, 'Fear to kindle the wrath of a God whom thou knowest not: but if against his laws thou hast committed crime, remember that he is easy to appease and of great mercy: go to his temple, humble thyself at the feet of his ministers, expiate thy misdeeds by sacrifices, offerings, prayers; these will wash away thy stain in the eyes of the Eternal.'"

Of course, philosophical criticism would have much to say about this glowing mass of furious propositions; for the first voice of Nature hardly whispers into the ear of the primitive man all these high and generous promptings. But if by Nature we here understand the Encyclopædists, and by Religion the Catholic Church in France at that moment, then Holbach's fiery antitheses are a tolerably fair account of the matter. And the political side of the indictment was hardly less just, though its hardihood appalled men like Voltaire. "Nature says to man, Thou art free, and no power on earth can lawfully strip thee of thy rights: Religion cries to him that he is a slave condemned by God to groan under the rods of God's representatives. Nature bids man to love the country that gave him birth, to serve it with all loyalty, to bind his interests to hers, against every hand that might be raised upon her: Religion commands him to obey without a murmur the tyrants that oppress his country, to take

their part against her, to chain his fellow-citizens under their lawless caprices. Yet if the Sovereign be not devoted enough to his priests, Religion instantly changes her tone; she incites the subjects to rebellion, she makes resistance a duty, she cries aloud that we must obey God rather than men. . . . If the nature of man were consulted on Politics, which supernatural ideas have so shamefully depraved, it would contribute far more than all the religions in the world to make communities happy, powerful, and prosperous under reasonable authority. . . . This nature would teach princes that they are men and not gods; that they are citizens charged by other citizens with watching over the safety of all. . . . Instead of attributing to the divine vengeance all the wars, the famines, the plagues that lay nations low, would it not have been more useful to show them that such calamities are due to the passions, the indolence, the tyranny of their princes, who sacrifice the nations to their hideous delirium? Natural evils demand natural remedies; ought not experience therefore long ago to have undeceived mortals as to those supernatural remedies, those expiations, prayers, sacrifices, fastings, processions, that all the peoples of the earth have so vainly opposed to the woes that overwhelmed them? . . . Let us recognise the plain truth, then, that it is these supernatural ideas that have obscured morality, corrupted politics, hindered the advance of the sciences, and extinguished happiness and peace even in the very heart of man."

Holbach was a vigorous propagandist. Two years after the appearance of his master-work, he drew up its chief propositions in a short and popular volume, called *Good Sense; or Natural Ideas opposed to Supernatural.* His zeal led him to write and circulate a vast number of other tractates and short volumes, the bare list of which would fill several of these pages, all inciting their readers to an intellectual revolt against the reigning system in church and state. He lived to get a glimpse of the very edge and sharp bend of the great cataract. He died in the spring of 1789. If he had only lived five years longer, he would have seen the great church of Nôtre Dame solemnly consecrated by legislative decree to the worship of Reason, bishops publicly trampling on crozier and ring amid universal applause, and vast crowds exulting in processions whose hero was an ass crowned with a mitre.

EDITOR.

A NOTE ON "EVOLUTION AND POSITIVISM."

In a foot-note to p. 858 of the Fortnightly Review for June, 1877, Dr. Bridges has mentioned my name, and has accused me of being "superficial" in what I wrote of Comte in the *Contemporary Review* for March, 1876. Dr. Bridges says:—

"Comte has been vehemently accused, as for instance, recently by Mr. Pattison, of narrow utilitarianism; and this though Comte's latest writing was a mathematical treatise; though in the last volume of his *Positive Polity* special provision is made for the endowment, amongst many other things, of biological and philological research; and though generally in Comte's picture of the future, a high position, though doubtless not the highest, is reserved for men of distinguished speculative power, but feeble social sympathies. Yet Mr. Pattison tells us 'the hatred of the Comtist for all that can be called intellect equals that of the Spanish priest or the French Legitimist.' But then, as Mr. Pattison explains afterwards, his knowledge of Comte has been gained by 'dipping here and there into his volumes.' Gibbon would have sighed or smiled to find that the head of a college can sometimes be superficial."

I pass over the slight confusion in the mind of the writer of this note, of what I said of *Comte*, with what I said of *Comtists*. It was upon the Comtists, not upon Comte, that the paper quoted by Dr. Bridges charged hatred of the free use of reason on philosophical topics. If any proof be wanted of what I believe to be a notorious fact, it may be found in the epithets applied by a distinguished Comtist to all those who have endeavoured to give a rational exposition of religion. Some of these epithets are reproduced in the article in question. They seem to me, still, sufficient to bear out the statement that the Comtist has a hatred for all that can be called intellect. That statement is quite independent of my acquaintance with the writings of Comte, superficial as that acquaintance may be.

When this portion of Dr. Bridges' somewhat loose reasoning has been removed, there remains as proof of my superficiality, that I have spoken of Comte's system as "narrow utilitarianism."

This again is slightly inaccurate. At least I cannot find the expression in anything I have written of Comte. The epithet "narrow" gives a shade of less respect to my language than it is intended to have when I have to speak of any eminent personage.

But passing this, I certainly have said that Comte's system of polity may be labelled "utilitarianism."

Is this a "superficial" view of Comte's doctrine? I turn to Dr. Bridges' own exposition of his creed to have my superficial view corrected by his profounder insight.

In the opening paragraph of Dr. Bridges' article, "Evolution and Positivism," I find (Fortnightly Review, p. 853) the following words:—

"It (*i.e.* Comte's Synthesis) discarded all attempts to stand outside the universe, to regard it as a whole, and to explain it. . . . That which made it a Synthesis was the recognition of man as the central object; of the study of social and moral phenomena as the central science, to which the rest are subsidiary."

The system here propounded by Dr. Bridges, the theory which assumes the universe to subsist for the sake of man, is "utilitarianism," not narrow, but thorough. It is a very old doctrine, being traceable at least as far back as the Greek sophists and Protagoras, whose *πάντων μέτρον ἄνθρωπος* is celebrated. This theory has in all ages stood in opposition to true science, of which the aim and inspiration has ever been to regard the universe as a whole, and to investigate the laws to which it is subject. Science, as such, is disinterested; it is the self-prompted effort of intelligence to ascertain the positive qualities and relations of the parts of which the universe is made up. When the elements of the whole are viewed, not in their relations to the whole, but solely in their capacity of becoming human goods, the ground of science is forsaken, and we are transferred to the region of empirical and legislative Eudæmonism.

Dr. Bridges has, presumably, read all the works of Comte. I have only dipped into them. On this slight inspection I characterized Comte's philosophical position as "utilitarian." "Superficial" as my procedure has been, it seems it has issued in a correct result. For it is precisely in his having renounced science for utilitarianism that Dr. Bridges conceives Comte's chief merit to consist.

MARK PATTISON.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE progress of the war in Europe during the month has been more than enough to satisfy the impatience that began to be expressed in June. The crossing of the Danube having been once fairly established, the Russian troops continued to pour into Bulgaria, spreading right and left wedge-like to the Balkans, and this second line of defence having been unexpectedly overcome without a struggle, Roumelia has been invaded in force, Adrianople is threatened, and men begin to speculate within how many days may the soldiers of the Czar appear on the shores of the Dardanelles. This rapid development of plans deliberately matured has created a profound impression in Christian Europe. Traces of something like jealousy may be discerned at Berlin at the success of a march which recalls the triumphs of the Red Prince against Austria and against France. The Magyar population of Hungary were excited, and Vienna was disturbed, but the supremacy of counsels of sobriety was never seriously threatened, and it was almost immediately announced that the Imperial-Royal Government continued to place confidence in the professions of the Czar, and would take no measures to interfere with the progress of the work he had undertaken. The Russian armies might add victory to victory; might take Rustchuk as they had taken Nicopolis; might occupy Adrianople as they had occupied Tirnova, might even enter into Stamboul itself, and it would still be impossible to point to anything done in excess of the purposes of the Czar as declared at the beginning of the war, unless the Porte came to sue for peace and offered all the guarantees demanded at the Conference at Constantinople, and sued and offered in vain. The resolution was accordingly taken at Vienna that the attitude of friendly watchfulness at first assumed must be maintained. A similar decision was formed in London, and perhaps with less hesitation. Here, as on the Continent, the indisputable demonstration of the hollowness of the Turkish resistance in Europe was recognised with troubled and divided feelings. The efforts of those who may be described as Russophobists, if not as Turcophils, became more energetic than ever. The nation was besought to make such a manifestation of the popular will as would rouse the Government from their supineness. The Government was adjured not to be unfaithful in the defence of the interests vital to the honour, if not to the existence, of England. Prayers and remonstrances were alike vain. Not a single meeting testified to an awakening of national anxiety. No petitions were addressed to Parliament. In the House of Commons, where the traditional jealousy of Russia linger-

ing in the country is certainly not under-represented, no member rose to urge the ministry not to let slip the irrevocable moment. There was in fact everywhere a willingness to let the Turkish power in Europe perish, that could not have been expected. The national temper may have been falsely craven or foully sluggish, but it was impossible to mistake its determination. A fixed resolution had been apparently taken that nothing should be done to interfere with the punishment of Turkey, and that the interposition of Great Britain should be reserved until the question of the resettlement of the European provinces of Turkey became a subject of discussion. The Government acquiesced in this decision. A halting resolution to increase the garrison of Malta by some 3,000 men, the full increase not to be completed for a month, cannot indicate any present intention to intervene. It is possible that there was at one critical moment a division among the members of the Cabinet on the expediency of adopting more decisive action. The rumours that the ministry intended to ask the House of Commons for a credit of five millions, which had been rife towards the end of June, had died away, but when it became known that the Russians had passed the Balkans without a struggle, new tales arose of definite action positively resolved upon. It was declared upon authority that something like unanimity had at length been realised in the Cabinet, where one timid adviser remained alone to recommend the prudence of waiting a little longer. It is not necessary to examine how much truth there may have been in these stories, since it has become evident that dilatory counsels have in fact prevailed. At such a time the delay of a resolution for a day means delay for ever. It begins to be seen the next morning that some six weeks must pass before troops could be sent from England and disembarked on the Bosphorus, and before six weeks have gone by, the Russians may have won from the Porte a concession of all their demands. As Lord Derby told the House of Lords on the 19th, the time for a neutral to intervene with effect is when belligerent Powers begin to feel weary and exhausted, and the English Government has evidently resolved to reserve their action for some unknown crisis of the undiscerned future.

Last month we closed our review with the announcement that on the 22nd of June a bridge had been swung over the Danube at Ibraila, and a considerable force had entered the Dobrudscha. We added that "it was improbable that any serious attempt would be made to lead an army into Bulgaria by the route thus indicated, and the actual passage might still be looked for at some point higher up the river." This view was speedily confirmed. At the very time the Dobrudscha was entered, the preparations were near completion for the passage of the Danube at some point near Giurgevo. We now know that it was at first intended to cross the river at

Sistova, and that this design was abandoned in favour of an attempt to make the passage near Nicopolis. The left bank was so inundated at Simnitza, opposite Sistova, that it was thought impracticable to make that the base of departure. Near Nicopolis the river is broader and shallower, and more favourable for a transit. In the end, however, the Commander-in-Chief reverted to his first plan. The floods had abated, and the difficulties that had impeded its execution disappeared. It would seem also that the Turks had been led to think that the crossing would be attempted higher up than Sistova. They had not been unwatchful of the operations of the enemy, and had done something to interfere with their prosecution, but their natural indolence had been confirmed by the consciousness that they were not in sufficient force to guard all the possible points of passage of the river. The Russians began by laying torpedoes to prevent the movement of the monitors stationed at Rustchuk and at Nicopolis, and it is worthy of commemoration that the painter Vereschagin was a volunteer on board one of the small boats engaged in this service, and in that capacity was dangerously wounded. At a critical moment on the 23rd of June a Turkish monitor at Nicopolis attempted to descend the river, but a couple of steam-sloops at Flemunda sallied out to oppose its descent, and the audacity of their opposition, supported by a battery on shore, caused the monitor to turn and retreat. An attempt on the next day to ascend the river was also repelled. From the 24th or 25th an incessant bombardment was maintained against Rustchuk and Nicopolis, and early on the morning of the 27th the first pontoons left the shore at Simnitza and reached the opposite bank without being perceived. An alarm was at once raised at Sistova, but the first comers were quickly supported, and, although five pontoons foundered in crossing, the passage was successfully established. The Turks defended their position from the earliest morning till two in the afternoon, but were then compelled to withdraw partly in the direction of Tirnova, and partly towards Nicopolis. The Russian statement of their loss amounted to about 300 killed and 500 missing, and this return appears to be fairly accurate. English observers who have since visited Sistova describe it as a position of great natural strength, rising steeply from the Danube, and they express their astonishment and admiration at the gallantry of its captors.

The passage once effected, a bridge was immediately established over which the invaders poured, and although the bridge has since suffered severely from storms, it does not appear to have been threatened by the Turks. The Russians spread right and left in Bulgaria. They may be said to have occupied Tirnova without a blow. Part of their forces were directed towards Nicopolis, part towards Rustchuk, and part trended southwards towards the Balkans. Nicopolis soon fell. On the 15th of July it was captured, and with it the two monitors,

which remained off it at anchor, were taken. The Russians claim to have made 6,000 prisoners. The fall of this stronghold practically put the Russians in possession of the Danube from Widdin to Rustchuk; and though Widdin itself is a place of considerable strength, its garrison is not believed to be sufficient to occasion any anxiety, and the efforts of the Russians in Bulgaria are at present directed to the cutting of the railway from Rustchuk towards Shumla, so as to isolate Rustchuk and effect its capture. According to the latest intelligence Rustchuk is in fact surrounded by 75,000 men.

The advanced guard of the invading army have, in the meantime, crossed the Balkans. It must be remembered that they have enjoyed the immense advantage of being welcomed by the bulk of the inhabitants wherever they came. The Bulgarians knew the mountain passes, and their knowledge was freely given to what was hailed as their liberating army; and thus it happened that a force, as stated on trustworthy English authority, of 8,000 men entered Roumelia in a couple of days by passes believed at Constantinople to be sheep-tracks, or at best, tracks of which no use could be made. The force on the south of the Balkans rapidly augmented, and advanced as they augmented, while the presence of the enemy so near the line of railway communication with the capital excited the greatest agitation at Constantinople. The Russian scouts crossed the Balkans on the 14th or 15th July, and it was immediately feared at Constantinople that the beginning of the end was at hand. Each day brought its tale of a new station gained by the advancing enemy, and of an increase in their numbers. Kazanlik was taken at once, and on the 16th it was announced that a detachment of Cossacks had reached Yeni Saghra, a station on the branch line from Adrianople towards Shumla. The fall of Kazanlik was followed by the capture of the Shipka Pass—the principal road from Bulgaria into Roumelia. Adrianople itself was known to be practically undefended. In this emergency the Porte issued a bulletin that Raouf Pasha, the Minister of Marine, had collected all the forces south of the Balkans, and driven back the Russian columns; but their true estimate of the gravity of the situation was shown in the changes that were immediately effected in the administration, and in the commands of the army. Safvet Pasha resigned the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and Aarifi Pasha was appointed in his stead. Abdul Kerim Pasha was dismissed from his post of Commander-in-Chief on the Danube, and Mehemet Ali Pasha, by birth a Prussian of the Saxon Provinces, sent to the front, while Suleiman Pasha, having shown some energy in Montenegro, was charged with the onerous duty of the command in Roumelia. These changes in military commands were interpreted as an indication of a resolution to oppose the invader

with the utmost vigour; but the choice of Aarifi as Foreign Minister seems to have been thought by some to betoken a willingness to make peace. A few days will possibly show the true meaning of the changes made, if they have any consistent meaning; and, though it is unfortunate that at this critical juncture rumours of an English intervention should be revived, their delusive character has become immediately apparent, and it is not possible that the action of the Porte will be influenced by them. At this moment the Russians on the south of the Balkans are resting in a strong position at the foot of the Shipka Pass, while the Turks have a comparatively small force to oppose them, and Adrianople may be soon taken; nor can the suggestion that the invaders contemplate making a dash to Gallipoli be dismissed as pointing to an impossible contingency. North of the Balkans the Russians have surrounded Rustchuk, while the force in the quadrilateral, under Mehemet Ali, is thought not to exceed 60,000 men, and the new commander could not bring into the field an army that could in any way cope with the enemy. The fear, which appeared at one time real, that the battalions crossing the Balkans might be cut off from their base, must now be held to have passed away.

A review of the military situation in Europe cannot be complete without a notice of the position in the Dobrudscha. From the day the Russian troops crossed at Matchin, they steadily advanced, the Turks retreating before them without a blow, until it was announced on the 18th and 19th July that Tchernavoda and Kustendje were both in Russian occupation, and the invader was in possession of all the railway line connecting these two stations. The Dobrudscha was thus completely cleared of Turkish forces, and the isolation of Silistria has apparently become the next object of the campaign. It must be added that the Porte has loudly accused the advancing enemy of gross cruelty towards non-combatants as well as combatants, to women and children as well as to men. Some English correspondents with the Turkish army at Shumla, and elsewhere in the quadrilateral, have corroborated the accusations by evidence collected from fugitives, but it is as yet impossible to determine what weight should be given to these charges. Correspondents with the Russians describe the conduct of the army as exceptionally good, and declare that the chief miseries suffered by fugitives are brought upon themselves by their panic flight from their homes. Cases of cruelty on the part of individual Cossacks may be easily believed to have occurred, and the difficulty of restraining a victorious soldiery from wreaking vengeance on Mussulmans who may be denounced to them by their Christian neighbours, can be understood by all who have any acquaintance with military annals.

While the Russian progress in Europe has been thus successful, the situation in Asia, which appeared so full of promise at the end

of June, has been entirely transformed, and the greatness of the change is beyond doubt a warning to us not to be too sanguine of the maintenance of the advances made in Europe. In the middle of June the Russians had invested Kars, and, although its forts were too strong to be carried by assault, it was hoped that the garrison might be reduced by starvation, and by that destruction of its resources which might fairly be anticipated from incessant shelling and artillery fire. Whilst this stronghold was thus invested, a division advanced westwards, threatening Erzeroum, and defeated the Turks near Delibaba on the 16th of June. From that time, however, the Russian fortunes waned. It would seem that the scheme of the Russian campaign was too extensive for the forces at the disposition of the Commander-in-Chief, and it is perhaps to this cause that may be traced the rumoured disagreements between the Grand Duke Michael and General Loris Melikoff. Whatever the explanation, the facts are beyond dispute. The Russians withdrew as steadily as they advanced, until in the middle of the month Kars was wholly relieved of the investing army, and a large portion of the troops of the invader had crossed the frontier. Ardahan has indeed throughout remained in Russian occupation, and the position does not seem to have been seriously threatened. On the other hand, the garrison placed in Bayazid after its capture were in turn besieged, and were reduced to great straits when they were successfully relieved on the 12th July by General Torgekasoff. The most disastrous check suffered by the Russians was at Zewin, about half-way between Kars and Erzeroum, on the 25th of June. General Melikoff, in the prosecution of his adventurous march towards Erzeroum, attacked superior Turkish forces under the command of an Austrian, General Kolmann, known in the Turkish service as Faizy Pasha. The battle lasted from 2 p.m. until night, and the losses sustained compelled the Russian general to draw back his forces to the east. The Turkish Commander-in-Chief, Muhktar Pasha, followed up this success by advancing with his main army towards Kars, and the raising of the siege, which has been already mentioned, was the immediate result. Reinforcements have since been ordered, and are probably now on their way, if some of them have not arrived at Alexandropol. At this moment (the 25th) the Russians are apparently disposed to resume the offensive, and to advance again into Armenia; but the signal success of the European movements has made the campaign in Asia Minor comparatively unimportant. The progress of the war during the last month has been in singular contradiction to what was understood to be the official opinion at Berlin. It was thought that the conquest of Armenia would be easy, but the passage of the Danube and the Balkans difficult. It was, perhaps, in consequence of these opinions that the plans of the campaign in Europe were most carefully made, and the preparations for carrying them out were

ample and exact, while less attention was paid to the organization of the war in Armenia.

The agitation produced by the war in the countries bordering on Turkey has not yet culminated in any positive action. We have already mentioned that the Austro-Hungarian Government has continued to maintain its attitude of neutral watchfulness, and the probability of its intervention in force necessarily diminishes, as each successive stage of Russian advance is seen to provoke no movement towards it. The Servians have also maintained their neutrality. An election to fill some vacant places in the Skuptschina has resulted in the return of deputies pledged to support M. Ristics, and the chances of an active policy being adopted were thus strengthened, but nothing has been done. The Turks are naturally extremely distrustful of Servian neutrality, and continue to guard, as best they can, the borders of the principality. Montenegro has been practically relieved of the presence of the enemy. Suleiman Pasha has been ordered to take the command in Roumelia, and the greater part of his forces are transferred with him. Some overtures are said, on on doubtful authority, to have been made to Prince Nikita to negotiate a separate peace, and to have been refused. The coalition cabinet in Greece has not taken action, and the reports of risings in Crete require confirmation.

The month has not been eventful in France, but everything tends to encourage the belief that the hopes of the Republicans will be realised at the general election. A wonderful unanimity of feeling has been exhibited by the Liberals, while divisions have appeared among the ranks of the Conservatives. The Liberals have also been most prudent and self-restrained in spite of many provocations to passion. The vote of the Senate of the 22nd June, assenting to the Dissolution of the Chamber, was followed by the issue of a decree of dissolution on the 25th. The bureaux of the several sections of deputies of the Left had already met, and resolved that the 363 deputies who voted want of confidence in the ministry on the 17th May, should offer themselves collectively for re-election; and on the 25th the bureaux of the three sections of the Left in the Senate met, and agreed to a declaration which deserves to be quoted:—

"That the re-election of the 363 who voted the order of the day of the 19th of June, against the Ministry presided over by M. de Broglie, is a civil duty, and is incumbent on the country; that that election will be the most solemn affirmation France can give of her resolution to maintain and consolidate the public institutions alone capable of insuring order at home and peace abroad. Appealing to the patriotism of all, they reckon upon no Republicans offering themselves as candidates in opposition to the 363 deputies who voted the order of the day of want of confidence."

This appeal has been observed in the letter and the spirit. No Liberal has appeared to dispute the claim of the least important of the three hundred and sixty-three to re-election, and no whisper of comparison of the respective merits of the several sections of the Left has been heard. The spectacle of combined resolution thus presented is imposing, and cannot fail to have its effect on the French nation when the time of the elections arrives. On the other side nothing has been steadfast except the resolution of the Ministry to use all possible means of securing the success of their partisans. The Marshal himself has not refrained from ill-omened words, though they may have been used without any sinister meaning. A review at Longchamps, on the 1st July, was followed by an Order of the Day on the 2nd, in which the President, addressing the soldiers, said, "Yes, you comprehend your duties; you feel that the country has intrusted to you the custody of its dearest interests. On every occasion I count on you to defend them. You will help me, I am certain, to maintain respect for authority and law in the discharge of the mission confided to me, and which I shall fulfil to the end." These words may be innocently interpreted, but no one can be certain that they do not refer to serious perils. The Marshal may be encouraged to exaggerate his estimate of his mission, already excessive, until he is brought to believe that he is charged with the duty of putting down, at all costs and by any means, those whom he regards as the enemies of "authority and law," bent on overturning what he is sworn to defend. The language of the Marshal is not different in kind from the language of Charles X. The uneasiness excited by his phrases would however pass away, were it not that all men are conscious that he has among his advisers persons prepared to resort to any extremity in pursuit of their aims. The Order of the Day was immediately followed by a circular from the Minister of the Interior to the Prefects, claiming for the Government the largest right of intervening in the elections and ordering the Prefects to exert themselves to the utmost in recommending Government candidates. M. de Fourtou wrote, that "the Government has not only the right, it is its duty, to point out to the electoral body the candidates who support, and those who oppose its policy;" and added, that "functionaries of every kind are knit to the Government which has appointed them by ties they are bound not to forget. We cannot permit any of them to be hostile to us. Any who are not afraid to use against the Government the authority they hold from it need expect neither toleration nor indulgence." Prefectoral changes followed this circular, seven Prefects and ten sub-Prefects, besides other functionaries, being removed, and their successors being men who had served under the Empire or in the former De Broglie Cabinet.

The campaign thus instituted has been maintained without remis-

sion. In the *Bulletin des Communes*, an *affiche* printed at the public expense and placarded outside the mairies throughout France, "the 363" deputies were described as men "whose programme was to disorganize and abolish the army as they would disorganize and abolish all, the army,—everything which makes our prosperity and grandeur." M. Brunet, Minister of Public Instruction, addressed a note to the Prefects requiring them to furnish him with a detailed account of the attitude and acts of the functionaries employed in the administration in the various departments. M. Paris, the Minister of Public Works, addressed a circular to railway directors, reminding them that the State had subjected railway servants to supervision, and had a right to insist upon their dismissal; and M. Cailloux, the Minister of Finance, issued yet another circular to the departmental receivers of revenue, directing them to warn their subordinates that, while they retain an entire freedom to vote, they must not adopt an attitude permitting them to be classed with the adversaries of the Government. It is not surprising that M. John Lemoinne should have denounced this petty warfare as worse than the worst characteristics of the Empire. "The Emperor would not have hunted small game." Yet it may be successful. Those who know the dependence of mind of every official in France upon his superiors cannot but feel that, in the absence of enormous deceit, the effect of these ministerial circulars must be to make every functionary from end to end of the country an active political agent against "the 363" and in favour of the candidates supported by the Government. The divisions among the Conservatives remain the best safeguard against the machinations of the ministers. The Imperialists began by openly confessing, or rather by boasting, that though they fought now for the Marshal, it was with the intention of bringing back the Prince Imperial in 1880. M. Tristan Lambert appeared before the electors of Fontainebleau, and while claiming to have been chosen as the Government candidate, avowed his resolution to do his utmost to restore the Empire. His conduct was condemned in a *communiqué* in the *Moniteur*, but M. Paul Cassagnac, and other less violent Bonapartists, loudly expressed their agreement in his conduct. On the other hand, a Catholic programme has been published in the *Univers*, in which every faithful child of the Holy Father is exhorted to support no one who will not pledge himself to make the promotion of the interests of the Papacy his chief object. Disputes have now arisen between the Orleanist supporters of the Marshal and the Ultramontanes; and the division in the Conservative camp has thus become general. It is probably in consequence of this that it has been resolved to postpone the election until the last possible moment—indeed, a period beyond the constitutional limit, as we understand it. The 14th October is now mentioned as the

day for the choice of the new chamber, and this is more than three months later than the 25th June, the day of the issue of the decree of Dissolution.

The work of Parliament during the month has been inconsiderable, but there has been a development of the temper and policy of the irreconcilable members from Ireland that threatens to involve the House of Commons in great difficulties. Among the business done must be recorded the debate, now become annual, on Mr. Trevelyan's motion in favour of the establishment of household suffrage in counties, and the redistribution of seats so as to obtain a juster representation of the people in Parliament. Lord Hartington, for the first time, voted and spoke in favour of Mr. Trevelyan's motions, and his adhesion brought with it the support of many Whigs who had hitherto abstained from voting. Mr. Lowe repeated his former vote against the proposals, and Mr. Goschen, who had hitherto been neutral, went into the same lobby with Mr. Lowe, and defended in a speech his separation from his party. His opposition cannot be said to have been very effective. Part of it was a plea for delay that we might be better informed of the character of the voters admitted in 1867, when tried by the pressure of adverse times; part of it was based on the opposition of the wage-earning classes, not only in England, but in English colonies, to the truths of political economy, and Mr. Goschen referred to the social legislation introduced since 1867 in illustration of the dangerous tendencies of the democracy. On the whole, Mr. Goschen's speech was more remarkable for its courage than for its breadth of vision or logical power; and there is truth in the observation reported to have been made by Lord Hartington, that his late colleague and himself had shown the ardour of new converts in their contributions to the discussion. Mr. Trevelyan's speech was a repetition of arguments used on former occasions, and Sir Stafford Northcote opposed the motions with arguments that were simply dilatory. The most languid interest was felt in the debate, and there was at one time a danger that the House would be "counted" in the middle of the discussion. The action of Lord Hartington may be accepted as a proof that the assimilation of the county to the borough franchise will be henceforth part of the official programme of the Liberal party; but there is no reason to suppose that the problem of reconstructing the system of representation of the nation in Parliament has as yet been seriously considered by Liberal or Conservative leaders.

The questions raised by the action of a small band of members from Ireland will, for some time to come, be an occasion of much embarrassment in the House of Commons. At the commencement of the present session it was observed that Mr. Parnell and Mr.

Biggar had given notice to reject several bills of the first importance, and it was contended that these members intended to obstruct the progress of business as much as possible. The opinion was hastily, if not erroneously, framed. By giving notice of opposition to a measure, it is brought under the operation of the half-past twelve o'clock rule, which prevents opposed business from being taken after that hour, and the object of Mr. Biggar and Mr. Parnell appeared at first to be nothing more than that of preventing late sittings. The same members took an unusual course in subjecting the Mutiny Bill to severe and searching examination in its passage through Committee, but it was impossible to deny that much of their criticism was sound, and that they had done good service in calling attention to the antiquated principles of that annual law. But a prejudice was thus raised against these members, which they were at no pains to dispel; indeed, it may be doubted whether they did not feel a pleasure in the contemplation of the repugnance they had excited, and at times consciously try to heighten it. Some lectures delivered by them in London and the provinces, commenting in strong terms on the characteristics of the House of Commons, further developed bad feeling. Squabbles, injurious to the character and dignity of Parliament, recurred with great frequency in the advancing session. In these contests Mr. O'Connor Power brought the assistance of a cooler head and a better mastery of the method of business, to the members already named; and, within the last month, the election of Mr. O'Donnell for Dungarvan appeared to add to the band a more aggressive Irreconcilable than all the rest. With the four thus described are associated, more or less loosely, three or four others, whose motives of conduct seem to be rooted in a boyish love of mischief rather than in any deeper feeling. The disputes which from time to time arose, generally commenced in a wrangle over the question whether business should or should not be proceeded with at half-past twelve. On the 2nd of July, the House was in Committee on the Army Estimates, and a discussion had arisen out of the Volunteer vote on the grievance that Volunteers were not permitted to be enrolled in Ireland. This vote, however, passed; and it was then proposed to pass the vote for the Reserve Forces, the hour being a quarter to one, when Mr. O'Connor Power objected on the ground that the question of Volunteers had not been discussed in a proper manner. Mr. O'Donnell supported the opposition in a speech not calculated to soothe irritated feelings; and a struggle arose between the rest of the House and seven Irish members, joined by Mr. Whalley, which lasted until a quarter past seven in the morning. The minority alternately moved that the Chairman should "report progress," and that he should "leave the chair," and as the House was in Committee the same members were entitled to make the same

motions repeatedly. In the end the majority were obliged to give way. Three days after a similar struggle arose, and the feelings generated were hotter than on the first occasion, but as the majority had learnt their impotence the attempt was not prolonged more than two hours. On the 20th, there was another difficulty of the same character, although the minority was less. The occasion of this last incident was an attempt on the part of the Government to dispose of three insignificant amendments, the last that were left, in the Irish Judicature Bill, on a Friday night, after a prolonged discussion on the question of the release of the remaining Fenian prisoners. Had the amendments in question been of any importance it would have been unreasonable to suggest their discussion, but they were trifling, and, such as they were, they could have been reconsidered on the Report. Mr. Biggar, however, had them in charge; and, in avowed resentment at the hostile vote on the question of the release of the prisoners, refused to proceed with them. After a long debate, the Chancellor of the Exchequer suggested that, as it was desirable that the bill should be finished in Committee and reprinted, a morning sitting should be held the next day to dispose of the three remaining amendments. Mr. Parnell accepted the suggestion, while Mr. Biggar sat silent beside him, and it was thought the difficulty was surmounted; but when the sitting opened on Saturday, Mr. Biggar repudiated the arrangement, and four more hours were consumed before the business was concluded. On Monday, the 23rd, there was another wearisome fight, ending in a vote of 386 against 15. On Wednesday, the 25th, there was another struggle, in the course of which Mr. Parnell uttered some words which the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved should be taken down; and a motion was then made by the Chancellor that Mr. Parnell was in contempt and be suspended for two days from his functions as member. A debate arose, in the course of which it became clear that the words themselves were not open to censure, and the motion was adjourned to Friday, and there the matter now (26th) rests. As the Session had thus advanced, the Ishmaelite feeling of opposition of this Irish minority had become sharper and more clearly defined. They were repudiated by Mr. Butt and the bulk of the Home Rule party, and they themselves, intentionally or unintentionally, had apparently adopted the policy of making themselves intolerable as fellow-workers with any others in Parliament. They did, indeed, disavow the policy of obstruction, but they admitted having it under consideration, and they thought it might be necessary to pursue it in the next Session. The prospect thus opened up is serious. The existing forms of business in the House of Commons enable a minority of half-a-dozen, or even less, to interpose obstacles to progress such as would reduce legislation to a standstill. Indeed, two members could move in

Committee amendments, substantial or unsubstantial, and propositions for adjournment and reporting progress, so as to prevent any bill passing through that stage. This abuse might be checked by disabling any member from making the same dilatory motion twice in Committee, which is now the rule in sittings of the House; but persons bent on obstruction would still be unrestrained in the length of their speeches, and, when the House is in Committee, in their frequency; and it would often be prejudicial to the efficient discussion of the details of a proposed law if this last liberty was abridged, nor would the feeling of the House of Commons be easily reconciled to the adoption of the principle of a *clôture.* It is indeed difficult to repress the uneasy fear that if all these alterations in the rules of procedure were adopted, and along with them others that might be suggested, it would still be possible for a small band of members making it their prime object to disorganize business and provoke their fellow-members to disgust, to accomplish this purpose. We must conclude that this is the hope which animates the counsels of the Irreconcilables. They have persuaded themselves that the House of Commons may be driven to concede Home Rule for Ireland out of sheer desperation and disgust. Unfortunately, it cannot be said that there is no show of reason in their belief. It has too often happened that the claims of justice have been neglected until it was seen that they were about to be supported by violence; and those who hold that the demand for Home Rule is founded on simple justice may argue that it will be allowed to them if they make themselves troublesome, though it would never be conceded to argument. We may be sure, however, that many other means of abating an intolerable nuisance will be tried before an allowance of Home Rule is seriously considered. At the commencement of the next Session, if not before, the forms of business will be revised, and those that lend themselves most easily to abuse will be amended. It would in the meantime be useful if we obtained some more trustworthy intelligence as to the view taken in Ireland of the proceedings of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Biggar, and Mr. O'Donnell. As we have said, Mr. Butt has repudiated their tactics, and the majority of the Home Rule party follow him in this repudiation. The minority does not contain more than a tenth of the Home Rulers. Yet it must be confessed that the popular press in Ireland regard Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar as heroes and the truest friends of their country, and successive elections bring out the same feeling. Mr. O'Donnell, the latest arrival in the House, is the most studiously offensive member of the section. A vacancy has just been caused by the death of Sir Colman O'Loghlen, and it will be interesting to watch the election to fill it. Sir Colman sat for County Clare, and it will be remembered that it was the election of O'Connell for this constituency which brought about Catholic Emancipation. The

present election will not be of the same high significance, but the result of it will merit attention.

Whilst we have had to apprehend a growing demoralization of the House of Commons, we have been startled by the intelligence of what would appear to be an actual demoralization of the relations between workmen and employers in the United States. A reduction of wages among railway servants in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Maryland, has been followed by strikes, out of which has grown wide-spread and continuous riot, assuming something of the dimensions of war. It is not more than ten years since some excellent but short-sighted persons pointed to the other side of the Atlantic, to a nation where political freedom had destroyed the very germs of trade disputes. No trades' unionism was known there; nor could the strained relations of capitalists and workmen in Europe be reproduced under its equal institutions. These vain opinions have been entirely falsified by experience; and the events of the past week reveal a disregard of social bonds in the industrial centres of North America such as was scarcely shown in England in the worst days fifty and sixty years since. Philadelphia and Pittsburg have been the most distinguished in this bad way. The latter town, the Birmingham of the United States, was given over to rioters for a couple of days, and some militia, who had been brought into it to preserve order, were defeated and pursued from one shelter to another, until at last they were driven into the neighbouring country and scattered in many directions. It is estimated that 200 were killed and wounded in the fights that marked these days. The contagion of riot, originating with the railway men on strike, spread among all the unemployed in the large towns, now unfortunately a large class, and extended from Baltimore and Philadelphia westwards as far as St. Louis. It has been said that it was even communicated to San Francisco. The disturbances have not yet entirely ceased, and the militia have been summoned from New England to assist the State authorities, while the Federal Government have ordered their troops to the scenes of riot for the same purpose. It must be remembered that some weeks since it was found that many members of an association, called the Molly Maguires, among the coal-workers of Pennsylvania, had been guilty of murder in furtherance of their trade objects, and their crimes having been brought home to them, they were hanged. At present too little is known of the origin of these disorders to pronounce an authoritative judgment on the conditions of society they indicate, but the spectacle presented to us of the mutual hostilities of classes in America demonstrates a degree of social disorganization and disunion calculated to awaken serious and painful anxieties.

July 26, 1877.

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THE POLICY OF AGGRANDIZEMENT.

Whatever may be the result of the present campaign or of the present war, the Ottoman Empire is doomed. It was already doomed when England took up arms in its defence, and, in the supposed interest of her Eastern possessions, became its quasi-protectress, the sponsor for the engagements to its Christian subjects, which it has shamelessly violated, and the virtual surety for its now repudiated loans. The internal causes of its decay are more certain and deadly in their operation than the attacks of enemies from without, which, in fact, evoke and revive the only element of strength left in its composition—the native valour of the Ottoman. It is one of those military empires which have never become industrial, and which, the rush of conquest being over, and the conquerors having settled down as a dominant race, subsisting on the labour of the conquered, have been hurried by corruption and sensuality to the grave. It has never shown the slightest sign of civilisation—political, intellectual, or commercial. If there has been any trade in the empire, it has been among the subject races, especially those whose yoke has been loosened, not among the Turks. Political organization has never got beyond the coarse and barbarous form of military satrapies, whose rule is cruelty, and whose taxation is rapine. Even for military science the Turk has recourse to the foreigner. There being no security for the fruits of labour, production has failed, and the blight of barrenness has spread over some of the fairest regions of the earth. The provinces are heterogeneous, and under such a system of government no progress towards assimilation could be made. A fatalist religion has repressed effort, even the effort necessary to save life from the plague. The same religion, by its political intolerance, has precluded the fusion of the conqueror with the conquered, and kept hostile races facing each other in every part of the empire. The numbers of the dominant race have been always dwindling under the

effects of vice and of the military conscription, which, as the slaves cannot be trusted with arms, falls on the masters alone. By the institution of the Janissaries, which constantly infused new blood into the military system, the period of conquest was artificially prolonged, and in measuring the rapidity of Turkish decay, it should be borne in mind that less than two centuries ago the Turks were still conquerors. But, in the absence of external intervention, a century would probably have sufficed to complete the process of dissolution; the ill cemented provinces of the empire would have fallen apart, and the satraps would have defied the bow-string and set up for themselves. The revolt of Egypt was an example which, had things been left to their natural course, other Pachas would have followed. Diplomacy intervened, and held together the crumbling mass. When the resources of fiscal robbery were exhausted, and the sheep of the Rayah had been sheared in winter to pay his taxes, English coffers, opened by the confident assurances of English ministers, supplied money, of which the greater part was squandered in barbarous and bestial luxury, while the rest provided a standing army, which, by rendering internal insurrection against the tyranny hopeless, compelled the oppressed to stretch their hands for aid to a foreign liberator, and thus embroiled Europe; just as our ancestors under James II., who had a standing army, were compelled to call in a foreign deliverer; whereas, under Charles I., who had no standing army, they were able to redress their wrongs with their own hands. The present Turkish army may be victorious, but it will be the last, unless, by a miracle, confidence can be planted again in the bosoms of capitalists who have been swindled. Russia would, perhaps, have acted more wisely had she paused awhile, and allowed bankruptcy and repudiation to do their work. The question is one not of sentiment or religion, but of political science; and it is a thing to be noted that a man so sagacious in a certain sphere as Palmerston, so adroit a manager of party, so clever a diplomatist, with all possible means of information at his command, should have persuaded himself that the Ottoman Empire was in course of rapid regeneration, only needing loans to complete the process, and should have induced his countrymen to lay down their money on the strength of that belief. It shows that in such questions the wisdom which styles itself practical, because it excludes general views and considerations, may lead to conclusions the reverse of wise. An ancient philosopher is said to have convinced his sneering countrymen of the utility of his science by a successful speculation in olives. We should be surprised to find that any one versed in the philosophy of history had been seduced into investing in Turkish bonds.

Fall the Ottoman Empire will, by corruption, if not by the sword;

and its fall will apparently bring on a crisis in the destinies of England, who will be called on to decide whether, out of the wreck, she will take Egypt. If she does, she will be committed far more deeply than ever to the policy of aggrandizement; foreign dominion sustained by arms will assume a greatly increased importance with her relatively to domestic objects; and the spirit of her people will undergo a corresponding change. Egypt obviously means Eastern Africa, probably, indeed almost certainly, Syria, from which the fatal Canal is commanded almost as much as from Egypt; possibly Crete, or some other convenient island. But it means a good deal more than this. It means that England is to undertake to secure against any possible attack the whole of the overland route to India; for of course there is no use in holding the gate when the avenue to it is in other hands, and if Port Said is the gate, the avenue to it is the Mediterranean. To India by the Cape we had, as it were, a private way, not leading by many hostile doors, nor obliging you to appear as dominant under the noses of rival nations; but the overland route runs by the coasts of a whole line of maritime powers, to which will be added Germany, if she ever acquires Trieste, and Russia (exasperated by our demonstrations of enmity), if she ever acquires Constantinople; it is liable to attack from every port between Cherbourg and Port Said; its wardership will oblige us to flaunt the flag of our domination in the faces of all the dwellers on the Mediterranean. The present helplessness of France, no doubt, is our opportunity, but we are credibly assured that her jealousy will be at once aroused, and that her hostility awaits us in the end.

It is probable that in the present mood of the nation aggrandizement will carry the day. We say mood, and it does not seem that there has been any definite change of conviction such as new arguments produce since the time when more moderate views prevailed. But the nation is now flushed with wealth, and with the sense of power which wealth begets; it is infected with the military spirit which fills armed Europe; it has built a great fleet of ironclads, and feels inclined to show its power. The aristocratic party is in the ascendant, and British aristocracy, as well as Russian despotism, is willing to divert the mind of the people from progress at home to aggrandizement abroad. The knowledge that the Government is favourable to them stimulates to activity all enterprising spirits, and at the decisive moment they throw into the scale, by enthusiastic and combined effort, a weight out of proportion to their mere numbers. In such a state of excitement are spirits of this sort at present, and so great has been the development of their ambition, that we read projects for making England mistress of all the water communications of the globe. What she would do with that

magnificent possession we have not been informed. We need not to be informed what the other nations would do if they found all the water communications of the globe seized into the hands of one domineering power. There are politicians who, if they had their way, would make the battle of Dorking a reality in spite of nature and of fate.

Those who counsel England to seize on all the water communications of the globe seem to forget that, though still far the first of maritime powers, she is not, as she was at the close of the war with Napoleon, sole mistress of the seas. Other countries now have their navies, which, though singly not a match for hers, united must be a good deal more than a match, and which, moreover, would be free to strike with their full force, while she would have to disperse her force for the purpose of shielding unguarded dependencies in all parts of the world. Nor is it in this respect only that her position is changed. Her naval and military power depends partly upon her superiority in wealth; her superiority in wealth depends in great measure on her supremacy in manufactures, and this also has been greatly reduced by the development of manufactures in other countries since the Napoleonic wars. The commercial progress of other countries, especially of France, where the military spirit seems to be gradually giving way to the commercial, threatens British interests, even British interests in the East, more seriously than the approach of Russia to Herat.

That there are certain classes, administrative, military, and commercial, which have a special interest in a policy of aggrandizement, no one needs to be told; our ears ring with the vociferous demonstrations of the fact. What it seems particularly desirable to elicit, before the irrevocable step of occupying Egypt is taken, is the proof that foreign dominion is equally beneficial to the whole people. Beneficial, we mean, either in the way of material well-being or in the way of real moral and intellectual elevation. The mere pride of dominion we confess does not seem to us a sufficient object. Besides being radically antagonistic to the tendencies of modern civilisation, its enjoyment is confined to the few who play the game; it is not shared by the many who pay and bleed, scarcely conscious all the time of the existence of an empire.

To all who have not entirely abandoned themselves to the prevailing impulse it must be clear that aggrandizement is a question to which there are two sides. That there are two sides to it in a moral point of view, we all imply as often as we denounce on moral grounds the territorial ambition of Russia. But let us put the question of morality aside. In truth it does not present itself in a very serious form so far as the occupation of Egypt is concerned. The general concurrence of the Powers, at all events, if it could be obtained

might relieve us from any misgivings on that score. The Khedive is, to the mass of his unhappy subjects, not a national sovereign, but an alien oppressor, whose dominion has no foundation but brute force, and whose power is exercised without the slightest regard for the welfare of the people. Anybody who can is morally at liberty to overturn him and relieve the victims of his oppression. There can be no doubt that English government, however it might affect the destinies of the country in the end, would at present be an enormous change for the better. Nor is it easy to see who could cast a stone at us. Certainly not France, with Algeria in her hands. Bismarck is wise enough, he is sufficiently conscious of the conditions of real strength, and sufficiently in accord with the spirit of his age himself to abstain from distant acquisitions; but we need fear no moral protests on his part.

And so with regard to the Empire of India, which is the thing mainly in question all the time, and for the sake of which, principally, these further acquisitions are proposed. Once acquired it must be kept; mere anarchy would be the consequence of our withdrawal from it; and its acquisition commenced in a period which, though not so very remote, was yet anterior if not to international morality, certainly to the inclusion within the pale of international morality of those who were not within the pale of Christendom. No Government in Europe at that time would have shrunk from taking the territory of the pagans of Hindostan any more then they shrank from enslaving the pagans of Africa. France, since our censor, was at that time our competitor, and she herself took Algeria at a later day, when the light of a higher morality had at least dawned upon the civilised world.

With the question of morality, we repeat, we have here nothing to do; but to the question of expediency also it must be admitted that there are two sides. The decay of Empires is the theme of history. They decay because they are sustained not by the moral forces which sustain national happiness, and the nature of which is to increase in strength, but by physical force, the nature of which is to decline, if not positively yet (what comes to the same thing) relatively to the forces around it. There is no reason why British virtue, energy, and industry should not continue as they are, or increase with the lapse of time; and therefore there is no reason why the New Zealander should ever moralize over the ruins of the British nation; but the man of the future, whoever he may be, is pretty sure one day to moralize over the ruins of the British Empire. We ourselves moralize over the ruined Empire of Spain, and see clearly enough that the vast and scattered dependencies which were her pride, and which she imagined to be the sources of her strength, were really draining away her life-blood. We moralize over the effects of the

error committed by Venice in leaving the true path, the path of commercial enterprise, to indulge a territorial ambition which led to the corruption of her government and, by the umbrage it gave to other powers, brought on her the League of Cambray. Yet we may be sure that every Spaniard and every Venetian, in the days of Spanish and Venetian Empire, would have felt himself bound by loyalty and patriotism to uphold aggrandizement and to denounce counsels of moderation as a betrayal of the honour and greatness of the country.

Palmerston's *Civis Romanus* is one of many indications that the image of the Roman Empire still vaguely hovers before our minds. The Roman Empire belonged to an age before Humanity, to an age in which morality was in the germ, to an age in which force was the only law and the only principle of organization. Coming when it did, it formed a sort of matrix for modern civilisation and thus served a purpose which conquest can never serve again. By uniting all the nations round the Mediterranean under a common yoke it repressed war, the great primæval obstacle to the progress of humanity, and rendered possible the diffusion of ideas, besides breaking down generally the barriers of tribal isolation. An attempt to reproduce it, or anything like it, in these days would be an anachronism of the most flagrant kind. Its stability depended upon the absence of any rival power, when once the conquest of the Mediterranean nations had been accomplished; and in this respect also an imitation of it in a world divided among a number of great powers would be not so much unseasonable as insane.

It is worthy of remark too that the more advanced civilisation even of Rome herself was less prone, if not actually opposed, to conquest. In the golden age of the empire, which commenced with the accession of Nerva, though there were frontier wars, and some extensions of territory as a consequence of those wars, the spirit of improvement decidedly predominated over that of aggrandizement, and the Antonines, if they were alive now, would probably be "pseudo-philanthropists" and "patriots of every country but their own."

The idea of Roman conquest in the nineteenth century is equal in irrationality as well as cognate to that extreme theory of hero worship which, totally ignoring historic progress, proposes to regenerate modern society by pounding it with the primæval sledge-hammer of Thor. The world changes, and the methods proposed by the worshippers of force for organizing what they imagine, in spite of their daily experience, to be an anarchy, would be the most brutal of all anarchies themselves.

At all events there can be no harm in asking the advocates of a policy of aggrandizement clearly to state the case with which we may

fairly assume they are prepared. England will then advance her eagles not only with the assurance that some of her sons would be greatly gratified at present, but without misgiving as to the effect on the general welfare of her people for the future.

Does conquest bring strength to England? That is the most obvious question, and for the ordinary advocates of aggrandizement the most important. To the Roman it brought strength, because it brought him both tribute and military contingents; to the Spaniard it brought tribute, with which his armies were paid. But in the case of England modern sentiment interposes. England draws from her dependencies no tribute; large sums come from India, but they come into private hands. Sepoys were sent to Egypt at the time of the war with France, and Mr. Sidney Owen, in the preface to his selection from the Wellesley Dispatches, contends that, though they were not actually engaged, their presence produced an effect, and might be regarded as the symbol of a real addition to the military power of England. But rating this addition at the highest, and taking into consideration also any instances of the employment of negro regiments from the West Indies, will it be contended that the accession of force derived by England from her dependencies bears any proportion to the force expended by her in acquiring and defending them?

India must be debited not only with all that has been expended in her acquisition and defence, but with all that has been expended in securing access to her, and notably with a large portion of the cost of the Crimean War. But the expenditure, whether of money or of blood, is not all; the whole foreign policy of England quivers with alarm for India. We are being constantly drawn away from that which would otherwise be the manifest line of our interest by that besetting fear. Under its influence we have sullied our civilisation by an alliance with the foul decrepitude of Turkey, and made an enemy of Russia, perhaps the only sincere friend we had in the world.

The Roman Empire, though colossal, was geographically united, and the provinces, as time went on, were more or less incorporated with the Imperial State. The Russian Empire, though equally colossal, is also geographically united; it annexes conterminous regions, which are gradually incorporated, and will no doubt be thoroughly assimilated in the end. The Spanish Empire was scattered; its dependencies were incapable of incorporation, much more of assimilation, and the same is the case with ours. A line of communication with the East has to be maintained, to the length of which, and the forces threatening it at every point, attention has been already called.

In England the strength of England lies. Why this thought

should be unwelcome, it seems difficult to say; at any rate such is the fact.

In the days before free trade, monopoly of markets was a very intelligible and solid, though not a very laudable, appanage of empire. But free trade has thrown open the ports of the Indies, East and West, to all nations alike, and if England still has the lion's share of the trade, it is not because she is the mistress, but because she is the great exporting nation. The commercial handling of the dependencies by planters, contractors, and others engaged in the internal production and trade, is, on the other hand, an advantage connected with political dominion. The only drawback from it is that English production in the dependencies may exclude British imports, as in the case of the cotton manufactures of India, which are supplanting British goods in the Indian market.

It is said, and with truth, that empire trains soldiers and administrators. But are they not, for the most part, soldiers and administrators of a special kind? Algeria trained soldiers, and her training is said to have been one of the causes of the military disasters which befel France. Administrators generally end their official lives in the dependency, and the benefit of the Indian Civil Service is therefore reaped more by the individual Englishmen employed in it and their families than by the country, except in so far as the appointments may act as prizes in stimulating education. Even were it otherwise, bureaucracy, intensified by exclusiveness of race, and by severance from English society and opinion, would scarcely be a good school for the service of a free nation. The author of *The Abode of Snow* seems to be an acute observer, and he is certainly not indifferent to the glory of British dominion, or opposed to the extension of British influence. In a passage on official character in India, which, as its tenor is mixed, it may be fair to append in a note, he draws a strong, and what seems a probably just, distinction between the effect of India on superior minds, or those immediately under their influence, and its effect on the mind of the ordinary official. His general estimate may be somewhat adverse, and it may be fairly met perhaps by an appeal to the net results of Indian administration. But he brings certain peculiarities, and the circumstances which produce them, distinctly under our view.[1]

(1) "Society everywhere in India labours under very great disadvantages, and varies very much according to the character of its ever-changing leaders. Sir Emerson Tennent has observed that it is 'unhappily the tendency of small sections of society to decompose when separated from the great vital mass, as pools stagnate and putrefy when cut off from the invigorating flow of the sea;' and he adds that the process is variable, so that a colonial society which is repulsive to-day may be attractive to-morrow, or a contrary change may take place with one or two departures or new arrivals. The same holds good in India; and though Indian society can boast of some superiority to colonial (a superiority which is amusingly asserted on board mail-steamers), it has very great defects of its own, and in certain circumstances degenerates

We have renounced for the present purpose the consideration of morality, but we must be allowed to consider the influence of empire on the political character of the imperial country. Our free institutions with the character on which they rest, and the corruption of which they would not survive, are supposed, apart from sentiment, to be objects of paramount importance. The addition of an unconstitutional title to the constitutional titles of the British sovereign seems aptly to symbolize a tendency already perceptible, and which that measure was perhaps partly intended to assist. Dependencies, even under the mildest system, must be governed on principles wholly different from those of a constitutional polity, and though superior minds may be able to keep the distinction between the two spheres always before them, and to don the despot without doffing the citizen, in ordinary minds the lines of separate allegiance will become more or less blurred and the indefeasible sanctity of freedom will be lost. The effect will be intensified by every rebellion which breaks out in a dependency, and after exciting the passions of the imperial nation, is quenched in servile blood. It was for this reason that many people who were by no means admirers of the East India Company deprecated its abolition, and the political identification of

into the intolerable. One tendency of life in India is to create an immense amount of conceit, and to make men assume airs of superiority, not because of any superiority of mind or character, or on account of great services rendered to the State, but simply because long residence in the country, or in some particular district of it, has given them high appointments, or the advantage as regards local knowledge. Then though military society has many good points, 'discipline must be observed,' and it was in perfect good faith, and expressing his own opinion as well as that which he believed to be generally entertained, that an old Indian remarked to me, 'We don't think much of anyone's opinions here until he is a lieutenant-colonel at least.' Of course in all countries opinions are often measured by the position of the spokesman, but in Europe that is not so much the case as in India, and in our happier climes it is easy to shun the society of snobs, whether social or intellectual, without becoming a social pariah. This social tendency is not corrected, but developed rather than otherwise, by a close bureaucracy, such as the Indian Civil Service—and there is no other element in the community sufficiently strong to correct it; while it is almost justified by the extraordinary effect India has in rapidly producing intense conceit and insufferable presumption among Europeans of a low order of mind and character, whatever classes of the community they may belong to. Nothing struck me more in that country than the contrast between its elevating and even ennobling effects on those Europeans whose minds were above a certain level, and its exactly contrary effects on almost all those who were below that level. What, then, Indian society has specially to struggle against are two apparently opposite tendencies, a slavish respect for mere position, and for exceptional power and knowledge in particular directions; and on the other hand excessive individual conceit, and presumption. But these evil tendencies (which curiously enough belong also to the Indian native character) are not opposed in any such way as to counteract each other. On the contrary, they are apt to foster and inflame each other, because the old Indian justly sees that he has opposed to him an immense deal of ignorant presumption, which ought to be severely repressed, while the democrat and the griffin instinctively feel that they are oppressed by an amount of tyrannical old fogyism, which would not be allowed to exist in any other country."—*Abode of Snow*, by Andrew Wilson, p. 56.

India with England which necessarily ensued. The Company being under the control of the British Government, the responsibility under the old system was the same, but the danger of political contagion was not so great.

Anglo-Indians, as a body, return rich; they must therefore have some political influence, and it would be interesting to know what their political tendencies are, and what sort of citizens India sends back to England. In former days, before the dependencies were controlled, both East Indian nabobs and West Indian planters avenged the oppressed native upon the dominant race by playing a leading part in the corruption of the English Parliament. It was on the East India Bill and with the support of the nabobs that George III. gained the victory over the constitution which established his ascendancy, and enabled him to bring a train of calamities on the country.

But the reflex influence may go deeper still and affect not only those sentiments which lie at the root of political liberty, but those which lie at the root of all civilisation. A conqueror necessarily persuades himself that his yoke is righteous, that submission to it is loyalty, that insurrection against it is the worst of treasons. He forgets that, as Pym said when Strafford pleaded that Ireland was a conquered country and you might do what you pleased in it, "If the king, by the right of a conqueror, gives laws to his people, the people must by the same reason be restored to the right of the conquered to recover their liberty if they can." The Scotch adore Wallace, but if they caught a Wallace in India they would blow him away from a gun. This inversion of morality by the conqueror in his own favour, with the effect which it produces on his character, is one of the ugliest features of conquest. The Sepoy was not a patriot, it is true, but he was an alien, and more than an alien, in race and in religion; he was a mercenary serving for nothing but his pay; to look for love and loyalty at his hands was looking for grapes on thistles; there could be no security for his fidelity but a vigilance which had been relaxed, and precautions which had been neglected. His caste—that is, his social and religious existence—had been threatened, as he imagined, by the greased cartridges. He had further been worked upon by the fiendish cunning of Nana Sahib, who had himself, as it appears, been turned from a sycophant into a malignant enemy by unskilful handling. The frenzy into which the Sepoys burst was of the sort to which all barbarians are liable, and for which you must be prepared if you choose to take barbarians into your service. The wholesale slaughter of these wretched men, in cold blood, when they had laid down their arms, and in some cases when they had apparently been guilty of little more than being carried away like animals by a stampede, may have been a political necessity of conquest, but it will never be described by impartial

history as an act of moral justice, and participation in it and in the hideous scenes of that period generally could hardly fail to affect the character of the Englishmen engaged. The work of Dr. Russell is well known. Lieutenant Majendie's *Up among the Pandies* is not so well known, but it is a vivid, simple, and apparently truthful photograph of scenes which that officer himself witnessed. We give a couple of extracts below,[1] and the reader will probably agree with Lieutenant Majendie that, let the guilt of the sufferers be what it would, the work of the executioners must have bred in them "hardness of heart" and "callous indifference to taking human life." Suppose these rebels had been natives of Algeria, and the executioners French Zouaves, should we not have been confirmed in the belief that Algeria was a doubtful gain to France?

(1) "I have before adverted to the hardness of heart which in some cases was shown by our men, and to the careless and callous indifference with which they took away human life; and I will here relate one of several instances which came under my notice in illustration of this fact. After we had occupied the Iron Bridge for some days, and when we supposed that the houses in the neighbourhood were quite clear of the enemy, we were astonished one evening by hearing a shot in one of the many buildings which we occupied, and, directly after, some of the soldiers rushing in, dragged out a decrepit old man, severely wounded in the thigh. It seems that the sentry having heard somebody moving about the house, had challenged, and, receiving no answer, fired, and hit the poor old wretch in question in the leg. He was brought out, and soon surrounded by a noisy gaping crowd of soldiers, who clamoured loudly for his immediate execution, expressing themselves in language more remarkable by its vigour than either its elegance or its humanity. ''Ave his nut off,' said one; 'Hang the brute,' cried another; 'Put him out of mess,' said a third; 'Give him a Cawnpore dinner' (six inches of steel), cried a fourth; but the burden of all their cries was the same, and they meant death. The only person in the group who appeared unmoved and indifferent to what was going on was he who certainly had every right to be the most interested. I mean the old man himself, whose stoicism one could not but admire. He must have read his fate a hundred times over in the angry gestures and looks of his captors, but never once did he open his lips to supplicate for mercy, or betray either agitation or emotion, giving one the idea of a man bored by the noise and the proceedings generally, but not otherwise affected. His was a case which hardly demanded a long or elaborate trial. He was a native—he could give no account of himself—he had been found prowling about our position at night; stealthily moving among houses, every one of which contained a quantity of gunpowder, and where, for aught we knew, and as was more than probable, mines may have existed, which a spark dropped from his hand would have ignited—or he was a spy, or—but what need of more? In this time of stern and summary justice (?) such evidence was more than ample; he was given over to two men, who received orders to 'destroy him' (the expression usually employed on these occasions, and implying in itself how dreadfully common such executions had become), and they led him away. This point being settled, the soldiers returned to their games of cards and their pipes, and seemed to feel no further interest in the matter, except when the two executioners returned, and one of their comrades carelessly asked, 'Well, Bill, what did yer do to him?' 'Oh,' said the man as he wiped the blood off an old tulwar, with an air of cool and horrible indifference which no words can convey, 'O, sliced his 'ed off,' resuming his rubber, and dropping the subject much as a man might who had drowned a litter of puppies" (p. 222). This old man, it will be observed, was not a Sepoy, he was only a native, and not the slightest attempt appears to have been made to verify the suspicion as to a mine of gunpowder. In the next case the victim was a Sepoy, taken in a skirmish, in which a British officer of a Sikh regiment had fallen:

"Infuriated beyond measure by the death of their officer, the Sikhs (assisted, I regret

The Sepoys were mutineers. But the people of Oude were not mutineers. They were fighting, most unwisely no doubt, but not unnaturally, for their native dynasty. Their crime cannot be said to have been worse than that of the Scotch Jacobites, who are now objects of historic sympathy; yet they were included in the undiscriminating slaughter.

Lord Elgin was above the suspicion of pseudo-philanthropy, or of any weakness or illusion which could interfere with a rational pursuit of British interests. For that reason we shall make a free use of his testimony, as recorded in his *Letters and Diary*. Visiting India, on his way to China, at the time of the mutiny, he came into contact with the spirit of sanguinary terrorism evoked among the dominant race; and the impression which it made upon him is not doubtful.

"August 21st.—It is a terrible business, however, this living among inferior races. I have seldom from man or woman since I came to the East heard a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world. Detestation, contempt, ferocity, vengeance, whether Chinamen or Indians be the object. There are some three or four hundred servants in this house. When one first passes by their salaaming, one feels a little awkward. But the feeling soon wears off, and one moves among them with perfect indifference, treating them, not as dogs, because in that case one would whistle to them and pat them, but as machines with which one can have no communion or sympathy. Of course, those who can speak the language are somewhat more *en rapport* with the natives; but very slightly so, I take it. When the passions of fear and hatred are engrafted on this indifference, the result is frightful; an absolute callousness to the sufferings of the objects of those passions, which must be witnessed to be understood and believed.

"August 22nd. ——— tells me that yesterday at dinner, the fact that Government had removed some commissioners who, not content with hanging all the rebels they could lay their hands on, had been insulting them by destroying their caste, telling them that after death they should be cast to dogs to be devoured, &c., was mentioned. A reverend gentleman could not understand the conduct of Government; could not see that there was any impropriety in torturing men's souls; seemed to think that a good deal might be said for torturing their bodies as well. These are your teachers, O Israel! Imagine what the pupils become under such leading!"—(p. 199.)

to say, by some Englishmen) proceeded to take their revenge on this one wretched man. Seizing him by the two legs, *they attempted to tear him in two.* Failing in this, they dragged him along by the legs, stabbing him in the face with their bayonets as they went. I could see the poor wretch writhing as the blows fell upon him, and could hear his moans as his captors dug the sharp bayonets into his lacerated and trampled body, while his blood, trickling down, dyed the white sand over which he was being dragged. But the worst was yet to come: while still alive, though faint and feeble from his many wounds, he was deliberately placed upon a small pile of dry sticks, which had been improvised for the purpose, and there held down, in spite of his dying struggles, which, becoming weaker and more feeble every moment, were, from their very faintness and futile desperation, cruel to behold. Once, during this frightful operation, the wretched victim, maddened by pain, managed to break away from his tormenters, and, already horribly burnt, fled a short distance, but he was immediately brought back and placed upon the fire, and there held till life was extinct." Englishmen were looking on all the time.

Subsequently, as Governor-General, Lord Elgin had the opportunity of learning more of these events from sources which he deemed authentic.

"The feeling of the natives of India towards Canning was in some measure due to a similar cause. The clamour for blood and indiscriminate vengeance which raged around him, and the abuse poured upon him because he would not listen to it, imparted in their eyes to acts which carried justice to the very verge of severity the grace of clemency. I could give you plenty of proofs of this. . . . The following sentences occur in a letter written from Delhi during our recent panic by an officer. . . . . 'The native force here is much too small to be a source of anxiety, and unless they take the initiative it is my opinion that there can be no important rising. The Mussulmans of Delhi are a contemptible race. Fanatics are very rare on this side of the Sutlej. The terrors of that period when every man who had two enemies was sure to swing are not forgotten. The people declare that the work of Nadir Shah was as nothing to it. His executions were completed in twelve hours. But for months after the last fall of Delhi, no one was sure of his own life or that of the being dearest to him for an hour.'"

We might fancy ourselves reading an account of the reign of terror in Ireland after the rising in '98. That all this is not English, that it is utterly at variance with the general character of the English people, is certain; every candid critic of English society would say so; but no character is independent of circumstance, and if we choose to put ourselves into the circumstances of foreign conquerors, into the place of Nadir Shahs, the natural consequences will ensue. There is nothing to save us from them, any more than there was to save the Spanish conquerors of Mexico. From Egypt we shall infallibly be drawn on to Abyssinia; and in Abyssinia, if not in Egypt, there is likely to be just as bloody work as there has been in Hindostan.

Increased facilities of communication and representation now bring scenes enacted in a distant dependency completely home to the minds of the people in the imperial country, so as closely to identify them with all that they do not repudiate and condemn. And when did the people of an imperial country heartily repudiate and effectually condemn acts necessary, or plausibly alleged to be necessary, to the maintenance of their own dominion?

In the Jamaica case we had a taste of the spirit which familiarity with slaughter in the case of the Indian rebels had evoked. All remember how Chief Justice Cockburn charged in favour of outraged justice and humanity; how unavailing were his words; what homage was offered, and by what lips, to terrorism and murder; what sinister principles were propounded, and what ominous sentiments were expressed, not with reference to dependencies alone.

Less serious, but still worthy of notice, is the corrupting effect of the pageantry, the servility, the Sultanism of which dependencies are the licensed sphere. Through the newspaper accounts of the

Prince of Wales's visit to India breathed something very like the spirit of a Byzantine court. Wise men laugh; but the crowd are impressed, and they do not say to themselves, This is only for Hindostan or Egypt. If ever an attempt is made to revive anything like "a real throne" in this country (and the idea is perhaps not so remote from possibility as would be generally imagined), it will derive any chance of success it may have in some measure from the influence of the Indian Empire.

Therefore, before enthusiastic friends of England—and surely great enthusiasm may be predicated of those who can dwell with complacency on the idea of handing over not only the East but all Europe to the reactionary aristocracy of this country—before enthusiastic friends of England, we say, determine to give her Egypt, on the ground that she is the best representative of the principles of constitutional liberty, they ought to consider whether she is likely to continue the best representative of those principles when she has been charged with the functions of unconstitutional government in all parts of the globe. No political character could be stronger or more confirmed than that of the Roman, yet by empire it was radically changed.

The spirit of enterprise, no doubt, is displayed and fostered by conquest. Far be it from us to depreciate its value or to disparage the pride which its achievements excite in the nation. But it may be directed to more objects than one. Cook, Franklin, and Livingstone showed enterprise as well as the conquerors of the Indian Empire.

It is the fashion to accuse the Americans of unlimited voracity, but they seem really to be about the only people that look at a thing before they swallow it. St. Domingo, from its natural wealth and capabilities, was a most tempting morsel, and it was almost forced down the throat of the nation by President Grant, who was then in an ambitious mood. But it was steadfastly rejected on the ground that, though commercially rich, it was politically unwholesome, and would import a bad element into the legislature of the United States.

We have spoken, so far, of the interest of the conqueror, or the dominant race. But modern sentiment demands that the interest of the conquered, or the subject race, shall also be considered, and we may say with truth that no imperial country has ever acknowledged this obligation so fully as England.

To India, English rule has given peace, saving our own wars and mutinies; a regular and equitable though costly administration; greatly increased security for life and property; railroads; the abolition of dark and cruel superstitions, such as Suttee and Thuggee. On the other hand, there are consequences which attend even the most humane of conquests, and when one nation undertakes to

provide happiness for another by overruling the natural course of things, measures conceived in the most beneficial spirit are apt to work out in unexpected ways, and to lead to mixed results.

Conquest must always extinguish the military spirit of the conquered and their power of self-defence. Roman conquest did this systematically, and when the legions withdrew, bands of undisciplined though hardy barbarians stalked unresisted through the helpless provinces of the Empire. British conquest has done the same thing, though not on system, and populations which we found warlike are now sheep, and would be the prey of the first wolf that descended on them, if British protection were withdrawn. But conquest must also kill all native germs of political life and all power of political self-organization. It is of course difficult to say what nature would have produced, had India been left politically to itself, or rather had it been acted on by European influence only as Japan has been, not in the way of foreign dominion. Regarded from the Indian point of view, Akbar was probably not less beneficent than a Viceroy, and whatever improvements he might effect would be more likely to adhere to the soil. In the case of Egypt, it is true, there would, so far as the mass of the natives are concerned, be little in the way of military, and nothing in the way of political life to extinguish. We should only render impossible that which might otherwise be possible, the gradual growth, under an independent government, of an Egyptian nation.

To associate the conquered with the conqueror in the work of Indian government, and thus in time to train India to self-rule, is a policy, the very conception of which attests the comparatively beneficent spirit of British conquest. But before it can be really carried into effect, not only must great political difficulties be overcome, but a bridge must be thrown over a social gulf, so wide as to be apparently impassable. Real participation in government implies political equality between the races, and political equality cannot exist between those who are socially far apart. The higher and more sympathetic minds may be able to surmount the prejudice of race, and to act with a Hindoo as cordially as with an Englishman. But this cannot be expected of the ordinary officials of the dominant nation, much less of the lower class of Europeans and the common soldier. We have heard Lord Elgin on the relations between the races. In another passage (p. 417), speaking of a murder committed by a European on a native, he says, that though not deliberate, it had a feature just as bad, and characteristic of homicides committed by Europeans on natives, inasmuch as it was done "in wanton recklessness, almost without provocation, under an impulse which would have been resisted if the life of the native had been estimated at the value of that of a dog." He goes on to mention another case,

in which a native had been kicked to death for milking a goat, which was alleged not to belong to him, and says that the local paper, instead of pitying the victim or his family, only complained of the hardship to which the homicide was subjected by having to go to Calcutta to answer for his conduct in hot weather. Assuredly, to make these two elements work together politically would be no easy matter. The gulf between the Hindoo and the European is no doubt partly caused by the strange primæval mystery of Hindoo nature. In the use of the Egyptian Fellah there would be no great obstacle of this kind; but the Fellah would probably be an object of still greater contempt than the Hindoo.

From war we have saved India. But what if in doing so we have unwittingly aggravated the danger of famine? What if, in the calm but enfeebling security created by our rule, a helpless and shiftless population has multiplied without any limit but that of bare subsistence, to be the prey of this periodical destroyer or to be rescued only by Government aid on an enormous scale? We may well feel proud both of the humanity which accepts the burden and of the administrative vigour with which it is borne. Yet this may be an instance of the tendency of interference with the course of nature in other countries to work out in unexpected ways.

Since England has taken India into her own hands her sense of responsibility has compelled her to introduce improvements, administrative and educational, on the pattern of the best European civilisation. But can India afford this system? Can she afford it when she has to pay exile price for all her officials, and to give them all large pensions besides? She is gorgeous, but, in proportion to her population, poor. The Duke of Wellington is reported to have said of her, "She is a magnificent country, and it would be a shame to govern her ill; but it would be ruinous to govern her well." With an annual deficit always called extraordinary, yet regularly recurring, is it certain that the Duke's saying will not prove true? Bankruptcy is a foe at least as much to be dreaded by the Anglo-Indian Government as the Russian legions which fancy sees descending from the clouds of the Himalayas.

From bankruptcy the Indian Government is in fact saved only by the revenue from the opium traffic, which, as the present Secretary of State for India said in defending it, "involves inconveniences of principle, but is wrapped up in our finances." Inconveniences of principle the traffic does seem to involve, when we consider that it is not merely like the liquor traffic in this country, a trade licensed by Government, but a Government trade. The Chinese Government is semi-barbarous, but it is paternal; and there is no reason for doubting the sincerity of its desire to save the souls and bodies of its people from the ravages of this hellish drug. But we, impelled

by financial exigency, constrain the Chinese to admit it and bombard Canton when they refuse. The excuses put forward—that Government limits the traffic by undertaking it, and that private villainy might commit the crime if Government did not—would hardly impose upon a child. Such, however, is the pillar of Indian finance; and it can hardly be thought adamantine, unless morality and religion cease to be forces in the world.

The propagation of Christianity will hardly be alleged as the object of British conquest in India or anywhere else, especially as the governing class of the imperial nation is itself rapidly tending in a very different direction. Whatever else Christianity may be, it is not a religion of conquest. Its founders and that later body of apostles who evangelized and civilised the Northern tribes presented themselves at all events as purely spiritual agencies, wholly unconnected with military power or with blowing rebels away from guns. A member of the S. P. G. would perhaps be shocked by the suggestion that whatever is best and most spiritual in the nature of a Hindoo would be likely to restrain him from abandoning the religion of his fathers to embrace the religion of the conqueror. If the number of converts made by the Church of England in India, backed as she is by power and wealth, were compared with the number made by Xavier, taking the latter at the lowest possible estimate, the result would be by no means flattering to political religion. Nor, if the testimony of the shrewdest observers may be trusted, are the converts of Xavier likely to have been less respectable or less sincere than those made by the Church of England.

The political dominion of India is a legacy from generations, the political aims, the commercial policy, the public morality, and the general conditions of which were different from ours. Whether, if it were offered to us now for the first time, we should do wisely in accepting it—whether it would not be better to secure free commercial access without political dominion—may be reasonably doubted. In fact, even the generations by which the Empire was founded were drawn on for the most part, not only without design, but against their wishes, and were always trying to set a limit to the progress of conquest, though they could never succeed in doing so.[1] But, by a course of events which there is little use in discussing, as it cannot now be reversed, India has become ours; and nobody would now propose that we should either give it up or let it be taken from us. Independently of imperial pride, we are bound to maintain our hold on it by strong bonds both of duty and of interest. Our departure, after suppressing the native governments and destroying the organizing forces, would consign the country to a sanguinary anarchy,

(1) See the preface to Mr. Sidney Owen's Selection from Marquis Wellesley's Dispatches, and the dispatches themselves.

and place in jeopardy British property and investments the aggregate value of which can hardly be less than four hundred millions. Still, of the two objects, India and England, the most spirited advocate of aggrandizement must allow that England is to be preferred, and therefore that there is a limit to the perils to be incurred and the sacrifices to be made for the sake of India. Some things have been mentioned which seem to show that this limit is not entirely beyond the horizon, and even that, unless Indian finances assume a more hopeful aspect, it may come very distinctly into view.

There are two ways of keeping our hold on India. One, and no doubt the more certain while it lasts, is to forego internal improvement and to lavish the earnings of our people in the maintenance of armaments large enough to command the Mediterranean, at the same time occupying Egypt and every place else that may be necessary in order literally to annex India to England by an unbroken line of British territories, fortresses, and waters. The other way is to keep on good terms with the Mediterranean nations. Whatever depends on amity must be to some extent precarious. But there is no apparent reason why this amity should be broken. Our possession of India does not hurt or menace the Mediterranean nations in the slightest degree; it benefits them, so long as we keep the Indian ports open to their trade, and it need not give them any sort of umbrage. To do wanton mischief may be in their power, but there is no ground for presuming that they will be inclined to do it, especially as they would obviously hurt themselves. As to the potentate, whoever he may be, through whose territory the Suez Canal runs, he will surely be no more tempted to destroy or close it than a turnpike man is tempted to nail up his own gate.

That Russia meditates an invasion of British India is a belief which, if it were not shared by some persons of mark, we should be inclined to call a chimera. Mere proximity does not denote hostile designs; if it did, there would be no peace on earth. The natural barrier between the two Empires is stronger than that between any other two conterminous countries in the world. If Russia, reckoning by mere miles, without regard to obstacles, is near to us, we are equally near to her; and if she has arrived at this position by continual additions of territory, we have done the same. Both Empires have grown in the same manner, and one as naturally as the other, by extension in a sort of political vacuum, where nothing opposed them but the arms of barbarous or half-civilised powers. In each case probably the growth has been to a great extent undesigned and even involuntary, though we persist in ascribing to deliberate and far-reaching ambition on the part of Russia that which we know, on our own part, is to be ascribed to nothing of the

kind. That either England or Russia, having reached the foot of the Himalayas by extending her Empire over regions unoccupied by any civilised nation, will proceed to scale the Himalayas for the purpose of attacking another great European power, is as little to be presumed as it is to be presumed that the tide will scale the cliff because it has raced in over a sandy flat. The movements of Russia farther west are assignable to an obvious cause, and one totally unconnected with any imaginable designs on India. Every great and growing power is led by a natural impulse to make its way to an open sea. England would hardly submit to being corked up in the Dardanelles in order to gratify the jealous apprehensions of Russia, and she cannot expect that Russia will complacently submit to being corked up in order to gratify hers. Suppose Russia, like ourselves, obtains the full freedom of the Mediterranean. All diplomatists and Russophobists hold up their hands in horror at the thought. But what is the specific evil which would ensue? Why is Sebastopol, or if it came to that, Constantinople, so much more likely to be dangerous than Brest? If Russia is provoked, she will very likely give us trouble in India; but why should she be provoked?

It is assumed that the Suez Canal would be available in time of war. This is a point on which, of course, we cannot presume to form an opinion; but it lies so near the root of the whole question that it is to be hoped a deliberate opinion will be formed. To occupy Egypt in defiance of the wrath and future hostility of France, to go to the expense of creating armaments powerful enough to command the Eastern Mediterranean, and then to see the object for which all this had been done practically annihilated by a few shillings' worth of dynamite or the scuttling of an old ship, would be mortifying in the extreme.

Already our nervous anxiety about the canal has brought an avalanche of calamity on the world. To avoid this war with all its horrors, and the danger of further conflagration which it involves, it was necessary that from the outset separate interests should be suppressed, and that the crisis should be treated as a European one, to be dealt with by the common councils of Europe. But hardly had it arrived when England avowed her intention of separately securing her own interests, and pounced upon the Suez Canal. This was the signal that a wreck had commenced, and that everybody must look out for himself. Everybody did look out for himself; everybody made his own game. Cordial co-operation thenceforth was impossible, and the inevitable result was this war—a war which puts back civilisation. Lord Derby has said that of British interests the greatest is peace, and what Lord Derby says is always wise. If we ask why Lord Derby did not make a sincere and resolute effort to preserve the greatest of British interests by enforcing in

common with Russia and the other powers the reforms to which Turkey was pledged, and which, if vigorously pressed, she would most certainly have conceded, the answer will partly be that this obvious line of policy was crossed by the alarm about the Suez Canal and the interests of England in the East.

Egypt no doubt differs greatly in some respects from India. But in Egypt, as in India, you would have a dominant and a subject race. You would have a foreign government ruling, on arbitrary principles, over people divided from the officials by a wide social gulf. The reflex action on the character of the imperial country would probably be much the same.

In the course of empire, one act of aggrandizement leads to another. The conquest of a small territory round the British factories in India has led to the conquest of the whole country. This again leads to the occupation of Egypt. India being in the hands of England. no one will deny that the occupation of Egypt, in case of a break-up of the Turkish Empire, presents itself as a natural question for consideration. But the advocates of the measure must allow it to be fairly discussed, and not think to settle it by impugning the patriotism of their opponents, though, as we have already admitted, the nation is just now in a mood in which such appeals are likely to tell. If the party of moderation is inferior to the party of aggrandizement in anything, it is not in love of the country, but in power of discerning her true interests. It does not seem to itself to be advocating a policy of weakness. It holds that, as we said before, the strength of England is in herself, and that she derives more real strength from one of her own counties, than she does from all her foreign dependencies put together. It holds, in fact, that acquisition of territory which is not self-defending is extension, not of strength, but of weakness; and in proof of the fact it may cite, among other things, the perpetual complaints of its opponents that the empire is unfortified, and their unheeded cries for further expenditure in defences.[1] It avows that its main objects of interest are not external but internal, and that it is less solicitous about remote acquisitions, and those posts in Asia the names of which are dear and familiar to the pundits of Russophobia, than about the many millions of Englishmen who at present share only to a very miserable extent the advantages, moral, intellectual, or material, of English civilisation. It does not admit that this is "parochialism," unless England is a parish. It desires, at all events, to see the proof that aggrandizement is good for the whole English people. As to the question of courage or cowardice, which

(1) The Canadian Government was asked the other day, by an eminent organ of aggrandizement, to quadruple its military expenditure, and this in face of a falling revenue. You might literally as well ask the Canadian Government for their heads.

is sometimes raised in the fervour of debate, statesmen and journalists, however bellicose, do not go to the front; and the only way in which they can show courage of any kind is by manfully expressing what seem to them true opinions, though they may happen to be unpopular at the time.

To make a perfectly clean breast, we will confess that there are some people who believe that the consecration of filibustering nationality is rather out of date; that the day of Humanity has dawned, and that to resent its arrival is about as rational as to resent the arrival of autumn or anything else that the course of nature brings.

It is the more desirable that at this crisis, on which the policy of the future may depend, there should be a full discussion of the subject in the press (which is now, more truly than Parliament, the great council of the nation), and that the mind of England should be deliberately made up, because otherwise her hand may be forced by agencies which the respectable advocates of aggrandizement would disown, though they can hardly help warming them into life by encouraging the general tendency and decrying the principles which restrain it. For a description of these agencies we will once more have recourse to Lord Elgin, who encountered them in China, where they have more than once been successful in drawing England into a use of her power which, it is to be hoped, no party among us would have deliberately approved:—

"I never felt so ashamed of myself in my life, and Elliot remarked that the trip seemed to have made me sad. There we were, accumulating the means of destruction under the very eyes, and within the reach, of a population of about 1,000,000 people, against whom these means of destruction were to be employed! 'Yes,' I said to Elliot, 'I am sad, because when I look at that town, I feel that I am earning for myself a place in the Litany immediately after "plague, pestilence, and famine." I believe, however, that, as far as I am concerned, it was impossible for me to do otherwise than as I have done. I could not have abandoned the demand to enter the city after what happened last winter, without compromising our position in China altogether, and opening the way to calamities even greater than those now before us. I made my demands on Yeh as moderate as I could, so as to give him a chance of accepting; although if he had accepted, I knew that I should have brought on my head the imprecations both of the navy and army and of the civilians, the time being given by the missionaries and the women. And now Yeh having refused, I shall do whatever I can possibly do to secure the adoption of plans of attack, &c., which will lead to the least destruction of life and property.' . . . The weather is charming; the thermometer about sixty degrees in the shade in the morning; the sun powerful, and the atmosphere beautifully clear. When we steamed up to Canton, and saw the rich alluvial banks covered with the luxuriant evidences of unrivalled industry and natural fertility combined; beyond them, barren uplands, sprinkled with a soil of a reddish tint, which gave them the appearance of heather slopes in the Highlands; and beyond these again, the white cloud mountain range, standing out bold and blue in the clear sunshine, I thought bitterly of those who, for the most selfish objects, are trampling under foot this ancient civilisation."—*Letters and Journals*, p. 212.

"I am now off from Canton, never I hope to see it again. Two months I

have been there, engaged in this painful service, checking as I have been best able to do, the disposition to maltreat this unfortunate people. . . . On the whole I think I have been successful. There never was a Chinese town which suffered so little by the occupation of a hostile force; and considering the difficulties which our alliance with the French (though I have had all support from Gros, in so far as he can give it) has occasioned, it is a very signal success. The good people at Hong Kong, &c., do not know whether to be incredulous or disgusted at this policy." (P. 224.)

"The settlement here is against treaty. It consists mainly of agents of the two great opium houses, Dent and Jardine, with their hangers-on. This, with a considerable business in the coolie trade—which consists in kidnapping wretched coolies, putting them on board ships where all the horrors of the slave-trade are reproduced, and sending them on specious promises to such places as Cuba—is the chief business of the 'foreign' merchants at Swatow." (P. 226.)

"Besides I own that I have a conscientious feeling on the subject. I am sure that in our relations with these Chinese we have acted scandalously, and I would not have been a party to the measures of violence which have been taken, if I had not believed that I could work out of them some good for them. Could I leave this, the really noblest part of my task, to be worked out by others? Anyone could have obtained the treaty of Tientsin. What was really meritorious was that it should have been obtained at so small a cost of human suffering. But this is also what discredits it in the eyes of *many*, of *almost all*, here. If we had carried on war for some years, if we had carried misery and desolation all over the Empire, it would have been thought quite natural that the Emperor should have been reduced to accept the terms imposed upon him at Tientsin. But to do all this by means of a demonstration at Tientsin! The announcement was received with a yell of derision by connoisseurs and baffled speculators in tea." (P. 280.)

"Have you read Russell's book on the Indian Mutiny? I have done so and I recommend it to you. It has made me very sad; but it only confirms what I believed before respecting the scandalous treatment which the natives received at our hands in India. I am glad that he has had courage to speak out as he does on this point. Can I do anything to prevent England from calling down on herself God's curse for brutalities committed on another feeble Oriental race? Or are all my exertions to result only in the extension of the area over which Englishmen are to exhibit how hollow and superficial are both their civilisation and their Christianity? The tone of the two or three men connected with mercantile houses in China whom I find on board is all for blood and massacre on a great scale. I hope they will be disappointed; but it is not a cheerful or hopeful prospect, look at it from what side one may." (P. 325.)

Lord Elgin, we repeat, was neither a pseudo-philanthropist nor a patriot of every country but his own; he was wanting neither in British feeling nor in courage; and the records of his experience deserve attention, as well as the snortings of the war-horses on the Stock Exchange and in Pall Mall.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

HEINE IN RELATION TO RELIGION AND POLITICS.

THERE has been much difficulty in assigning to Heine a nationality. Does he belong most to Germany, to France, or to Judæa? Born in Düsseldorf of Jewish parents, he passed the first part of his life in the Vaterland, and most of his later years in Paris. He understood the genius of all three peoples; he loved them all, and he mocked them all. With all of them he has claimed kinship; and while he has vilified them one by one, not as a mere outstander, but as a foe, he has at other times upbraided or praised them in patriot tones, and extolled their greatness in his song. Some difficulty has been felt also in fixing his place as a writer. What is he, poet or satirist? "I have," says Heine, "God forgive me, tried every sort of thing in literature," and he goes on to an enumeration as detailed as that which Polonius gives of the players' capabilities. In England he is known almost only as a poet. Most persons have read the Buch der Lieder—dainty as Horace, subtle as Shakespeare—either in the original German or in some one of the numerous translations. In Germany his prose works, especially the Reisebilder, excited as much admiration as any of his verse, and are now read almost as widely. No translation of any of Heine's prose works has, however, as far as I know, ever been published in England, and very few readers in this country have read more of them than such portions as relate to Heine's own life.

Yet there is in his prose much of that fascination which makes his verse absolutely unlike that of any other poet. It is the blending—weird and audacious—of grave and gay. It is this which has enchanted many of his readers and incensed as many more. He leaps from sarcasm to smiles, or to tears almost womanly in their gentleness, and then flies back to mockery again. Words with which he described one of his feminine characters give a very good notion of himself: "A hot volcano of enthusiasm, over which there would fall occasionally a snow-avalanche of laughter." In his dealings with the most serious subjects it is always the same,—the smile will come. It is this that has earned him the reproach so often laid at his door, that he was a mere scoffer. But his smile is the smile of a man, not of Mephistopheles; and I shall try to show how tenderly he felt for what he had once loved, and how gravely and wisely he could write of weighty things.

There was nothing that he abandoned more utterly than Judaism, and yet nothing that he loved better. He became a Christian, as every one knows, against his better self, to qualify for preferment which he

never obtained. He had never believed in the doctrines of Judaism, but he had loved its exquisite customs, and he ceased not to speak of them with reverent affection. True that he once said of Judaism that it was not a religion but a misfortune; true that he laughs loudly at the unwashed ugliness and the gorgeous rainbow clothing of many of the chosen people of his time. But in his Story of the Rabbi of Bacharach (a fragment only), there is a glowing and sympathetic description of the celebration of the incoming Passover, when the family affections are drawn more closely together by the celebration of the God-fraught fates of ancestors in ancient story, when gentle and kind hospitality is offered to the stranger by those who remember how they too are but sojourners in a foreign land. There is a poem in which he describes how the money-getting, grovelling, animal Jew becomes tender and human as he sets his house in order for the Sabbath—as for a princess at whose good coming all should bear the appearance of a joyful holiday.

As a poet he could hardly fail to be touched by these. But it was not only because of their beauty that they appealed to him. These observances he commended because they were family observances, and Heine held that it was the province of religion to cherish them. He turns again and again to the religion of the Greeks, and speaks of it as his ideal of what religion should be—"holy stories and the guarding of memories and mysteries ancestors had taught." The Jewish religion is more than all others a family religion. At the greater holidays the members of a family invariably assemble; at the incoming of the Sabbath or of the Passover, at the Feast of Booths, and at the end of the Fast, family greetings are a *sine quâ non.* Thus those festivals have a value quite apart from any religious meaning that may be attached to them, and it was in this, its family character, that the Jewish creed was praised by Heine. Nor did he fail to see the gentle beauty of that creed most apart from Judaism—the Roman Catholic Church. In an exquisite poem, called The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar, he describes how the Virgin, with mercy and wisdom, answered the prayer of a mother whose heart-broken son death alone could heal. In this poem is a sort of refrain, "Gelobt seiest du Marie," which is used with all tenderness, and the whole might well have been written by the most faithful believer.

But why did Heine assume at other times, in verse and in prose, his well-known aggressive attitude to religion? In the first place, to use his own words, because of his "affection for reason." Reason, he declares, has been the *passion malheureuse* of his life, and in his happiest manner he explains that "just as Solomon, King of the Jews, exalted in his song the Church of Christ, and pictured her as a dark-eyed rapturous maiden, so that the Jews might not guess his

true intent, so have I in countless songs glorified Reason—the full contrary of the Church of Christ." With Reason blazoned on his shield, Heine tilts boldly at many of the more extravagant teachings of some revealed religions—notably at the Trinity in Unity, and at the hell where stupid devils can "make no exception" in the case of Socrates, though he did live and die in the cause of justice and truth, and where by pouring cold water on roasting Jews the merry imps prove to them that baptism is a truly refreshing thing.

Judaism makes fewer demands on credulity than Christianity does. The Trinity and the Resurrection of the Body—the two largest stumbling-blocks, perhaps, in the way of the would-be believer in Christianity—Judaism, of course, does not assert. It has occasionally been made the boast of Judaism that a belief in the Divine Unity is the sole necessary article of its creed, and there is a well-known story of a rabbi who declared that the sentence, "Love your neighbour as yourself," summed up the whole law, the rest being merely commentary. But the creed that has been usually taught from the pulpits of our synagogues is one much more easy to attack. It has, for instance, included among the "holy books," at least, the Book of Joshua, which represents the God of infinite mercy as the instigator of wholesale and detestable massacre; and it has often thrown a halo of sanctity round the entire array of extraordinary commands which the Talmud founds on its own extraordinary expositions of the Mosaic code. One can understand, then, why it was that Reason, "the maiden pale and chill," bade Heine first doubt and then deny. He asks of what value are such and such writings, and what authority attaches to their commands. No one can attempt to give him a satisfactory answer, for orthodoxy and free-thought cannot have the same stand-point, and so no reply that one can make will satisfy the other. In time he himself answers his own questions by determining that anthropomorphism is a thing apart from the spiritual sanctity of religion, and that dogma is the cancer of religion and not the armour that hedges it about.

But Heine's fiercer attacks on the orthodox are not levelled against them because of the demands they make on credulity. The bitterest reproach which he lays at their doors is the aggressive attitude they assume towards reason and towards those whose opinions, as unreasonable as their own, are founded on other traditions, and consequently not identical with theirs. He represents himself as holding an argument with one Mathilde (of course this is not to be mistaken for the real Mathilde, Heine's wife), a lady who insisted on scoffing at religion. Heine rebuked her, saying he liked no religion-haters. Fair women without religion, he added, were like flowers without scent, like rigid frigid tulips, who, could they but speak, would explain to us how naturally they developed from the original

onion. Then Mathilde, in self-defence, told him a story of her childhood. Her mamma had explained to her that the old moons were chopped up in order to make stars of them; a little friend of hers had learnt from her grandmother that the old moons were eaten as melons in hell. They came to blows about the question of the truth of these explanations; for Mathilde was sure her mother was right, and her friend was as confident in the excellence of her grandmother's theory. Then a little boy who had learnt mathematics ran up to them. He separated the combatants, and loftily remarked that the arguments of both were very silly. He proceeded to give a scientific exposition of the phases of the moon. Both little girls now grew angrier than before, and they joined their strengths to thrash the young mathematician. So by the old plan of putting one's own argument into the mouth of another, and taking oneself the attitude which a moderate opponent might assume, Heine explains two of his points of variance with religion. First, it proselytizes; secondly, it casts the first stone at science and reason.

Judaism, as far as I am aware, has never been guilty of assuming towards science an attitude of execration. Nor can Judaism be charged with proselytizing, from which it has at all times distinctly held aloof. Judaism has never spoken of heresy outside its own fold. "There are no infidels among the nations," says the Talmud.[1] But Heine attacks Judaism on the strangest ground. He accuses it of being the originator of proselytizing in so far as it was the parent of Christianity. "A Greek," he says, "would have thought it an abomination to force any one by oppression or by cunning to give up the religion of his birth and to adopt a new one in its stead. But a people came forth from Egypt, the home of priests and of crocodiles, and it brought with it a positive religion. . . . Thence arose proselytizing, that plague of humanity; thence arose compulsory creeds, and all those loathsome holy things that have cost mankind so much bloodshed and so many bitter tears."

In considering his favourite ideal, the Greek mode of religion, Heine asked himself this question: Would it have been possible or desirable for mankind to have had always a religion and a worship akin to the Greek, and no other? It was pitiful enough that when the gods were assembled together, feasting and singing in utter merriment, a poor bleeding Jew should have come along with a crown of thorns on his brow and a heavy cross of wood on his shoulder, and that he should have thrown the cross down on the banquet-table with a crash so terrible that the gods grew paler and paler, until at last they faded away into darkness. Yes, he says

(1) Tractate Cholin, folio 13. I am informed by the Rev. A. L. Green that this passage is based on the Mischna, date about A.D. 120—160.

this was tragical enough, for the new religion was one that yielded no joy, it yielded comfort only. It was a mournful religion, blood-stained and fit for sinners alone. But he admits that it was necessary, "necessary for humanity that was crushed and suffering. The gods of olden days knew nothing of woe; poor man in his anguish could not turn his eyes to them for help—no one ever loved them with all his heart. For one must suffer to gain such love as that. Pity is the final consummation of love, perhaps love itself: so Christ is the most loved of all the gods, especially by women." He thus, then, explains the *raison d'être* and the value of Christianity. "To see one's God suffering makes one bear one's own suffering more readily;" the suffering of men made a religion necessary which represented a suffering God, and the continuance of human suffering gave to that religion, with its indubitable power of consolation, a claim to the gratitude of mankind.

There was, however, a feature of religion common to Judaism and Christianity which Heine detested. That feature was public worship, with its necessary concomitant, a paid clergy. Probably many persons of all creeds have joined him in doubts as to the real value of public worship. He granted that it gives some persons periods of spiritual rapture, but does that, he urged, compensate for the disgust with which tedious services inspire many others for all that is connected with religion, and for the premium that it offers to all sorts of hypocrisy? And he seems to have answered the question by a pretty outspoken negative. Heine hated all the clergy—rabbi, priest, and Protestant clergyman. He preferred, he once said, the fierce hell-threatening priest to the "molly-coddle homœopathic soul-doctor who pours the thousandth part of a pint of reason into a gallon of morals, and sends people to sleep with it on Sundays." "The *pfaffen*," he says elsewhere (*pfaffe* is a sort of generic and contemptuous term for any sort of clergyman), "fear God less than other men do—they use him for their own purposes. Like showmen at a fair, they exhibit God for money. They extol him with absurd panegyrics, blow a trumpet to glorify him, wear a smart uniform in his honour, and all the time they despise in their heart the poor, credulous, staring mob, and ridicule the creature they lauded so highly. He is tedious to them, for they see him every day. . . . Will God long suffer the priests to exhibit a monster in lieu of him, and to earn money by it?"

Heine contrasts, as many of us have done, the proud State-supported Church of our own time with Christianity as it appeared in its early history. "How lovely was the Christianity of the first centuries—the Christianity that was like its Divine Founder in the heroism of its suffering! It was the exquisite legend of the secret God who wandered under the palms of Palestine in the guise of a fair youth, and preached the love of humanity, liberty, and equality—

the creed of the greatest thinkers of later days—the creed that came to us from France to be the Bible of our own time." "I like Christ best of all the gods," he says elsewhere, "not because he is a legitimate God, whose father ruled the world since time immortal; but because he, born as he was Dauphin of Heaven, loves no courtly ceremony, and is a democrat at heart . . . . a bon dieu citoyen." "Look at that religion," he continues, "Christ's religion, and then look at the Christianities set up as State religions in different countries—the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church, for instance, or that Catholicism without poetry, the High Church of England—hollow miserable skeleton that it is, lacking all life and vigour. Religion is injured by monopoly just as trade is. Free competition and nothing else can make faiths strong, and political equality among creeds—free trade, so to speak, among the gods—will make religions glorious as heretofore." "Religion can never sink so low as when she is elevated to be a State religion. Her innocence vanishes—she becomes as arrogant as a declared mistress." "It is not the altar," he says, "which I hate, I hate the snakes that lurk beneath it, smiling sweetly as flowers while they poison the very springs of life. . . . It is because I am a friend of religion and a friend of the Church that I loathe that abortion called the State-Religion, that monster born of the intrigue between temporal and spiritual power."

Piercing outcries of this kind, justified, as it seems to us, by facts but too bitter not to be misunderstood, have probably gone far to earn for Heine the reproach with which he has commonly been covered. "Who was Heine?" a child of Mr. Kingsley asked him. "A wicked man," was his only answer.[1] Yet Heine does not merit such blame from a man of Kingsley's breadth of view. We have seen how well Heine knew the value of the family tie, and how he sought to cherish all such ritual as would strengthen it, provided that observing such ritual was considered as a privilege for those to enjoy who could do so, and not as a law to be imposed upon all, however much they detested obedience thereto. Such ritual and such observance seemed to him part of religion, and so far he was on the side of religion. Those other things so often associated with the name of religion he emphatically condemned—exclusiveness, coercion, and the alliance of Church and State.

And Heine was no utter denier. He clung to a belief in the existence of a spiritual element, the existence of the Being Faust spoke of in those wonderful lines—

"Feel'st not thronging
To head and heart the force,
Still weaving its eternal secret,
Invisible, visible round thy life!

(1) "Life of Charles Kingsley," vol. i. p. 224.

Vast as it is, fill with that force thy heart,
And when thou in the feeling wholly blessed art
Call it then what thou wilt,
Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God!"[1]

"I may not," says Heine, "be over-partial to anthropomorphism, but I believe in the glory of God." His is that great creed which asserts the existence of a Divine and Benevolent Element, and the possibility of the improvement of man; and which does not deny that the Divine Spirit may have rested on men in the past, but does deny that it rested only on a chosen few of one particular race and at one particular time.

The creed of Heine rested chiefly on the philosophy of his fellow-Jew, Spinoza, whose tenets, Heine said, were a distinct landmark in the history of religion. This he explained in an account of the course of religious thought in Germany, first published in the Revue des deux Mondes. It is a vigorous sketch, brilliant and sympathetic in tone. The value historically is, of course, small; it is, indeed, the work of a poet rather than of an historian. But its interest is very great, for it shows how Heine connected together the successive phases of religious thought to lead up to the creed which seemed to him the logical outline of the past, and the true and beneficent belief for the present generation of man.

The doctrine of Christianity, says Heine, was originally this. There are two *principles*—one good and one evil. One is Christ and one is Satan. The body is Satan's, the soul is Christ's. All visible creation is fundamentally evil; Satan uses it to lure us on to destruction. The right aim of life is to forego all bodily pleasures—to mortify the body so that our soul may the better arise to the brilliant Heaven—the glorious kingdom of Christ. Elsewhere he points out how this teaching was beneficial to Europe: it was "a wholesome reaction to the horrible, colossal materialism that spread abroad in the Roman empire, and threatened to destroy all spiritual glory. The flesh had grown so insolent in the old Roman world that the discipline of Christianity came to it as a necessary chastisement." But in his sketch of the history of religion he goes on to quote with a little malice a story which he declares is most characteristic of the final outcome of this anti-carnal teaching. The story is the following:—

A number of priests in the year 1433, at the time of the Council of Basle, were walking about in a wood discussing theology. A nightingale began to sing. They grew silent and listened, enchanted, to the exquisite music. Then one of them began to think that this was an attempt of the Evil One—an attempt to tear them from their righteous work to self-gratification. So he began to exorcise the

(1) Bayard Taylor's translation.

nightingale. *Adjuro te per eum*, he began, and the bird said, "*Yes, I am an evil spirit*," and flew away. And all who had listened to its song fell sick that day and they died.

With this, says Heine, contrast the pantheism that had been the national belief of Europe, and especially of Northern Europe. That creed saw a god-head in every tree—a divine essence in every element. Christianity inverted this. Christianity said, "Nature is permeated not with God but with the Devil." The first great change was the Reformation. He contrasts very strikingly the Reformation in Germany and the Reformation in France—Luther with Voltaire, that is to say, not with Calvin, for Voltaire he considers as the French equivalent to Luther. In Germany the Reformation was the assertion of the spirit interest against the flesh, for the spirit was *de jure* in power, the flesh *de facto*, and against this state of things the spirit interest protested. In France it was different. Sensualism there began the war, feeling that it reigned *de facto*, and wishing to be acknowledged *de jure*; and its weapons were chiefly satire and abuse.

That Heine wrote most sympathetically of Luther is not surprising. Luther, the poet, and the assertor of, at least, a kind of freedom, was much to Heine. "Luther," says Heine, "was a complete man, in whom body and soul were not parted. He was full of the glory of God, and could lose himself in pure spirituality; but he knew the excellencies of this world, and he could care for them." And then Heine quotes joyfully Luther's own merry couplet—

> "Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
> A fool remains his whole life long."

With Luther, Heine said, religion became Judaic and deistic. Miracles vanished. The new creeds could boast of one only, viz. the payment of St. Simon's tailor's bill by his pupils ten years after St. Simon himself had died. All teaching, said Luther, must rest on the Bible or on reason.

He passes from theologians to philosophers, with the remark that German philosophy is the fruit of the Reformation. Elsewhere he asserts that German philosophy, being the daughter of the Protestant Church, owes her a certain filial piety. Then he comes to Spinoza, whose teaching he so sums up: There is only one Essence, and that is God. This Entity is infinite and absolute. All finite entities are derived from and contained in this one. The infinite Entity is revealed in thought and in space, and these are the two attributes of God. There may be more, but we know them not. *Non dico me deum omnino cognoscere, sed me quaedam ejus attributa; non autem omnia, neque maximam intelligere partem.*

"Only ignorance and malice," says Heine, "could call this teach-

ing atheistical. No one has spoken of God more sublimely than Spinoza. He denies man rather than God; all finite things are to him but a part of the Infinite Entity; the human mind is only a ray of the infinite thought; the human body a mere atom of the infinite space. God is the cause of both—of spirits and of bodies—*natura naturans*." Heine distinguishes this from deism, though he maintains that both assert alike the Divine Unity. How emphatically all this proclaims the Jew in Heine; how it reminds one of the phrase the Jew learns from his mother's lips and murmurs on his death-bed, the *Shemah Israel*—"Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God, the Lord is One." Still Heine does not throw in his lot with the general Jewish creed. "The Jews," he says, "represent God as a tyrant thunder-clad; the Christians as a loving father; the God of the Deist is above the world and rules it from on high. But the God of pantheism is in the world, for pantheism identifies God and the world."

Heine's creed, much as it changed through his life, had always pointed to a vast inclusive belief of this kind. Once it had appeared to him that Hellenism was the direct contrary of Judaism and Christianity. I have already quoted a passage where he extols the privacy and the domestic nature of the Greek creed and worship and contrasts them with the intrusive proselytizing of the later beliefs. Elsewhere he declares that the Greek worship was the worship of the beautiful, while the Christian Church opposed all beauty, calling it devil-born. And with enthusiasm Heine asserted his own allegiance to the Greeks. Nor could he well as a poet do otherwise. Yet we have seen how he saw all this while the beauty of Judaism and of Christianity, and even showed in his song what there was in them that was lovely.

But in his Confessions, written from his sick-bed in Paris, he declares that he has learnt at last that the Jews were after all greater than the Greeks—"the Jews were men, the Greeks were always youths." He did not, however, like a vulgar convert, attack his old allies. For that beauty, which the Greek creed set forth as the ideal for all endeavour, he learnt to reconcile with that which he now appreciated in all its fulness—the spiritual essence of religion. Beauty he felt was a form merely, in which the Divine Being made himself manifest. Just as David had sung that the heavens declared the glory of God, so it appeared to Heine that there rested in all things the Divine Spirit—the Ruach Hakadosch of Hebrew phrase. This, then, was the creed of Heine: There is a Divine Being, and He is present in all things. But this must, of course, be construed differently from the meaning the words would bear in the mouth of a believer in revealed religion. Further, he insisted on the necessity and beauty of maintaining the family tie, and recognised

the value of the feasts and festivals of religion, although he denied that Divine inspiration belonged exclusively to any one book. With reference to the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, Heine, as far as I am aware, enunciated no precise belief.

Heine's literary and political opinions were no doubt the result of independent thought. But in one remarkable passage he shows that, holding the religious views that he did, he could hold no others in politics. "God is manifest in plants that pass unconsciously their cosmic magnetic lives—in animals that are more or less conscious of their existence in their sensual dream-lives. But God is most gloriously manifested in man . . . . and in man divinity attains again to self-consciousness and by man manifests itself. This is done not by one man but by the community of mankind. Every man is only a part of the Divine Universe; all men together compose it and represent it in conception and in reality. The political revolution that rests on the principle of the French Revolution will find no enemies in the ranks of the pantheists. They are its allies, but their convictions have come to them in another way—they are grounded on religious doctrine. We demand the material well-being of man, the material happiness of the people, not because we, like mere materialists, despise the spirit, but because we know that the divinity of man is revealed also in his bodily substance, and that misery destroys the body, which is the picture of God, and when the body is destroyed the mind too will perish. St. Just's great dictum, which was the watchword of the Revolution, 'Le pain est le droit du peuple,' we read thus, 'Le pain est le droit divin de l'homme.'"

Heine's admirable sense of humour showed him always both sides of the argument. Just as in one of his poems the romance and the absurdity of a sea voyage are pictured in neighbouring verses, so in the case of republicanism and the rights of the many he saw the way in which his ideal might be wrecked. He feels that the danger will come as usual from the indiscreetness of foolish friends or the lies of false foes. "The court lackeys of the people praise its excellencies and virtues unceasingly; they commend its beauty, its virtues, and its intelligence. But the masses are ugly, and will be ugly, till you give them the wherewithal to wash and to be clean. The masses are wicked, but their wickedness is the outcome of hunger; give them bread to eat and they will smile and be gracious like their rulers. The masses are stupid; they love the man who speaks or shouts to them in the vile jargon of their own passions, and hate the honest man who talks to them the language of reason that they may grow wiser and nobler. This is the result of ignorance, and ignorance we must uproot by free schools for the people."

There is another noteworthy feature in the passage I have quoted.

Heine speaks not of anarchy, but of the sovereignty of the people. He felt that the two things were in no way identical. He desired, indeed, that the power of the people should be as strongly exercised as the power of a ruler. He knew the advantages of a government under a strong ruler, and to his poetic mind there appeared a fair vision of the people, many, yet one, bearing a sceptre and crown. Now he told them—that is, in the year 1830—they were in prison, as Charles V. once was in Tyrol. To Charles came his jester, with news that the time of his delivery from prison was at hand. The jester had torn the bells from his cap—it was now the red cap of liberty, and nothing else. When his King had regained his liberty the jester would make merry again. "Oh, German Vaterland!" says the poet, "oh, German people! I am your jester. I, the man whose real office was but your amusement, I come to you in your prison, in the hour of your need; for thou, oh my people! art the true emperor, the true lord of the land; thy will is sovereign mightier than the *Tel est notre plaisir*, which rests on right divine."

Denn du, o mein Volk! bist Kaiser! Kaiser! The word was to him always enwrapped with a mystic halo of fascination. It was associated in his mind with the name of the great hero-king, Napoleon I. Heine had sung of Napoleon; he felt his greatness and the deep tragedy of his exile. When in the Reisebilder the scene comes to the field of Marengo, he falls into a rhapsody about the poor emperor who woke at St. Helena out of the dream in which he had pictured himself lord of the world. "We too," says Heine, "have now awakened, and sorrowful are the reflections we make in the sadness of our sobriety. We think that the glory of war is out of date . . . . and that Napoleon was perhaps the last of the conquerors." Then he goes on to show how, when the people is everywhere *Kaiser*, the feeling of nationality will decline, and then wars will cease.

Elsewhere[1] he attributes the decline of nationality to *Vernunft*, Reason, the maiden pale and chill. "There are no nations in Europe now; there are only two factions. One is called Aristocracy: it thinks itself privileged by birth, and monopolizes all the glories of the commonalty. The other faction is called Democracy: it vindicates the rights of man, and in the name of Reason demands the destruction of the privileges of birth. . . . . This faction is the faction of heaven, the eternal home of Reason. How ominous the word 'Reason' must be to you aristocrats! As ominous as to Reason's old antagonists, the clergy, who became your allies in the hour of your peril. And Reason will make an end of your power and of theirs." Here the change is asserted with the audacity of a journalist; in the Reisebilder it is predicted with the passion of a poet. "There seems to be a change coming; things spiritual rather than material will

(1) Französiche Zustände, Vorrede zur Vorrede.

be the subjects of future controversy; the history of the world is to be a history of master spirits, not of master robbers as heretofore. The feeling of nationality, with the vanity and the bigotry that belong to it, was once the most powerful lever with which ambitious and greedy kings could lift their own private interests on high. But that feeling of nationality is now rotten and out of date. Silly prejudices that separate different races are vanishing faster and faster every day; ungainly peculiarities are fading in the universal growth of European civilisation. Europe has now no different nations; in their stead are different factions; and it is wonderful to see how these factions recognise each other, despite differences of colour, and understand each other too, though their languages are many and various." With that change, he elsewhere repeats, wars will cease: "When it has come about that the masses of the people can understand the circumstances in which they live, the people will not allow the hack-writers of the aristocracy to whet them on into hate and war. A holy alliance will unite the nations; we shall have no need to maintain standing armies of many hundred thousand murderers; we shall attain to peace, to well-being, and to liberty."

Another feature of Heine's political creed was an intense aversion to the nobility, who were then in Germany more powerful than kings. Heine declared that nobles used kings for their own purposes, just as priests used the God they pretended to serve. This would end, he said, with the spread of knowledge, which would bring with it "the emancipation of kings." "Never until, as Voltaire has it, they have proved to us that the millions are born with saddles on their backs, and the thousands with spurs on their feet, will we believe that the millions are created to be the beasts of burden of a few thousand privileged knights. . . . . The inequality which the feudal system brought into Europe was once, perhaps, a necessary condition of the advance of civilisation. But now it retards civilisation; it outrages the hearts of civilised men. It was natural that France felt the lack of equality more deeply than any other nation, for France is the nation of society, and society rests chiefly on the principle of equality. So France tried to enforce equality by simply cutting off heads that projected unduly, and the Revolution became the signal for the war that aimed at the emancipation of mankind." Elsewhere he says, thinking of the aristocracy in another relation, "Bonne société will cease to be bonne société as soon as the good citizen leaves off being good enough to think it so."

In 1832 England was as interesting to the politician as any other country in Europe. Heine, writing in that year, has much to say of the position of parties and the characters of the leaders of those parties. Wellington he had always hated, but "till now," he says,

"I never knew how contemptible he was. People have been blinded by his stupid victories, they never guessed how dense he was. He is a blockhead, as all men are who have no heart. For thoughts come from the heart not from the head." Of Joseph Hume he writes: "A short stolid person, with a great square head covered with rough, ugly, red hair. . . . It is the sort of face that should be put on the title-page of an arithmetic book. . . . But when King William broke his word, Joseph Hume arose great and heroic as a god of freedom, and his voice rang loud and clear as the bell of St. Paul's."

How bitterly Heine hated Englishmen is well known. He allowed them scarcely any excellence save in their roast meats. But one page of English history touched him so nearly that his aversion changed to admiration. The passage is well worth quoting: "Queer devils those English, I can't bear them. To begin with, they are tiresome, and then they are unsociable and selfish. They croak like so many frogs, and then they are sworn enemies of all good music. They go to church with gilt prayer-books, and they despise us Germans because we eat sauerkraut. But when the English aristocracy, by help of the court bastards, succeeded in winning over to their councils the German consort—the 'nasty frau,' as they called her—when King William IV., who had promised Lord Grey one evening to make as many new peers as were necessary to pass the Reform Bill, broke his word next morning at the instigation of the queen of the night—when Wellington and his Tories seized the State power with their liberty-crushing hands—then these English were not at all tiresome, but very interesting; they were not unsociable, they were leagued together in hundreds of thousands—they were indeed united. Their words were not croaks, but full of noble harmony; their utterances were more soul-stirring than all the melodies of Rossini and Meyerbeer; they spoke no pious priest-taught speech, but they asked one another boldly, Shall we not march King William and his sauerkraut friends back to Germany and send our bishops to the devil?"

There are many Englishmen who will feel how great and true is all that he has written about the position of the peers in England. He writes of nothing more bitterly, and of what can we feel more bitterly? We in England need have no fear of our kings. They may rule in Rotten Row, they cannot at Westminster; we need not grudge them command in the Solent, they cannot exercise it in the Channel. But there may be danger if our peers one day again find their own private interests come into violent contact with the interests of the people and the welfare of liberty. Then we shall do well to be angry. And will anger show itself in some practical form? Shall we rid ourselves of our hereditary legislature, the greatest stain and reproach in our English constitution, and remove the stumbling-block from the path of progress?

Of the peers Heine wrote bitterly indeed. One passage is almost revolting in its outspokenness, but the occasion and the time (1832) justified the outcry. Opinion, as often with Heine, is heralded by a personal recollection: "George IV. sleeps in the abbey in the same row as his ancestors, whose stone images lie on their stone tombs with stony heads on stony cushions, globe and sceptre in their hand. In high coffins round and about them are the English peers, great dukes and bishops, lords and barons, pressing in death, just as they did in life, as close as possible to the kings. If you want to see them in Westminster you pay one shilling and sixpence. A poor little custodian takes your money; it is his livelihood to show these dead grandees; and the while he relates their names and deeds, as though he were showing you a cabinet of wax-work figures. I like shows of this sort, they convince me that the great of this world are but mortal. I did not grudge my one and sixpence; and I said to the custodian when I went away—*I am content with your exhibition; I would gladly pay you twice as much if only your collection were completed.*"

This is the same sentiment that he had before expressed in more impassioned words, "What is the great lesson of our time? Emancipation. Emancipation, not only of Greeks, Irishmen, Jews, negroes, and other oppressed races,[1] but the emancipation of the world, and especially of Europe, that is now old enough to be its own master, and is breaking away from the iron leading-strings held once by the privileged aristocracy."

These passages are but a few that could be cited from many luminous with the light of knowledge, glowing with the fire of liberty. But enough have been quoted to show that Heine was truly among the noblest of the later-born sons of the Revolution. His acts have been quoted against him time after time. But details of personal weakness may be left to the gossip-mongers of literature. His writings will be remembered by the wise, and his writings tell of a man whose life was filled with rapturous love for humanity, of a man angry until death with the shallow forms and conventionalities possessed no longer of any spiritual import.

Yet the reader of Heine's prose will turn from it again and again to take up the book of his magical verse. And wisely. For it is only by reading the two together that the full merit of either one can be grasped. Graetz[2] shows how a spirit akin to the spirit of the prose works runs through many of his poems. But that is a point of merely minor importance. It was natural that he could express the same thoughts in verse as in prose, being a consummate master of both. The supreme greatness of Heine springs from the com-

(1) This was written in 1830.
(2) Geschichte der Juden, vol. xi. chap. 8.

pleteness of his humanity. Who is there like him? Citizen Heine, with all the bitterness of Rousseau, laughs at the shallowness of society, and inveighs against the tyranny of the few, and Heine the poet listens to that star-language, which he alone can understand—

"I have learnt their language
For ever and a day,
My grammar was my love's sweet face,
It taught me all they say."[1]

There is much to learn from this that concerns the best interests of to-day. We have amongst us devoted sons of the Revolution spirit, unselfish, strong, eager to fight for liberty to the end. But against many of them there has justly been raised the reproach that they have excluded from their Utopia the element of beauty. Many of them have condemned as useless the subtle joys of art and poetry, scorning what they cannot understand. To these Heine proclaims that poetry, beauty, and tenderness are all to be welcomed as worthy allies in the war for liberty. And to those before whose earnest gaze the glory of the old faiths has grown dim or vanished altogether, Heine comes as a beacon of light, unfolding noble aims and goodly hopes. He has shown us how the sanctity of the spirit essence must remain despite the death of forms and of creeds. He has taught us how, in the complexity of our own hearts, in the thrill that rushes through us at the sight of a woman's beauty, in the tenderness that maintains for us our home as the high altar for the daily sacrifice, there is an assertion of the Divine Goodness filling heaven above and earth beneath, and bidding us hold out unto all men the possibility of the fuller life.

Magna laus. It may be that Heine may long remain misunderstood, it is possible that he may be covered for ever with mocking or obloquy. Yet it is possible, on the other hand, that the high completeness of his character may be recognised, and praise so long delayed may be awarded him at last. And that praise will surely be like the crowning glory which the poetess of our own times claimed for Euripides. Heine too shall be recognised as the Human, and find in that one word the fittest and highest fame.

LEONARD A. MONTEFIORE.

(1) Lyrisches Intermezzo, 8.

ART IN THE COMMUNITY.

In speaking of Art in the community, we take the community in its widest sense—the nation. It was thus regarded by Benjamin Robert Haydon, the historical painter—the first Englishman who pleaded, with intelligence, with earnestness, and even with passion, for national recognition of Art in England. When he began, now fifty-three years ago, the series of appeals which closed only with his lamentable death, the State in its corporate capacity cared nothing about Art. Reynolds and his associates had founded the Academy, under royal encouragement and sanction, but there the national effort had stopped. In his first petition to Parliament, presented in 1823 by Brougham, then a member of the House of Commons, Haydon justly says, "That most of the historical productions painted in this country, by which its reputation has been raised, have been executed, not, as in Italy and Greece, in consequence of encouragement, but in spite of difficulties—that Barry painted the Adelphi for nothing; that Hogarth adorned the Foundling for nothing; that Reynolds offered to grace St. Paul's by his pencil, and yet was refused." And then he urges his especial plea: "That historical pictures, the full size of life, being inadmissible into private houses from the nature of their execution, and such pictures being the only ones that have given countries their fame where Art has flourished; as the leading authorities of those countries were always the patrons of such productions, and from the expense attendant on their production could alone be so, your petitioner humbly hopes your honourable House will not think it beneath its dignity to interfere, and by a regular distribution of a small part of the public wealth, to place historical painting and its professors on a level with those of the other departments of the Arts." Haydon's demand was modest in amount. He asked only for £4,000 a year, to be expended in pictures for the decoration of public buildings and of the new churches, for which Parliament was then about to make a grant of £1,000,000; and he asked, also—in a subsequent petition—that if any National Gallery were established, it should include examples of the works of British artists, deceased and contemporary, as well as of those of the great masters of the foreign schools. At the time when Haydon began to assail Parliament in this fashion and for this purpose there was real need for such exhibitions. The British Museum indeed existed, but it was chiefly a library, and had only just received the famous Elgin Marbles, grudgingly bought by the Government, after a long and discreditable haggle with Lord

Elgin about their value as works of Art and about their price. Our public picture collections consisted only of the Dulwich Gallery, the bequest of Alleyn, the player; the Painted Hall at Greenwich; the Soane Museum, containing some of Hogarth's works; and the miscellaneous display at Hampton Court Palace, of which Raffaelle's cartoons constituted the main feature of value. There was no national gallery; this was not founded until 1834, when the Angerstein pictures—only forty in all—were first exhibited, and the building in Trafalgar Square was not opened until 1837. No pictures or sculptures had been commissioned for national edifices; this did not occur until 1841, when artists were invited to enter upon the competition for frescoes for the new Houses of Parliament. There was no State Department of Art, no schools of design, no public museum of Industrial Art: these are all of them creations of our own day.

Since the time when by his petitions, his lectures, and his appeals to ministers, Haydon endeavoured to awaken a national interest in Art, we have made progress so great as to be really wonderful. In the comparatively short period of forty years the National Gallery has grown into one of the largest and noblest collections in the world. We have in the Houses of Parliament, notwithstanding admitted defects, a grand series of historical works. In the South Kensington galleries we have an important collection of modern pictures, and an unrivalled accumulation of objects of decorative and of industrial Art. In several of the great towns of the kingdom we have public galleries of some kind. We have also a Department of State which takes charge of Art teaching over the whole country, and this affords the basis of a system which, rightly used, may be made of great benefit to national taste. The £4,000 a year which Haydon asked for has, in late years, in the purchase of works of Art and in grants to schools and galleries, been exceeded by nearly a hundred times the amount he modestly fixed. But the work has not been done in his way, and if he were living now he would probably declaim as heartily as ever against the Academy, against the managers of the National Gallery and the British Museum, against Parliament and ministers, against the neglect of "the grand style;" and in favour of the patronage which is, somehow or other, to bring back the Golden Age of Art by fostering an historical school that obstinately refuses to develop itself in these islands. Something of his spirit, indeed, was displayed lately at the Social Science Meeting at Liverpool, where many gentlemen gathered themselves together in an Art section, took mutually discomforting views of the position and prospects of Art in England, and hungered after national developments by no means clearly explained, and perhaps not distinctly understood even by those who desire them.

In truth, it is not easy to see what more the State can do for Art.

After all, however much we may trust to, or wish for, its interference, the range within which this is possible is very limited. The State may provide public galleries and museums in the metropolis—as it does now; it may see to the decoration and the fitness of national edifices; it may create and assist a national system of Art Instruction. All this it does already—making mistakes no doubt in some directions, and working feebly in others, but still doing the work and laying the foundation for progress hereafter. It may do something more, by seeing that local museums and galleries are helped by loans or gifts from the central stores. Not, indeed, that the great pictures from the national collections can be sent round the country from place to place. They are too precious to be subjected to such a risk, and consequently are better in London, where, at some time or other, most people who care for Art can manage to see them. But some of the drawings, etchings, and engravings, and other works of Art from the British Museum, might safely be lent to the provincial towns, instead of being secluded in rooms which, so far as the facility of public inspection is concerned, might almost as well be private property. Some of the vast number of Turner drawings now deposited in the National Gallery, and never exhibited, might also be lent to local galleries. Once the trustees made up a small collection, and lent it successively to Leeds and to Birmingham, where it excited great attention and served a most useful purpose; but the experiment was a single one, and nobody seems to have thought of repeating it. There are other objects in the national collections—examples which might be removed without being missed, specimens which are now seen only by the curious—which could well be spared, at least for a time, to the provincial museums, according to the method actually adopted in regard to industrial art by the South Kensington department. The Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 may also do something of importance for Art by a wise employment of the great fund in their hands; and it is understood that they are not indisposed to recognise their duty in this respect, as trustees on behalf of the public. In order to stimulate or to support this disposition, a meeting of representatives of provincial corporations was held some time ago in Birmingham; and it is satisfactory to know that the Prince of Wales, as president of the Royal Commission, has consented to receive a deputation to hear the views of the corporations, as to the disposal of the Commissioners' funds. Beyond the methods above indicated, however, there is little that can be done by the central Government. Some people are desirous that it should reform the Royal Academy, by making it a kind of representative university of Art; but it may be reasonably doubted if the influence that can be exerted by academies is not overrated by the advocates of that scheme. Others again, like Haydon, are eager for

the public employment of painters and sculptors who devote themselves to historical art. No doubt it is a good thing to employ artists in public works when they are wanted; but from the example of our French neighbours we may learn the difficulties arising from the employment of artists, not because there is a demand for their work, but simply to encourage the formation of a national school. We do not gain by fostering mediocrity, and accumulating bad pictures, which nobody wants, and yet which cannot decently be put into the fire. In the case of an artist whose feebleness and poverty of invention and style afford proof that he has mistaken his business—that indeed his Art is a fancy and not a vocation—there is no reason why he should be petted and helped at the cost of the State, any more than a grocer whose enterprise or intelligence do not suffice to enable him to sell tea and sugar at a profit, or a lawyer who is incompetent to advise his client, or a manufacturer who insists upon making badly articles which are neither ornamental nor useful.

Given the machinery and the means of public Art culture and instruction which already exist, all we can or do require in addition from the State is, that there should be a reasonably fair distribution of the money devoted to these purposes and of the examples to be found in our national collections. The desire of the great provincial towns is easily put into shape. "All we ask," they say, "is that you will give us a fair share of the grants we help to provide. Don't spend all the money upon London. Keep your great national collections there, by all means—your pictures that cannot be replaced, your precious objects that cannot be safely removed. But let us have for our museums some of the examples which you do not need and cannot use, which crowd your show cases and encumber your walls; and let us also have some of your national grants to buy other examples for ourselves. Whatever you give, we will meet tenfold; but all things must have a beginning, and we must be set going. We do not see the justice of buying what we want for ourselves, and of also helping to buy similar things for the metropolis." There is no desire on the part of the great country towns to reduce the advantages which London enjoys, or to lower the metropolitan dignity which reflects credit upon the country. But the strongest advocate of metropolitan expenditure must admit that London is already pretty well looked after by Parliament and by the Government. Whatever the metropolis possesses in the way of Art and Ornament comes mainly from the national purse. As a community it spends nothing, or next to nothing. The great corporation of the City does nothing for Art—unless occasional gifts of gold boxes to royal personages and of ornamental swords to eminent military commanders may be allowed to come within the designation. With one or two exceptions, the City companies, wealthy beyond expression,

do nothing for Art. The Metropolitan Board of Works not only neglects to make London beautiful, but allows railway companies and other speculators to ruin the streets and the river by hideous bridges and viaducts. As to the minor bodies—the vestries and the like—if any one desires to understand the force of derisive laughter, let him ask them to spare their time and money for anything that can make our outward life a little brighter and more picturesque. Yet, despite this absence of corporate effort, London is richly provided for. It has, in abundance, its galleries, museums, statues, pictures, parks, gardens, and palaces—all obtained at the expense of the nation. There are over thirty millions of us altogether, and yet three millions get almost everything; or if a grant is made by chance or accident, or if a department or a museum does lend (they never give) something to a country town, there is a chorus of "reporting" and congratulating all round, as if a new era had been opened in the history of the empire. It is perhaps an error to say that London gets everything. For some inscrutable reason handsome grants are made to Edinburgh and Dublin, who thus dip into the public purse without being able to show any work as the result of the outlay—for they have no manufactures to which Art can be applied. It is the great manufacturing towns—Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Glasgow, Newcastle, and others, who are politely told that they may have as much Art as they like, only they must find it and pay for it themselves.

Put them on fair terms, and the great provincial towns will accept the responsibility and the duty. They ask only for the means, or for the power of creating them. At present they are practically dependent upon gifts, for they have no State grants, very seldom any corporate funds that can be used for Art purchases, and the rating power intrusted to them by Parliament is miserably limited. No municipality can levy, for the purposes, not merely of Art, but of literature and science as well, a larger rate than one penny in the pound on the rateable value. Some towns would gladly pay more, but the Act of Parliament forbids them to do so. The penny rate has to maintain free libraries, museums, and Art galleries; and as Literature, by means of the libraries, not unnaturally makes the first claim, Art comes off badly. Take Birmingham as an illustration. The penny rate in that town yields something over £5,000. Out of this the corporation has to maintain its great central reference library, and five lending libraries and reading-rooms besides; and even these are scarcely adequate to the needs of the town. It has also, out of the same fund, to pay the interest on building loans for the libraries, and to repay the principal within a fixed term of years. When this is done, what is left for the picture gallery or the museum of Industrial Art? These, it is obvious, must either be enriched by

private gifts or loans; and this is in fact the case with Birmingham. Not a specimen of Art has been, or can be, bought for the gallery out of the rate; all its contents have been provided by gifts, or are borrowed from generous collectors, who regard themselves as trustees rather than as owners of their own Art Treasures. So long as the rating power is limited to a penny this must continue to be the case. But the time has come when the limit may properly be removed. When it was imposed the restriction was necessary, for Parliament and the country were rather afraid than hopeful of the influence of libraries and museums, and if more than a penny in the pound had been asked for by Mr. Ewart, nothing at all would have been conceded. But we have educated the nation to a higher standard of appreciation, and there is now no reason why the rating power should not at least be doubled. If this were done, the great towns might spend something upon Art as well as upon Literature. The case of Birmingham is that of other large towns. Some, indeed, are fortunate in the gifts which fall to them, and which help to redress the parsimony of the law. Liverpool, for example, has received priceless donations, such as the Meyer Museum and the Brown Library, and to these is now added the noble Art Gallery which a liberal citizen, Mr. Walker, is building at his own cost. Glasgow, again, is about to enjoy the benefit of a great bequest which will build its free library, and leave the rate free for the purposes of current expenditure. Bristol has provided itself with a college in which, it is hoped, Art may be taught. Newcastle has done the same thing. At Sheffield Mr. Ruskin is doing something, and thanks to Mr. Bragge, an eminent citizen, the town has become possessed of a valuable Museum of Industrial Art. Birmingham itself must not be left out of account; for, besides valuable donations to the Corporation Art Gallery, the noble scheme of the Mason Science College also includes a department of Art, in which the trustees have ample powers, both for teaching and for the purchase of examples.

But the possession of picture galleries and the arrangement of a system of Art instruction is not all that can be done for the promotion of Art in and by the community. The principle which should regulate Art in the family applies also to the community. Art must, so to speak, permeate and suffuse the daily life, if it is to become a real and enduring influence. As in our dwellings we should have good examples of Art, in the things alike of highest enjoyment and of common use, so in our communities we should have everywhere about us the same gracious presence—in our streets, our public and private buildings, our churches and halls, our gardens, and parks, and fountains, our monuments, and even in our places of work and business; for there is no reason why a manufactory should be hideous, or an office or a warehouse a mere square or oblong box of

brick or stone, with holes for light and air punched into it. Judged by this standard, what are the great towns, as communities, doing for Art in these external ways? Manchester is a great town, one of the richest in the country, full of wealthy people, who might, if they chose, make it as distinguished in regard to public Art as it is already in manufactures, in commerce, and in all forms of remunerative enterprise. Yet the streets of Manchester are by no means lovely; they are dull, and straight, and lined with houses and shops which exhibit few traces of the picturesque, nor indicate on the part of those who live in them any love of it. One thing, however, must be said for Manchester. The great warehousemen there have bestowed much attention upon the design of the buildings in which they conduct their business, and have made palaces of them; and the Corporation, by the magnificent pile of buildings erected for municipal purposes, has given a noble example to the rest of the kingdom, for it has deserted the too familiar classic, and has ventured upon the use of our purely English style of Gothic. In Liverpool, which in some respects has a more imperial aspect than most of our English towns, there is still much room for improvement. For instance, if a little thought had been given to them, it would have been easy to convert the vast ranges of dock warehouses lining the river banks into simple, but very noble, works of architectural Art, and thus to have repeated and rivalled on the Mersey the glories of Venice itself. Sheffield, again, with almost unequalled advantages of site, is a signal illustration of neglected opportunities, the buildings being, for the greater part, poor and mean, and even the best streets being defiled by the cloud of smoke which is the curse of our large manufacturing towns. Another example is afforded by Newcastle. Here, if they had chosen to use it, the configuration of the town, divided from Gateshead by one of the finest of English rivers—the Tyne—gave the Newcastle people a chance of making one of the most picturesque places in the kingdom. But, as they have used it, the river, which might have been lined with noble buildings, is degraded beyond expression, defiled beyond belief. Low sheds, smoking chimneys, slime and defilement are its characteristics. Its course runs not

"To the golden sand, and the leaping bar,"

but, as Kingsley sings, with expressive sadness, it is

"Dank and foul
By the smoky town in its murky cowl—
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank."

Take Birmingham as another illustration of what the great towns are, and of what they might have been. Like the rest of its sister

towns, Birmingham is afflicted with the twin disease of meanness and uniformity; it has miles upon miles of houses, too small to impress any sense of dignity, too uniform to afford the relief of variety. Its thousands of manufactories and workshops, like its houses, are uninfluenced by Art, either in material or design: the latter due chiefly to the builder, whose mind, as a rule, is not given to beauty; the former, that dull red brick which, under the influence of town smoke, is capable of assuming the dismallest tint on earth, excepting, perhaps, the white brick used so largely in London. As regards public buildings, Birmingham ought to have been the very home and crowning glory of Domestic Gothic, for its undulated surface and its winding streets lend themselves, in a peculiar degree, to the characteristics of that style. But Classic—bad enough when directly copied, worse when adapted by invention—Classic is dominant in Birmingham. The Town-hall is Classic, so is the great Market-hall, so are the Free Libraries and the Midland Institute, so are the corporate buildings, and so also—worst and most dismal specimen of all—is the new Post Office, upon which a Government department has lavished its most cherished traditions of meanness and ugliness. There are, however, many and most encouraging signs of improvement in Birmingham. The Grammar School is Gothic—very good for its period; the new Mason College is Gothic, and promises well; the new Church of St. Martin, one of the stateliest parish churches in the kingdom, is Gothic; and the new Board Schools, admirable in grouping and design, and planted, wherever possible, in leading thoroughfares, are Gothic too, and constitute most picturesque street features, such as might with advantage be imitated in other towns.

The means by which such an end as we seek can be reached must have their basis and root in a feeling which, though strongly existing in other respects, has not yet been developed in the direction of Art. This is the feeling that every member of the community owes something to the community itself—that in all he does, though he may justly think of personal advantage and profit, he is bound also to think of the common interest as well. When a street is laid out, or a new building erected, or additional powers obtained, or when any considerable work of any kind is to be devised or executed, the true communal feeling and spirit ought to enter into it, and side by side with the benefit of individuals the promotion of the general benefit should be kept in mind. If a spirit like this were nationally cultivated, and if every man thought and worked for the community as well as for himself, there is nothing too great or too difficult for the chief towns of this country to accomplish for themselves. They have a distinct superiority here over the metropolis. London, vast and powerful as it is, is rather

a series of towns than a single and united city; an aggregation in which the native population constitutes but a small element; which has no corporate unity, no common means of action, no clear and distinct hold upon, or understanding of, its municipal institutions and municipal life; no manifest exposition, indeed, of such life, excepting in the city, and the population of the city is but one hundred and twenty thousand out of three millions and a half.

It thus happens that London originates none of those great political, social, and religious movements which, from time to time, sweep through the country, remodel its institutions, and influence the current of its life. Manchester identifies itself with free trade; Birmingham stamps its name upon political reform and upon national education; Oxford gives us a great theological and ecclesiastical revival. The provincial towns are best fitted for such work, because they are true communities, limited, defined, self-contained; with local feeling, and history, and traditions; they are not so large as to exclude the sense of unity and of personal interest; all their leading men are known to each other and to the rest of the citizens; their people feel, by instinct and by habit, that they belong to their own towns in a direct and especial manner. The town, in fact, becomes part of their being, and when severed from it, by time, or distance, or the necessities of labour, they turn fondly to it, keep up their knowledge of its progress, and always, if that be possible, end by coming back to it. A Birmingham man, or a Manchester man, for example, is a Birmingham or a Manchester man still, though he may be in China, or Australia, or New Zealand. The old town always arouses in his mind the keenest emotion; its reputation, influence, and progress are dear to him; his affections cling to it, whatever his new associations may be. One great necessity of our day is to direct this vigorous communal life of England into the channel of public Art. We should not neglect the duties of order and good government, the regulation of public peace and morals, the doing of sanitary works, street-making, drainage, the purification of the air we breathe and the water we drink, the sweetening and cleansing of the dwellings of the poorer classes, and the diffusion of all knowledge that may help us to understand and to apply the natural laws which govern social, physical, and material progress. But while not neglecting these, we should also direct our force to the still higher purpose of developing and sustaining the intellectual and æsthetic faculties of the people. We provide schools and libraries, thus giving the means of learning and reading; the whole range of literature, of history, and of politics is open to the humblest in our communities. It is time now to cultivate their love of Art, and to help this by bestowing attention upon the external features of the places in which they dwell.

We must have pure air, to begin with; freedom to breathe; power of seeing, unhindered by clouds of smoke and dust. We must have, also, parks and gardens for open-air recreation. We must have, again, public buildings, ample and stately, and rich enough in their ornament to symbolize and to dignify the corporate life. Then our authorities should have and exercise power to deal with street architecture of all kinds, for this exerts a powerful and constant influence for good or evil upon public taste, and through this upon manners and morals. If Art were thought of as it should be, and if municipal powers were sufficient and were rightly exercised, the character of our streets would undergo a marked and rapid change. We should deny, or limit, the right of an individual to disfigure the main thoroughfares of a great town by monstrosities or basenesses in brick, or stone, or plaster, according to the measure of his ignorance, or vulgarity, or parsimony, or lack of the sense of beauty and fitness. Take, for example, such streets as High Street, Exeter, or High Street, Oxford; no man should have the power—now unrestricted in our intense reverence for the rights of property—to demolish at his caprice their characteristic features, or to improve them by building, say a manufactory or other incongruous edifice upon their exquisitely beautiful lines. The railway companies, again, should be put under severe restraint: the Thames, for example, should not be disfigured by the horrible bridges that are run across it; the view of St. Paul's from Ludgate Hill should not be blotted out or hopelessly ruined by the arch of a viaduct. We want, in such matters, a wholesome tyranny. Of course the convenience of the public must be considered, traffic must be carried on, railways and telegraphs must, somewhere or other, cross our streets. But we need not, as we do now, groan under the tasteless rule of the engineers, and their passion for cast iron, and their detestable invention of the girder style. Necessary though these things may be, they can be made, if not perfectly beautiful, at least somewhat less hideous than they are now. It is a misfortune, in some respects, that we are proud of being a practical people, for the worship of the practical is a superstition which kills the desire for beauty, and casts out Art, and turns, sooner or later, from all directions to the shrine of the deity who unites ancient and modern mythology in the common adoration of the God of Riches. He has a wide-reaching priesthood, described by the comprehensive name of the Business Man; and when this personage and his supposed necessities come into contact with Art, then, certainly so far as Art interferes with or hinders him, Art has to give way. It is he who lines our streets with uniform warehouse-like houses, propped up on girders, and built as plainly as possible, to save the cost of space in light and shade, and thickness of wall, and variety of line and projection, which are

essential to all good and picturesque building. It is he who pulls down the relics of antiquity, let them be ever so venerable or so graceful, because by destroying them he can get more rent out of the sites they occupy. He is the person who hangs hideous bunches of telegraph wires across our public ways; it is he who straightens the curved street lines; it is he who throws a railway bridge—a huge tube, or a couple of lofty iron walls—across such a thoroughfare as the Foregate at Worcester; or who, with another such bridge, shuts out the view of St. Paul's from Ludgate Hill; or who spans the Thames with his girders, and puts up vast black yawning sheds of stations on the river bank. He does all this because he knows or cares nothing about Art, and never thinks that the community may care for it, and because he wants to go straight, to save time. To gain ten minutes he would level St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, or plant a station on the site of Ely, or sweep away Tintern, or turn Valle Crucis into a goods station, or put up a mass of contractor's masonry—as, indeed, he has done—in front of Conway, or cut a railway right through the Lledr Valley, as he is doing now. There are places and occasions on which the business man may, with general advantage, and to his own benefit, if he only knew it, be invited to go round instead of driving right on, through and over everything, and to take his practical ideas, and his straight cuts, and his engineers and their cast-iron girders, along with him; and this is one of the lessons which an Art-knowing and an Art-loving community has to teach him. Indeed, to put it on the very lowest ground, the lesson is worth learning, even for profit's sake. Dwell for a moment upon our street architecture. Practical-minded people—remember, it is they who assume the designation—are much comforted by the spectacle of so many boxes of brick and stone, ranged in regular order side by side, as close as they can be, with openings to go in by and to look out of, and with bits of carving or moulding (very often in plaster, which peels off in patches) stuck on here and there, and mostly where they ought not to be. These boxes are called houses, the openings are described as doors and windows, the bits and dabs of plaster are spoken of as ornaments, and the whole dismal combination is regarded as being solid, comfortable, practical, unpretentious, and "thoroughly English." Now, in fact, as Mr. Ruskin showed long ago in his Stones of Venice, the so-called practical is really the most absolutely unpractical. "At Venice," he says, "and the cities grouped around it, Vicenza, Padua, and Verona, the traveller may ascertain, by actual experience, the effect which would be produced upon the comfort and luxury of daily life by the revival of the Gothic school of architecture. He can still stand upon the marble balcony in the soft summer air, and feel its smooth surface warm from

the noon-tide, as he leans on it in the twilight; he can still see the strong sweep of the unruined traceries drawn on the deep serenity of the starry sky, and watch the fantastic shadows of the clustered arches shorten in the moonlight on the chequered floor; or he may close the casements fitted to their unshaken shafts against such wintry winds as would have made an English house vibrate to its foundation, and in either case compare their influence on his daily home-feeling with that of the square openings in his English wall. And let him be assured, if he find there is more to be enjoyed in the Gothic window, there is also more to be trusted. It is the best and strongest building, as it is the most beautiful. I am not now speaking of the particular form of the Venetian Gothic, but of the general strength of the pointed arch as opposed to that of the level lintel of the square window; and I plead for the introduction of the Gothic form into our domestic architecture, not merely because it is lovely, but because it is the only form of faithful, strong, enduring, and honourable building, in such materials as come duly to our hands. By increase of scale and cost, it is possible to build, in any style, what will last for ages; but only in the Gothic is it possible to give security and dignity to work wrought with imperfect means and materials."

Thus, the beautiful and the useful—the true practical work—are united; and if people who build would only build in this way, thinking for others, and for the general good and improvement, as well as of themselves, then, in street architecture—the commonest and most obvious means of expressing taste—we should have a development of Art in the community for which all of us would be the stronger and the better, and in due time the community itself might rise to the dignity of its dwelling-places. Local authorities, surely, might be invested with some control over this matter, and over the materials as well as the design of building. There is a chance now of trying to exercise some such influence, in the new streets which are being made in London and other towns under the Artisans' Dwellings Act. Here the corporations may make themselves owners of the sites, and, in letting them for building, may impose their own conditions on the character, style, and material of the edifices to be erected. They may also secure, what are much needed in all large towns, open spaces, adorned with trees and flower-beds, with fountains and statues: oases in the deserts of brick and stone—places of rest for the aged, and of healthful play for the children, and of recreation and enjoyment for citizens of all classes. This is work which the community, by means of its recognised authorities, may easily do for Art, if it is so minded. It may also take care to see that while public edifices, for the business of the community, are made stately without, they are also made beautiful as well as commodious within. These works of internal decoration may take any range you will, may be simple or

elaborate, costly or inexpensive; but they should always be found wherever the corporate life has to be expressed, or the corporate business to be conducted. Even the roughest elements of the most turbulent popular assemblies are all the better—are, indeed, insensibly educated—by such decoration. Most of our great towns have histories which, with honour and profit, are capable of being recorded in pictorial decorations of their public edifices. Manchester links our modern days with the earliest in our history, for it was a Roman station, and then a fortified place in early English times; and it was for a while the head-quarters of the Pretender, when England was last threatened with military revolution. These are events worthy of commemoration, and so are the leading incidents of its later history—the Reform struggles at the beginning of this century; the Anti-Corn Law agitation; the rise and progress of its great textile industry; the eminent men who have conferred lustre upon its annals. Liverpool, a free borough so far back as the thirteenth century, furnishes subjects of illustration in abundance in the development of its magnificent commerce, and the birth of the great system of navigation which constitutes a daily union between the old world and the new. Birmingham might record with honest pride the help its people gave to Simon de Montfort in the great war of the barons, its gallant resistance to Prince Rupert in the civil wars, its powerful demonstrations in the Reform period of 1832, and the contests and victories, greater even than these, endured or won by its most notable citizens—by Priestley over bigotry and prejudice, by Watt and Boulton in the application of steam to industry, and by Murdock in the invention of gas.

There is other work, too, that might be done in the same direction with advantage—the formation of museums of Industrial Art adapted to the staple trades of each community: gold and silver work, jewellery, brass and iron, and arms in Birmingham—thanks to the liberality of the gun trade, the last named is already richly provided in a special museum; cutlery, ancient and modern, in Sheffield; pottery in Stoke, and Hanley, and Burslem (where the Wedgwood Institute has made a good beginning); lace, at Nottingham and Norwich; carpets at Kidderminster; ribbons and watches at Coventry; cottons at Manchester; and woollen fabrics at Leeds. In such work a revival of the old trade guilds might take an honourable and useful part; no longer confining and restricting trade, but helping to bring together all the best examples of ancient work from which anything has to be learned, and of modern work to illustrate progress, to correct mistakes, and to stimulate honourable rivalry with foreign competitors.

These are some of the means of cultivating Art in the community, and of bringing it home to the minds and hearts of the people.

There are others, familiar to most of us. Picture exhibitions, for example—not merely great collections, hung closely, good and bad together, and left to tell their own story; but selections of a few great pictures, so hung as to be seen separately, and explained to the less instructed by competent critics, from time to time, in public lectures. Collections, again, of special works—drawings, etchings, engravings—such as those which have been, to their great honour, brought together by the Burlington Fine Arts Club in London, and by the Liverpool Art Club. In the churches, again, and in all places of worship, there is ample scope for effort by covering the walls with suitable pictures, by stained glass in the windows, by carving and other decorations—gifts for which individuals, in the true spirit of sacrifice, might well make themselves responsible. In the theatres, also, Art in the community might be materially helped by care and thought in the production of scenes, painted as works of Art, perfected in detail, and thus conveying solid lessons to those who can be instructed in no better way.

While much might and should be done by corporate effort, or by those whose business is intimately associated with Art, we must, after all, in the present state of our knowledge, and with our present organization, rely to a great extent upon personal and individual effort. The idea of the community should be present to the minds of our richer classes, so that from private stores and accumulations something might be spared for the general benefit. It is lamentable to note the growth and dispersion of a noble collection of pictures—brought together with infinite pains and labour, kept in privacy during the owner's life, and then, at his death, broken up in the sale-room, and scattered throughout the land. It is too much, perhaps, to ask that such collections may be dedicated to the public—though Vernon, and Sheepshanks, and Ellis set admirable examples of such devotion; but, at least, the man who has taken pride in the formation of a gallery might spare some example of a great master for the benefit of his countrymen or his townsfolk. By such means inadequate corporate funds might be helped and supplemented, or set free for use in other ways. When we think of the private wealth of our great towns, of the fortunes made in them, of the millionaires who grow silently, and whose accumulations are revealed to the admiration and envy of the country after their death, we cannot but reflect with sadness upon the rarity of the instances in which any portion of such wealth is devoted to the benefit of the vast numbers of poorer people who have helped to make it. There is no considerable town in England in which there are not some people who, without feeling the loss themselves, or without injuring their families, could build a picture gallery, or give the public some fine work of Art, or decorate a building, or lay out a park or a garden, or endow a library with precious collections, or in numberless other ways—

each according to his own taste and power—help to elevate, to brighten, and to dignify the corporate life of the community which has made them rich. Here, then, is a vast field for men of the wealthier class, who can raise themselves to the height of a great duty; who can comprehend the true nature of a community, and the function of each unit of it; who, in all its fulness, can realise the truth expressed by St. Paul—a truth at once sublime and familiar, soaring to the highest range, and descending to the humblest level—the truth that "we are members one of another." In such cases, and especially in the corporate and public recognition of Art as a common means of refining and elevating the community, those who receive such blessings repay them a thousandfold. They feel and acknowledge in their conduct the influence of a great picture; they stand before it in reverent admiration; however dimly understood, they carry with them to their homes and into their lives the lessons it has to teach. The beauty, the imagination, the power of Art exercise a direct and increasing influence upon the mass of the population wherever they are daily presented to inspection. You see this influence in their treatment of such things when they become the common possession. Give the people richly stocked gardens, and they leave the flowers untouched. Give them galleries and museums of Art—palaces in which they may wander at will—and hundreds of thousands pass through them in the year, and yet amongst the vast crowds there is no rudeness of manner, and no touch of harm to the works laid open to their study. Trust them and teach them; that is what we have to do with the people of our great towns in regard to Art. Give them buildings decorated with incidents from their own history; improve the design of houses and the architecture of streets; provide gardens and parks, and libraries, and galleries, and museums; let there be open spaces in the towns arranged with regard to beauty as well as to health; let the community, by its corporate authorities, and by its wealthier members, recognise and promote public Art in every form; let us, one and all, learn that we are knit together in common tastes, and faculty of enjoyment, and power of appreciation, and capacity of rising into a region higher than that of the petty cares of daily life—and we shall see the reward in a growing intelligence amongst all classes; a keener perception of beauty in itself and in its application to habit and conduct; a nobler, better-ordered, brighter, more elevated communal life; less selfishness in all classes, the enjoyment of pleasures higher than those of sense, less drinking, less brutality, less coarseness of manner; a purer moral and social tone; a loftier mental standard; a true and real community of interest and sympathy; a municipal life nobler, fuller, richer than any the world has ever seen—a life that would, indeed, be worth living.

J. THACKRAY BUNCE.

THE SCEPTICISM OF BELIEVERS.

Not long ago an interesting question was discussed by a respectable and presumably competent meeting. Why, it was asked, does not the spiritual warfare against the unbeliever meet with greater success? A "materialistic Atheism," as a high authority assured us, is "in the air;" and the malign contagion spreads in spite of Bampton lecturers, Christian Evidence Societies, and other apologetic machinery. At all which it is hard not to exclaim, *Sancta simplicitas!* Can you really not guess this very open secret? Men die of many diseases; creeds of one—the disease of being found out. Do you ever remember that David Hume died a century ago, and that the matter which absorbs the intellects of the most zealous part of the clergy at the present day is the "eastward position"? When such a spectacle as the Folkestone case is presented to gods and men, what wonder that unbelief spreads? If a more articulate reply were requested, one might perhaps say that the old belief is perishing chiefly for two reasons: first, because it has become a sham belief; secondly, because it is a negative belief. No man can make converts who does not believe what he says; nor will he, as a general rule, make them rapidly when his creed consists chiefly in denying the strongest and most fruitful convictions of his neighbours. I shall not here inquire into the first of these explanations; but it may be worth while briefly to defend the other, which, indeed, is at first sight in greater need of defence.

It sounds paradoxical to declare that the orthodox belief is essentially sceptical. The infidel is popularly identified with the Mephistophiles, whose essence it is to deny. He denies, it is said, a hereafter and a divine element in the present. That denial implies the abandonment of the most cheering hopes and highest aspirations of mankind. To bring the charge of scepticism against those who are fighting against materalism and atheism is at best to indulge in a frivolous *tu quoque*. A parallel phrase, however, is common on the lips of the orthodox. It is a commonplace to taunt sceptics with credulity, nor is the taunt without foundation. So long as men of science continue to dabble in the filth of "spiritualism" it will have a meaning. A confessor is, after all, better than a medium; and I would rather revere the miracles of Lourdes than grovel before the trickery of a Yankee conjuror. Moreover, to leave a disgusting subject, the remark is really significant. To speak brutally (as is sometimes pleasant and healthy), one might say that faith is often used to signify belief in my nonsense; credulity, belief in somebody

else's nonsense. Now it is unfortunately true that the rejection of one kind of nonsense is not a sufficient security for the rejection of all nonsense; it follows that scepticism and credulity may mean the very same thing: the acceptance, that is, of a doctrine which is sceptical so far as it contradicts my opinion, and credulous so far as it falls in with yours. It is worth while, however, to look at the matter a little more closely.

Scepticism, in the most absolute sense of the word—a rejection of belief as belief—is, if not a rigidly unthinkable, at least a practically impossible state of mind. Metaphysicians may play with such a doctrine; as they may urge that it is a legitimate consequence of their opponents' theories. Nobody doubts, however, that if they succeed in fastening that imputation upon any system, they have established a legitimate *reductio ad absurdum*. As a matter of fact, absolute scepticism does not exist. It is rather impossible than erroneous. There is a vast body of truth in regard to which the thinkers generally known as sceptical are fully as confident as their opponents. Mr. Mill, for example, was just as certain as Descartes in any given case that two and two made four, whatever doubts he may have suggested as to the ultimate ground of belief. Indeed, the same thinkers who are charged with scepticism, are equally charged with an excessive belief in the invariability and certainty of the so-called "laws of nature." They are reviled equally for being sceptical and for being dogmatic, for having too few convictions and for having too many. No man, of any school, really denies the possibility of attaining certainty in regard to all such propositions as admit of verification by experience. The real problem discussed is not—ought we to believe, but *why* ought we to believe that two and two make four, or that Rome exists, or that the planets obey the laws of gravitation? The believer in necessary truths asserts by the very form of his argument that his adversaries do in fact believe, and cannot help believing, the truths which he alleges to be necessary, though they may deny the propriety of that epithet. The thorough-going empiricist may suggest that in some sense the most evident truths would cease to be valid under some other conditions; but he does not deny them to be valid within the whole sphere of possible experience. By attacking the supposed distinction between different classes of belief, he really elevates the claims of empirical knowledge as much as he depresses that of *à priori* knowledge. We can no more alter the absolute intensity of belief in general, than we can change our centre of gravity without some external point of support. One set of thinkers holds that we must pierce to the absolute in order to provide foundation for the whole edifice of belief. Their antagonists declare that such a foundation can never be discovered, but they add that it is not needed. As the universe no

longer requires the proverbial world-sustaining tortoise, so the world of belief requires no reference to anything outside of experience.

The point is obscured by the habit of speaking of "belief" absolutely, without describing its particular contents, and of proceeding to describe it as in some sense a creditable, whereas unbelief is taken to be a discreditable, state of mind. The inaccuracy of the assumption follows from the obvious simple consideration that belief *is* unbelief. It is the very same thing seen from the other side. It is a mere question of accidental convenience whether a belief shall be expressed positively or negatively; whether I shall say, man is mortal, or man is not immortal. The believer at Rome is, by virtue of his belief, the sceptic at Mecca, and inversely. The believer in the Ptolemaic system has neither more nor fewer beliefs than the believer in the Copernican system; he has simply a different set of beliefs. To say, therefore, that belief *quâ* belief is better or worse than unbelief involves a contradiction in terms. In the very act of asserting we deny; and it is a transparent fallacy, though an example of a very common class of fallacy, to give an absolute and universal character to a proposition which by its very nature can be only true in a particular relation. Belief and unbelief being identical in nature, either is good just so far as it is reasonable or logical; that is to say, so far as it conforms to the rules which secure a conformity between the world of thought and the world of fact. In spite of all the slipshod rhetoric about faith and reason, no other test is admissible or can even be put into coherent and articulate shape. If we still speak of scepticism as a mental vice, we must mean a reluctance, not to believe in general, but to believe what is reasonable; and in this sense the most sceptical man is he who prefers the least weight of evidence to the greatest.

The popular line of distinction corresponds, indeed, to a very important divergence of thought, though not, in any strict use of language, to a distinction between belief and unbelief. That man is generally called a believer (and I shall use the word in that sense) who asserts, whilst the unbeliever denies, the possibility of rising to a transcendental world. The sphere of the believer's creed is therefore wider, it may be said, than that of the unbeliever. His world transcends or envelopes that of his opponent, and he accepts a whole category of propositions, in regard to which the unbeliever maintains the neutral attitude of absolute doubt. But this statement is at least inadequate. As a so-called disbelief is simply a belief differently stated, so a belief about the other world, so far as it can be called a belief at all, and certainly so far as it can have any influence, is of necessity a belief about this. Beliefs belonging to the transcendental sphere may be of the highest importance so far as they modify or so far as they give strength and coherence to beliefs

about the ordinary world of experience. They give the adjective which modifies the meaning of the substantive. But, except as influencing our conduct, belief about heaven and hell would be of no more importance than a belief about the inhabitants of Sirius, and so far as it influences our conduct, it is capable of translation into terms of ordinary experience. That other world upon which the believer gazes is either a superfluity or is essentially a new light cast upon this world. You may, for various reasons, talk about the light abstractedly from the thing lighted, but it might as well be darkness except as revealing some new aspect of concrete objects. The dogmas of the believer may extend farther or pierce deeper than those of the unbeliever, but their vitality is entirely within the region to which both have access. The creed about the beyond, when not a set of words, is but another mode of stating a belief about the present. The vulgar epicurean infers from the shortness of life that eating and drinking are the only pleasures worth enjoyment. The ascetic infers from the same fact that sensual pleasures are worthless. Each has as definite a creed as his rival, and as capable of expression in peremptory terms. Whether we express doubts as to the reality of future or of present pleasures, or beliefs as to the reality of their evils, we may equally have a dogmatic creed capable of serving for a rule of conduct. Every genuine belief, in short, which refers to the transcendental world, carries with it a reference to this, which may be accepted or denied by those who would in terms most narrow the sphere of belief.

This illustration, however, suggests the really important distinction. Some creeds do in fact supply motives for consistent and vigorous action, whilst others produce a paralysis of the will. This is not because one creed expresses an absolutely greater quantity of belief—if one may say so—than its rivals. Creeds which once prompted to the most energetic action have become simply obstructive, like Mahomedanism; and some of the most intense beliefs in the world, as some forms of fatalism, are more depressing than any doubts. But, as a general rule, creeds must lose their stimulating power when they tend to produce doubt in presence of the great emergencies of life. If one creed gives a definite precept when its opposite leaves the mind undecided between conflicting precepts, the first will be best adapted for energetic persons. Such a creed, moreover, can be most simply expressed in terms of affirmation when its opposite most easily takes the negative form. It is more natural, that is, to give the positive form to the rule which prescribes one out of a dozen courses of action, than to the rule which asserts them to be all equally promising. And, in this sense, the positive is more likely to be stimulating than the negative form, or, if we choose so to speak, belief than scepticism. We might infer that as a creed

ceases to possess its old power, the negations which have always been latent in its affirmations will tend to assume greater prominence. They must, in fact, become more distinctly operative. The creed is depressing when it restrains more frequently than it impels. But the tendency is obscured by the habit of using the old forms; and the creed which is most sceptical in this sense—most incapable, that is, of suggesting powerful motives and efficient restraints—may still express itself in the positive language. We must decide upon its real tendency, not by simply examining the form of its utterance, nor by asking how many beliefs it expresses, but by inquiring, as well as we can, which side of the creed is most important in relation to the conditions of the sense. Such an inquiry will be facilitated by bringing into distinct light those implicit denials which are overlooked in the ordinary statements. If we thus ask what it is that the Christian faith, as now existing, actually denies, we may possibly find some explanation of its failure to meet the unbeliever.

One or two familiar arguments from the evidence writers may give a clue to the inquiry. A man believes in the Immaculate Conception. He denies, then, that a certain event took place in accordance with laws exemplified in all similar cases. He impugns in this instance the validity of that inductive process upon which he counts at every step in daily life. He is a scientific sceptic in the strictest sense, for he is throwing doubt upon the trustworthiness of one of the primary ratiocinative processes. The same is true, whenever an event, admitted by all parties to have occurred, is ascribed by one party to supernatural interference. An amiable apologist expressed his surprise the other day that men of science should take into account such trifles as the existence of flint implements, and refuse to take into account the existence of the Bible and Christianity. Surely he never heard of the men of science who denied the existence of the Bible and of Christianity. Which man really declines "to take a fact into account"?—the man who declares it to be altogether exceptional and supernatural, or the man who regards it as a result of the normal operation of recognised forces? Which implies the greatest "scepticism"?—the assertion that somebody wrote the Book of Genesis by faculties similar to those which enabled another to write Homer, or the assertion that it is utterly impossible that anybody would have written down the legends of the Garden of Eden and the Ark, without the direct assistance of God Almighty? If it is sceptical to deny one agency, it is equally sceptical to deny the other. What is given to Jehovah is taken from Moses.

In the more common case of miracles, the fact is denied as well as the explanation. The "sceptic" refuses to believe the myth of the Magi, because the story involves impossibilities and rests upon no

evidence. Somebody—we known not who—wrote—we know not when—on some authority—we know not what—a story which involves a belief in doctrines shown to be false, and showed, by ignoring all difficulties, his entire innocence of critical principles. To disbelieve the story is called sceptical. Why? The disbelief implies the assumption that evidence is fallible, and that, in particular, unfounded stories may obtain currency in a sect when they tend to honour its founder. Does any human being deny those assumptions? Nay, does not every one who asserts the truth of this particular legend, implicitly assert them in regard to every other creed but his own? The so-called sceptic does not differ from the believer in regard to any general principles of evidence. He merely asserts the evidence to be non-existent in this particular case, and refuses to believe without evidence. The phenomenon, admitted on all hands, is the existence of a certain narrative. One thinker classes it with authentic history; the other classes it with a well-known variety of popular legend. Neither denies the existence of much authentic history or of much groundless legend. If we accept as the measure of the "scepticism" involved the weight of evidence resisted, he is most sceptical who is most illogical; and it is as sceptical in one man to deny the capacity of the human imagination, as in the other to deny the intervention of a supernatural agent.

It is of course open to the believer to show that the rejection of this particular story involves the rejection of a whole narrative resting upon sufficient evidence. The argument is of the less importance, because miracles in this sense are now seldom alleged as evidence. People have become sensitive to the inconsistency involved in basing a theory of the universe upon the alleged exceptions to the general order. But another argument, now put forward with more confidence, illustrates in a more important case the scepticism of believers. The character of Christ, we are told, is absolutely perfect. The moral code which he preached is equally perfect. The spiritual force which he revealed is the only one capable of swaying human nature. The appearance of such a teacher, the promulgation of such a code, and the revelation of such truths, constitute an event in history so unique that it can be explained by nothing short of a divine intervention. Nay, the discontinuity implied is of so vast an order that nothing can explain the facts short of the stupendous miracle of the incarnation of the ruler of the universe. If the unbeliever grants substantially the facts alleged, he has still to discuss the real problem. Grant Christ to be perfect—is the difference between him and the best of his race such that it must correspond to the difference between man and infinity? Grant his teaching to be of flawless purity and unrivalled power—are we to infer that nothing but the inconceivable catastrophe suggested can

explain the knowledge and the power displayed by the founder of Christianity?

The question is, briefly, whether the facts thus assumed are exceptional or miraculous. Every fact that ever did or will exist is in some sense exceptional; that is to say, it exemplifies the working of certain invariable laws under conditions not elsewhere precisely realised. Given the necessary conditions, we must always obtain extreme cases, which do not contradict, but confirm, the general law. One comet has the most eccentric orbit; one man the most gigantic stature; one artist the loftiest and finest genius. But the comet obeys the laws of gravitation as rigorously as the most domestic planet; the giant is a physiological curiosity, but does not imply any exception to physiological rules; and we admit that the genius of a Phidias implies, not the incarnation of a god, but the occurrence of a special set of social and other conditions. A giant one thousand feet in height, made of ordinary flesh and blood, would be an impossibility, or, in other words, his existence would be miraculous; but giants of eight or nine feet have existed, and may therefore exist, without implying any breach of natural law. The question of their possibility must be decided by our knowledge, derived by ordinary scientific processes, of the nature of flesh and blood and the limits of the variability of the species. Similarly, to prove the divinity of Christ by such reasoning, we must prove the superiority of Christ and of Christian morality to be not simply unmistakable, but to be so great that it is beyond the reach of the most exceptional nature placed under the most exceptional circumstances; and, further, if the divinity of the Teacher is to be established, this superiority must be so great as to be fairly called infinite. Briefly, then, the believer denies, whilst the unbeliever asserts, that under appropriate conditions human nature may produce a Christ without any breach of the ordinary laws, though it may be that we are in presence of an extreme case of those laws. The test by which the validity of either conclusion must be established is the correspondence of the rival theories with our independent knowledge of mankind. Hence it is easy to note the assumptions involved. The unbeliever, basing his judgment upon experience, has formed his estimate of human nature from the facts before him. He sees that the race has produced many great religious teachers, amongst whom he may (or may not) reckon Christ to be the foremost. He believes that his creed can produce a Christ, because it has produced a Christ. It might conceivably appear that the classification of Christ as a man was erroneous, and that there was an insuperable gulf between him and all who externally resembled him. The unbeliever denies the existence of this discrepancy, and holds that, though Christ may exceed the ordinary stature even more distinctly

than Phidias exceeded the average sculptor or Shakspeare the average poet, the excess does not exceed the recognised limits of variability of the race, as inferred from observation. Genius exists, and Christ was (on this hypothesis) the greatest of moral geniuses. The procedure of the believer is different. He has assumed, more or less explicitly, that all virtue is supernatural; that Christianity and Judaism represent the true light which comes from God, of which a few scattered beams alone have fallen upon other creeds. Human nature, then, is merely the residuum left, when all good impulses are assumed to come from without. Our nature, in this pure phrase, is corrupt; our heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. From ourselves comes nothing but lust, hatred, and the love of darkness. It is only consistent to infer, when this has been assumed, that human nature cannot produce a Christ. But, when this has been assumed, the question has been begged. Instead of framing our theory from instances actually observed, including Christ, it has been framed by summarily excluding all great teachers as either the direct or indirect channels of a supernatural impulse. Christ must be God, because all men are devils.

The scepticism involved in such "belief" is obvious. It implies a denial of the natural goodness of man—a refusal to believe that purity, love, and heroism of a certain order can spring spontaneously in the soil of human nature. Where such growths are to be found, they must be taken to have been transplanted from a supernatural paradise. They are the sporadic plants which have strayed beyond the guarded walls of Eden, and can only struggle against the foul indigenous products by the constant care of the Divine Gardener. Every living theology is saturated with such scepticism; for our conviction of the necessity of supernatural aid is measured by our sense of human impotence. The doctrine of the corruption of human nature is the central doctrine of all vigorous theological creeds. The belief in God is, in this sense, simply the opposite pole of disbelief in man. They are reciprocal dogmas, allied as the light and the shadow. The doctrines of redemption and the atonement are realised in proportion as this need is felt, and die away or are rationalized into sheer no-meaning wherever it becomes faint. And therefore the belief in the supernatural character of a religion is but the other side of a scepticism as to human virtue, when not reposing upon a supernatural basis, enlightened by supernatural revelation, and stimulated by hopes and fears of a supernatural world.

This brings us in sight of that ground of hostility to "unbelief" which has the greatest weight with a very large class of believers. A legitimate objection to part with the ancient creed may rest upon philosophical, or moral, or æsthetic grounds. Ultimately, it may be said, the questions are all one. The true, the good, and the beautiful

are, we may admit, in some sense, identical. The one final question is, therefore, What is the truth? The æsthetic objection to change becomes contemptible when it admits as a possibility that a belief known to be false may still be beautiful. The moral objection becomes at best a respectable prejudice when it implies a reluctance to press philosophical doubts to their ultimate issue. But, whilst accepting this most emphatically, it may be worth while to point out what are the assumptions involved in the moral objection without examining their ultimate validity. It is asserted, in a great variety of forms, that the sense of duty is based upon some kind of belief in theology. Whether embodied in the blunt assertion that men would be murderers, liars, and adulterers but for hell-fire, or diluted into the more abstract theory that we cannot preserve our loftiest ethical conceptions without preserving our belief in the divine order of the universe, this doctrine is not merely proclaimed by mere bullies of the pulpit, but is expounded by serious thinkers worthy of all respect, and therefore represents a force with which we clearly have to reckon. Let us endeavour to draw out in articulate shape the positions tacitly assumed by its defenders.

Perhaps the most important task for philosophers at the present day is that of placing morality upon a scientific basis. We cannot expect that any moral theory will yet deserve the name of a science. But we may hope to prepare the way. We may confirm principles already established by empirical methods, show in what direction and in what sense they are capable of modification, and save them from a dangerous association with the decaying and inconsistent theories of theological metaphysics. The first condition of success is the rejection of the main contention of the theologian. We must get rid of the whole scheme of thought which asserts, more or less explicitly, the necessity of a supernatural basis for moral beliefs. If morality is to be scientific in method, though not a completely co-ordinated body of scientific truths, we must find our data within nature, that is to say, within the sphere accessible to the ordinary methods of investigation. Morality, that is, like political or sanitary sciences, must be placed upon a sound inductive basis, if we admit, as most serious thinkers virtually admit, that no other basis is trustworthy.

The constructive method follows from this primary assumption. Morality must rest upon the truths which, if fully ascertained, would form the science of "sociology." We can, it is assumed, determine with sufficient accuracy what are the laws which regulate the development of the social organism, and what are the conditions imposed upon it by its environment. We can infer what are the individual instincts which contribute to its growth and stability; and what, consequently, are the laws, a recognition and acceptance of which would be favourable to its healthy development. Laying them

down we should virtually construct the moral code. Further, we should investigate the process by which the race has gradually felt out certain rules essential to its welfare. We should find that they have neither been imposed from without nor deduced from abstract speculation. The race has discovered that the practice of murder is injurious to its welfare, as it has discovered that intoxication is prejudicial to health—by trying the experiment on a large scale. The so-called intuitions will of course be deprived of their supernatural character, and regarded simply as assumptions verified by experience, and now capable of independent proof, though not originally discovered by abstract reasoning. They will have the weight due to the experience of ages, and in their main outlines may be taken to be as just as much beyond the reach of possible refutation as any of the primary data of observation. They are as certain as any of those simple rules which are confirmed by daily and hourly experience—as certain as the laws that men are mortal, that fire burns, and water drowns; and such certainty, if it does not satisfy metaphysicians, is enough to regulate practice. We should infer, again, that the development of society is conditioned by, and tends in its turn to stimulate, the growth of those higher instincts which are unintelligible in regard to the isolated unit, but essential elements of the great binding forces of society. We should see how their growth is interwoven with the growth of the intellectual and emotional faculties, and determine the conditions favourable to their strength, and calculated to make them contribute to individual as well as to social welfare. We should then be in a position to examine the nature of the most efficient sanctions of morality. How is an observance of the rules essential to the welfare of the race to be enforced upon its individual members? The unbeliever has to admit that antisocial instincts exist, and will exist. He is not concerned with the difficulty, which has perplexed theologians since the days of Job, as to the unequal distribution of rewards and penalties in this world, nor with the solution reached by postulating a complementary world in which all the wrongs will be redressed. He may hope that the antisocial forces will finally be crushed out; but he sees that the process must be slow and stern. If, on his view, justice does not always strike the individual sinner, it falls unrelentingly on the society. If a disregard of morality is nothing but a disregard of the conditions of social welfare, the larger organism is certain to suffer in the long run for an erroneous or degrading standard. The negative guarantee for the triumph of good principles is, in the last resort, that evil means social degeneration and ultimate destruction. But as the unbeliever holds that the social instincts are in the strictest sense natural; that they tend to strengthen and adapt themselves to the growing needs of society; and that they survive the decay of

the particular dialects in which men have uttered their emotions and their speculations, he may reasonably hope that society will develop itself and reach a higher moral standard by a direct growth and at a smaller cost of error and consequent suffering. The ceaseless struggle between good and evil implies the existence of impulses tending both ways, but it may be hoped that, as the race becomes more intelligent and more distinctly conscious of its aims, the victory of good may be won at a smaller cost of error and opposition.

If this be a brief indication of the main lines of the unbeliever's moral theory, we have to ask at what point it conflicts with the believer's tenets. It is undoubtedly possible to state the believer's theory in such a form as to minimize or entirely remove the opposition. Diminish the anthropomorphic element as much as possible; identify God with nature; and theology becomes little more than a guarantee for the solidity of our methods. If the belief in the uniformity of nature implies a belief in the divine ruler of nature, and, conversely, the belief in the order implies merely a belief in a regular order, the question becomes one of those already noticed. We do not ask whether, but why, we believe. One party thinks it necessary to get behind experience; it is not content with knowing without also knowing that it knows, or satisfied with the certainty of a doctrine unless it can be also called necessary. The other party is content to regard belief as an ultimate fact, and to assume, without finding an *à priori* deduction for the so-called uniformity of nature. I am content to observe that so far there need be no controversy as to practice; the belief and the unbeliever are at one in their methods and results, though differing as to the cause of their validity. It is mere waste of time to bandy charges of scepticism and credulity. But, further, I must say that a theology of this neutral tint and abstract character is not one which really governs men's minds. It is only in so far as the scientific conception is modified that the difference is really important. The question of whether or not it requires a certain guarantee is little better than a scholastic puzzle, except so far as it helps the re-introduction in a disguised shape of ancient fallacies.

When we turn to that kind of theology which undoubtedly makes a relevant contention, we are at once met by a significant difficulty. A belief may fairly be called sceptical in the practical sense which confirms equally a number of conflicting theories. Morality, you say, depends upon theology. Then is all theological morality identical? It is little better than a juggle to tell us that you alone have an absolutely certain rule if it turns out that you give an equally plausible foundation for mutually contradictory rules. Now there is no dispute between theologians or between anybody worth notice as to the value of certain well-known rules. Nobody explicitly

denies that chastity, truthfulness, and mercy are good qualities. Widely as systems differ, the ordinary code—kill not, steal not, lie not, and so forth—may be regarded as definitively sanctioned by the experience of the race. But go a step further; consider any of the really open questions and you will find that theologians can take diametrically opposite positions. There is no theory of morality which may not be expressed in theological language. There are theological utilitarians and theological intuitionists. One theologian says that man could not have discovered the moral law without a revelation; another, that morality is a science of observation, and that God simply orders us to pursue the greatest happiness of the greatest number; a third holds morality to be deducible by the pure reason, and infers that revelation and experience are alike superfluous. On one system, the essence of theology is the proclamation of future rewards and penalties. On another, the utterly unselfish love of God is the only foundation of true virtue, which is destroyed so far as it is adulterated with personal interests. One theologian regards the virtues of the heathen as splendid vices; another as proofs of the universality of the divine influence. One argues that all natural impulses are good, because nature is God's work; his opponent replies that all nature is under a curse, and man's heart corrupt at the core. One makes it the foundation of his system that God rules the happiness of man here; another peremptorily declares all happiness here to be an illusion. One holds asceticism to be sheer folly; another holds that it is the only road to heaven. The antinomian thinks that as God has once for all elected or rejected him, his actions are of no importance; the sacerdotalist thinks that by accumulating meritorious observances, he can establish an indefeasible claim upon his creator. One thinks it blasphemy against God's omnipotence to claim any share in the work of salvation; another calls it an insult to God's justice to suppose that salvation will not be conceded to good works. One sees in God's mercy an assurance that all men will be ultimately happy; another infers from God's righteousness that the vast majority will be sentenced to endless torture.

Whilst there is a general agreement as to a certain moral code, there is room for the most contradictory doctrines as to the mode of ascertaining that code, the creed which it contemplates, the sanctions by which it is to be inforced, and the nature of the agents subject to it. The theologian alone possesses a sound basis for morality; but which theologian? On the showing of any one, his opponent builds directly immoral doctrine on the very same bases; and a theory which serves equally to confirm vice or virtue has surely one of the marks of scepticism. But how should it be otherwise when one man's God is another man's devil? When, indeed, the devil is simply a deposed deity, or the product of a process of "differentiation"

dating from a period at which there was no difference? Mr. Kingsley's special merit, says one of his admirers, was the clearness with which he drew this rather important distinction. His school of theology is fond of declaring that the God of the Calvinists, that is, of a very large section of their fellow Christians, is in fact the devil, or at least possessed of diabolic attributes. If devil-worship and God-worship are so intricately blended, the resulting system of morality is not likely to be very coherent. It may be too much to say that the scientific morality gives a simple and coherent answer to all the doubts which infest theology. It would set aside some disputes as meaningless, whilst others will still continue to be seriously debated. But by excluding the arbitrary data resulting from the heterogeneous elements blended under the common name of theology, by settling the method and by limiting inquiry to questions capable of verification by experience, it at least brings the controversy within the possibility of final solution. The ultimate root of the theological contradictions is that they involve reference to the region of the arbitrary, where no test from experience can be applied; and the most opposite theories are equally plausible.

The theologian contends that his doctrines alone, however much they may have been perverted, can lay down an elevated code or provide sufficient sanctions. The first assertion usually takes the form of a denunciation of "materialism." I cannot here touch upon the metaphysical side of that perplexed controversy, nor repeat in feebler language the reasons which have been set forth by more competent thinkers for feeling tolerably at my ease in presence of this terrible, but very indefinite, bugbear. We are considering the moral problem; and the theological contention is virtually that, if the old bonds are dissolved, the race will discover the whole duty of man to consist in eating, drinking, and securing the maximum of sensual pleasure. Virtue will be discovered to be a sham, or, as Mandeville put it, the offspring begotten by flattery on pride. We shall accept as the highest good what Mr. Carlyle somewhere defines as an unlimited possibility of pigswash. Nobody, it seems, can deny the reality of the senses or doubt that sensual indulgence is pleasant within certain limits. But the more ethereal essences, self-sacrificing heroism, devotion to ideal aims, the love which finds in itself its own surpassing reward, will turn out to be mere phantasms and fine phrases. They will vanish from this mad chaos of a world; and society become a blind scramble for the greatest share of the enjoyments appreciable by the lower animals. If man has been developed out of a monkey, he must still be a monkey. What is in the full-grown animal must have been in the germ. The monkey is a prurient lump of fleshly appetites. Man is the same being, *plus* the faculty of lying. If the lies are seen through he will be the same being

without disguise, and may gratify his passions without useless periphrasis.

One question naturally occurs. Are the doctrines imputed to the unbeliever true? If so, the sooner we admit it the better. Every saint and hero in the world is a humbug. He is a brute like the rest of us, a Yahoo trying to throw dust in our eyes. Morality is a clumsy system of rules, adopted by mutual consent to facilitate the distribution of pigswash. When we have come to an understanding, we shall be able to simplify our code. Even the lower animals learn to behave peaceably when the conditions of life force them into quasi-societies; and man can make rules better adapted for the purpose. The purest selfishness will secure the obedience of the majority to an arrangement in which all find their account. And as on this showing, nothing but selfishness has ever really existed, we need not doubt its efficiency when it acts with less disguise. But the doctrine—as everybody will reply—is false. The disgust produced by a frank cynicism proves the existence of qualities invisible to the cynic. Virtue, it is said with unanswerable force, could not be invented unless it existed. The hypothetical pig (for I hold the actual pig to possess some rudiments of higher instincts) could not conceive of the existence of any appetite but hunger for pigswash. The argument is conclusive, but proves the futility of the doubt. If the higher instincts undeniably exist, can experience fail to prove their existence? Why shrink from accepting a test which, by its very nature, cannot contradict the testimony of consciousness? This appeal to experience is simply an appeal to that testimony by a definite method. I am conscious of some infusion of pure and lofty instinct in myself and of sympathy with higher manifestations of them in others. Why should I fear that by any possible mode of interrogation my consciousness will be puzzled into a false answer? No scientific teaching can prove that my senses don't exist, and just as little can it prove that my moral ordinary sense does not exist.

It is, indeed, true that a scientific investigator may, or rather must, deprive this moral sense of its supernatural character. He must endeavour to trace it backwards to more rudimentary forms, to determine the conditions of its development, and possibly to show that what we take for a simple is really a complex instinct. But to assume that something has been developed, cannot by any dexterity be twisted into a proof that it does not exist. The belief that the moral sense is the normal product of certain existing forces, instead of being an instinct mysteriously dropped into us from without, strengthens instead of weakening our belief in its importance; for such a belief alone can enable us to define the true functions displayed by it, and thereby lead to an external estimate of their vast importance. The conscience is no longer an inexplicable power,

giving arbitrary directions upon inscrutable authority: but it is the name of a feeling or a set of feelings, developed in all social progress and seen to be essential to the vitality of the race. Nor can any analysis tend to throw a doubt upon the very facts which it begins by assuming, that men are capable of regulating their conduct from lofty and unselfish motives, and that conduct, so regulated, drives the most important wheels in the social mechanism.

The essence, then, of the unbeliever's contention is that the conscience or moral sense is a faculty to be explained (so far as we can "explain" anything) by the ordinary methods, because it is part of the normal process of human development. So far as the believer traverses that contention, he is a sceptic in his theory of human nature. He denies the possibility of virtue except under some external compulsion. He denies the reality of virtue except as conduct regulated by reference to a supernatural world. With him, if it is not disguised vanity, it is disguised fear. Man is a pig, though deterred by the rod of everlasting fire from unlimited devotion to his trough. This doctrine indeed is repudiated or masked by the higher theology. By using the same word alternately to describe nature or a force which opposes and controls nature—for a whole, that is, or a part—room is secured for any quantity of evasion. It need only be said that, so far as the believer admits virtue to be natural, he is at one with the unbeliever. So far as he asserts it to be supernatural, he illustrates once more the scepticism implied in the argument from the moral character of Christianity; he disbelieves, that is, that any good impulses can arise spontaneously from the corrupt race of man. The tendency comes out more clearly when we turn from the questions about the reality to questions about the sanctions of morality. The believer cannot bring himself to admit that motives drawn from the world around us can be adequate supports of virtue. If he does not hold by hell-fire—a subject which in all seriousness we have ceased to mention to ears polite—he still maintains that man must have a larger stake in the universe than that of his ephemeral existence in the visible world; unless he can look forward to an indefinite vista of futurity, his virtuous instincts will be asphyxiated. They will dwindle when the imagination is confined within the narrow limits of space and time. Our loftiest aspirations are but "survivals" from the time when they could be nourished by hopes and fears of wider date. The unbeliever, it is said, is under the disadvantage that he cannot argue effectively with the man who deliberately prefers evil to good. He may prove the sinner's conduct to be injurious to society, but not to be injurious to himself. The believer, and the believer alone, can demonstrate vice to be a bad speculation.

Now it must be frankly confessed that, if hell existed, and could

be proved to exist, men would act differently. If we believed in hell, that is, as we believe in Paris, we should be other than we are, though whether better or worse depends upon further considerations. The undeniable fact that the belief produces so little effect as preachers are always telling us, proves that the argument has some weak point in practice. Indeed one remark is obvious. Allow me to assume the reality of my dreams and I will produce conclusive argument for any course of conduct whatever; but the assumption is rather a bold one. My argument, you say, would be powerful if its data were sound. That does not show that it is better for practical purposes than one which appeals to less weighty but more real considerations. A penny in cash is more satisfactory than a cheque for millions upon an imaginary bank. Nor, indeed, is the argument in any case so good as it looks. If virtue is a sham, and hell exists, then you can demonstrate that it would have been better for men not to have been born, but you cannot create in them good instincts. They can be coerced but not changed without a miracle. If, on the contrary, virtue is a reality, it supplies real motives, which may therefore be sufficient without attempting to fabricate infinite motives. If there is such a thing as an altruist impulse, it can, like all other impulses, be set in motion by strictly finite considerations.

But the force of the argument is destroyed by another remark, which it is convenient to overlook. A law is not effective in proportion simply to the severity of the ruler, but also in proportion to his justice. A tyrant makes obedient slaves, not virtuous subjects. In your anxiety to enforce morality you outrage the conscience. You invent a judge who punishes savagely, who punishes one man for the sins of another, and who punishes frailties for which he is himself responsible. Is it strange that some men refuse to be cowed, and others invent devices for evading your law, as plausible as those by which you would enforce it? The ordinary common sense of mankind clings to the conviction expressed by the irreverent Omar Khayyam—

"He's a good fellow, and 'twill all be well."

Isn't he? Some believers think so, and infer that God will deal with his creatures by healing their diseases instead of tormenting the sick. A more numerous class has discovered that God, with all his severity, can be propitiated on easy terms. The proper ceremonies or the right state of emotion will induce Him to clear all scores, and write paid at the bottom of the account. Science seems to say that nature never forgives. What has been has been, and what will be depends upon what is. But Omnipotence can make things be as though they had not been, and therefore a miraculous mercy will check the operations of miraculous vengeance. The worst of

using dreams in place of efficient motives is that dreams are surprisingly pliant to men's wishes. It is doubtful whether the conscience has been more stimulated by its fears of retribution or deadened by visions of pardon. Hell is a powerful weapon, for some purposes, to those who believe in it, but in practice it tends to provoke either revolt or evasion, as much as to enforce obedience.

Such considerations may help to explain why it is that the moral standard of the race has been so little affected by theological stimulants. If a theologian could prove that vice involves absurdities so great as make it impossible, we might be grateful to him. But no one can assert, and the theologian persistently denies, that the unlimited application of this imaginary scourge has really made the race better. Thinking of all the atrocities perpetrated under the religious regime, of its frequent effect in absolutely deadening the conscience, of the false standards which on any hypothesis it has often substituted for the true one, of the indirect injury done by crushing the intellect or the moral nature from a cowardly fear of possible abuses, one may be almost tempted to doubt whether its effect has been elevating or deteriorating. The truth is that we are touching upon a problem of extreme complexity, which is obscured by all kinds of confusion. What, one may ask, is the relation between the creed and the moral standard actually recognised by a race? To approximate to an answer, we should have to distinguish between true and sham beliefs, to make allowance for the tacit repeal of one set of doctrines ostentatiously advanced by another set covertly insinuated, and to estimate the innumerable indirect influences of the creed upon the whole social structure. One consideration, however, will be enough for my present purpose.

Nobody will deny that men's actions are governed by their beliefs and emotions; but when we attempt an accurate analysis of motives, we are met by the difficulty of allowing for the complex reactions between the reasoning, feeling, and active parts of our nature. What we call beliefs may be really dreams, and, in early stages of thought, the element due to genuine observation and that contributed by the imaginative faculty are inseparably blended. The alteration of a genuine belief may alter conduct as the alteration of the external facts would have done. The facts, it may be said, *are* changed for the observer, and therefore his mode of behaving will change. But the alteration of a dream cannot be taken as the ultimate, though of course it may be the proximate, cause of such a change, for it must be itself due to some change in the character or surroundings of the dreamer. The dream represents men's desires; it shows what it is which they hope or fear, or what is for any reason impressive to their imaginations; a change in it must be taken to imply some change in those hopes and fears produced by an independent process.

Thus a changed belief as to a future world may greatly modify our conduct, so far as that belief was a real attempt to interpret experience. If, as Paley maintained, virtue meant simply action regulated by prospects of a future life, the destruction of that belief would destroy virtue. It would not directly alter character, but it would close one channel for the display of selfish impulses, and might indirectly come to modify character also. The doctrine of the unbeliever must be different. On his showing, the belief in another life was probably due, in the first instance, to an attempt to interpret experience. So far as we now interpret it differently, our conduct may be altered. But it is plain that all that colours the belief, all that makes the future life an object of hope and fear, must be differently explained. Since heaven and hell were not revealed from without, they must have been suggested from within. A given person may of course have believed in hell on the authority of his Bible, and have been guided by his fears as he would by any other fears. But since the whole phenomenon—the belief of a race or society in a "future state of rewards and punishments"—can rest upon no ground of outward experience, its genealogy is clear. It proves what men hoped and feared, not what they inferred from external facts. There is no presumption, then, that by destroying it you destroy the desires on which it existed. You simply force them to take a different form. Destroy the belief in the pagan gods and you destroy the old poetic machinery, but you do not therefore destroy the poetic impulse.

The believer may, therefore, hold consistently that men are kept in order by external threats, and that the virtuous impulses, if they exist in the natural man, would droop and die without such support. To the unbeliever, this explanation is not open. Fetters framed by men for themselves cannot be the ultimate cause of the restraint. It would be as unphilosophical to suppose that a man can lift the platform which supports him. We cannot look outside the world to explain the maintenance of a certain moral standard, any more than we need look beyond the solar system to explain why the earth does not fall into space. The existence of these imaginary worlds becomes with the unbeliever a conclusive proof of two things: first, that men, or the leading minds amongst mankind, must have hated vice, for the thought of its punishment was agreeable; secondly, that they aspired to a better state of things, for they constructed an ideal world where justice should be perfectly administered. If a man works because he believes that he is to be paid, the work may be done against the grain. If he believes that he is to be paid because he likes to work, the work must have some independent charms.

Is it possible, then, that the closing of this outlet for the imagination will cause the atrophy of the instincts which prompted its construction? The unbeliever hopes and believes better things. He

thinks that men's hopes and aspirations will not fail, though directed to definite reality, instead of the boundless imaginary world. He regards it as a fact capable of strict scientific proof that altruistic instincts exist; that men have desires which can only be explained when man is regarded as a fraction of the social integer; and that those desires, depending upon conditions other than dreams, will survive the disappearance or modification of the dreams. The existence of such instincts may appear a paradox to some reasoners. A belief in them is the mystery of the unbeliever's creed, against which the pride of reason is apt to revolt. It is not my present purpose to justify the doctrine, or to show (as I hold that it may be conclusively shown) that it involves no real offence to reason. It is enough to say that, so far as it is an essential part of the unbeliever's theory, whereas it may be rejected by his antagonist, the believer may most fitly be called sceptical. He declares a fact to be contradictory because it will not fit in with his doctrines, and therefore throws a doubt upon the validity of experience. The scepticism in this case is merely one mode of stating the sceptical doctrine already illustrated—namely, the disbelief in the natural goodness of man. So far as the supernatural code or sanction is asserted to be necessary, the insufficiency of the natural is more or less explicitly maintained.

Which creed, then, is most sceptical in the sense already defined—least calculated, that is, under existing circumstances, to produce coherent and consistent action? The unbeliever loses the use of certain phrases, or reduces them to intelligible meaning. The moral law, says the believer, is eternal, immutable, supreme, infallible, and founded on the nature of things. It is just as eternal, says the unbeliever, as the laws of nature upon which it is founded. As all reasoning assumes the continuity of past and future, we can never look forward to a time when the law will be essentially changed. It is immutable in the sense, that whilst the conditions remain, the law must remain; but it is susceptible of modification and adaptation to new circumstances. It is supreme as it expresses the ultimate conditions of social welfare, and the race can never fail to observe those conditions without ruin to itself, and therefore to the component individuals. It is certain, if not infallible, for, though we renounce supernatural guarantees for our moral beliefs, and admit that they cannot be deduced from *à priori* necessity, we can place them on a level with other conclusions of inductive science. It is founded in the nature of things, if by things you mean, for example, man and his surroundings; but we know nothing of the transcendental nature of things, which is the home of the arbitrary, the absolute, and the self-contradictory. We cannot be more than certain, nor say what is "absolute morality," any more than we can say what is that

absolute health which is independent of our physical constitutions. The attempt to get beyond this is an attempt to get off our own shadows; and only leads to a show of absolute conclusions at the price of finding them to be meaningless and arbitrary. And, finally, to use a much abused term, the moral law is clearly "objective," if it is meant by that phrase that it does not vary arbitrarily with the fancies of different men, but expresses truths about human nature as sure and final as the truths of astronomy;—though, if objective be used to imply an existence independent altogether of the constitution of our minds, we can only reply that such words are meaningless.

The unbeliever, then, cannot admit that he has really lost anything. If it be still asked what he has gained, he may reply that he has escaped from a scepticism of the most distressing kind. That creed is least sceptical in the practical sense which is most conducive to hope. When the early Christians believed in a coming millennium, or modern revolutionists in the perfectibility of the species, each creed must have been stimulating. The vision of the early triumph of the right was not the cause, but the effect of a faith, flushed with excessive confidence, and capable of transforming, if not of regenerating, society. The difference is characteristic. In dropping the belief in a millennium for a belief in progress, the unbeliever holds that he is dropping the shadow for the substance. The hopes of the believer point to dreamland and therefore to a world of catastrophes and surprises. They suggest convulsions instead of development. Everything is to be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the sound of a supernatural trumpet. The world has been, and therefore may be, the scene of tremendous and spasmodic transformations, to be anticipated only in virtue of supernatural knowledge. God came upon earth to reveal the one truth, and to establish his divine kingdom. Strange to say, the light has grown dim as knowledge has advanced, and, when the next catastrophe occurs, faith may have disappeared from the world. The new kingdom has so little attracted the allegiance of mankind that the moral standard has improved slowly, if at all, and has often improved by absolute defiance of the acknowledged representatives of the ruler. The only hope is in another catastrophe which may shatter to pieces the whole existing order, and introduce a new system, in which good and evil, hitherto so intimately blended, will be eternally divided. So strongly does this conviction colour the believer's view, that the last defence of orthodox theory rests on a scientific argument to prove that the universe must have gone through a complete catastrophe within some finite period, and will probably have another before long —which is very consoling, and proves the existence of God.

What better proof that belief is, in fact, scepticism? That it obtains a show of certainty by banishing all certainty from the

world of experience to place it in an arbitrary world of abstractions? The assumption, which underlies all scientific reasoning, of the necessity of judging of the future from the past, is systematically rejected. The belief in the millennium has vanished and the outlook for this world is hopeless or uncertain. The devil is getting the best of it here, though he may receive his deserts hereafter. Faith grows dim as knowledge increases; or, in other words, reason destroys all ground of hope. Progress is a failure, for the past was better than the present. In presence of all the great movements which stir the world, the believer's attitude is one of doubt, suspicion, or absolute hostility. Increase of knowledge makes him tremble for his creed. Social changes involve the decay of the one sacred authority. If he forces himself to believe that, in some sense, a reconciliation between the old and the new is yet possible, he is forced to equivocate, to strain words into no meaning, and to look with doubt upon his allies. He is haunted by vague dread of materialism and atheism, and fancies that science will somehow be able to juggle him out of confidence in the most explicit testimony of his consciousness. Belief in progress is handed over to the unbeliever, not only because the winning side naturally believes that things are improving, but because he alone can assign some ground for the belief. Measuring the future by the past, he can infer that the evolution of which we see the earlier phases, will pass through others, as yet but dimly discernible, though dimly encouraging.

The ultimate result, then, of the believer's scepticism as to human nature is that the belief in progress has been transferred to his rival. Now the belief in progress in some one of its many shapes is the most characteristic product of modern habits of thought. It is simply the doctrine of evolution applied to political and social theories; and it must permeate and transform all such theories in proportion as they become scientific. A similar transformation must be effected in our moral conceptions. Theological language may, of course, be accommodated to this new doctrine, as there are no doctrines to which it cannot be accommodated. But the instinctive repugnance of theologians to such a belief rests upon a sound logical instinct. The theologian naturally denies the validity of the methods and assumptions upon which the belief in progress primarily rests, for he regards a knowledge of the unknowable as an essential condition of foreseeing the future. And the imagination still acts more powerfully than the logical faculty. The vision of a supernatural world becomes vivid precisely in proportion as our interest in this becomes dim. If the two conditions are not logically opposed, yet in practice one waxes as the other wanes. We cannot really walk with our eyes fixed both upon cloudland and upon solid earth. Dreams and realities may blend for a time, and

the dream be transformed instead of abruptly dispelled. But we have ultimately to choose, and, as we choose, we must become sceptical as to this world or the other.

By progress, it only remains to be said, we cannot mean a continuous and indefinite process of improvement. Periods of darkness and partial decay may always be destined to intervene between periods of growth and enlightenment. The planet itself will ultimately, we are told, become a mere travelling gravestone, and before that time comes men and their dreams must have vanished together. Our hopes must be finite, like most things. We must be content with hopes sufficient to stimulate action. We must believe in a future harvest sufficiently to make it worth while to sow, or, in other words, that honest and unselfish work will leave the world rather better off than we found it. Perhaps this is not a very sublime prospect. Life, says the most candid of theologians, and his arguments certainly support his conclusion, is perhaps but a poor thing. But it is a tolerable world so long as one can believe that one's fellow creatures have plenty of healthy instincts, and enough of really noble instincts to secure a steady, if chequered, social growth; that those instincts do not depend upon our attaining impossible knowledge, and that they will survive all the petty systems founded upon irrational guesswork. It is something to feel a certainty, based upon experience of the case, that we have nothing to fear from unlimited freedom of inquiry, and that we may hope, not merely an indefinite increase of man's power over the external world, but a higher and more rational social order and more widely reaching sympathies. Extended knowledge means a more accurate appreciation of the conditions of human welfare, and a more intelligent cultivation of the emotions and sympathies upon which it depends. We can work and think without fearing that some infidel Samson will suddenly bring down the pillars of the temple. We cannot flatter ourselves that our personal stake in the universe is more unlimited in regard to future time than in regard to the past and the distant; but possibly the reflection is consoling to some people who think that they will have had about enough of themselves in the threescore years and ten. That, perhaps, is a matter of taste; but, in any case, when all intellectual progress is seen every day more clearly to depend upon the systematic interpretation of experience and the resolute repression of all incongruous elements of speculation, it is desirable that we should gaze in the direction in which alone experience can enlighten us, and accept realities instead of dreams. The scepticism which rejects the phantoms is less paralyzing than the scepticism which, when it expresses itself frankly, rejects realities, and, when it does not, attempts to mystify us by a jargon which hopelessly confounds the two.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

CHOPIN.

One of the most characteristic features in the portrait of Chopin, drawn by the master-hand of Franz Liszt, is the Polish composer's unconquerable aversion to correspondence. "It was curious," Liszt says, "to see him resort to all kinds of expedients to escape the necessity of tracing the most insignificant note. Many a time he traversed Paris from one end to the other to decline an invitation to dinner or to give some trivial information, rather than write a few lines. . . . His handwriting was quite unknown to most of his friends."[1] The members of his family in Warsaw and a few of his beautiful countrywomen were almost the only persons in whose favour Chopin departed from this rule. In consequence mainly of this reticence, almost nothing had till lately transpired of the inner life of one of the most subjective of composers. Even the authentic data of his external career were scanty and difficult of access, being mostly contained in works by Polish writers and in the Polish language. Liszt in the brochure already alluded to gives few facts, and those chiefly gleaned from his own personal intercourse with Chopin in Paris; the composer's earlier life, before he left his country, was covered by all but utter darkness.

Considerable expectation therefore was roused some weeks ago by the announcement of a new life of Chopin written in German by a Pole, M. Karasowski, and founded chiefly on Chopin's letters to his family. Unfortunately these expectations were to a great extent doomed to disappointment. M. Karasowski's book, although evincing great care and accuracy in the collection of facts, is written without literary skill and even without sufficient knowledge of the language in which he tries to express himself. Moreover a great and by far the most interesting portion of the letters comprising all those written from Paris has been destroyed by an accident to be related further on. Sufficient, however, remains to throw a new light on Chopin's early existence, and combining these new materials with such as may be gathered from various contemporary sources, a continuous narrative of the great musical lyrist's career may now be attempted. The outlines of such a biography I have tried to sketch in the present article. Through the kindness of Mr. A. J. Hipkins, Sir Julius Benedict, and others, I have been enabled to add valuable and entirely new information with regard to Chopin's visit to England and Scotland shortly before his death.

The difficulties of Chopin's biographer begin before that composer's birth. Until quite recently he was believed to have been,

(1) "Chopin," by Franz Liszt. Translated from the French by M. Walker Cook.

of purely French origin, a strange supposition with regard to one whose music reflects the peculiarities of the Polish nation in so striking a manner. Yet this statement was confidently made by that arch-blunderer Fétis, and repeated by other writers on the subject, not excluding even Liszt. Before the appearance of Karasowski's book, I was able to correct this mistake from Polish sources. In a musical contemporary I proved at some length that by the mother's side at least Chopin was descended from the old and noble family of the Krżyżanowskis, and that even the father's French nationality, although not his French birth, appears doubtful. For Nicolaus Chopin was born at Nancy, the old domain of Stanislas Leszczynski, and according to one account he was the grandson of a Polish courtier who had followed the fortunes of his king. This circumstance, of which, by the way, M. Karasowski does not seem to be aware, would at the same time account for his migration to Poland and the active part he took in the struggle of that country with Russia. Chopin himself, it ought to be added, invariably and almost demonstratively pronounced his patriotic feeling. When he had to leave Warsaw in the pursuit of fame and gain, his heart remained behind, and even in Paris, his second home, he preferred the society of his countrymen and countrywomen to all others. His feelings and idiosyncrasies, his life, his bearing, and his art, always remained Polish.

The Darwinian principle in music being thus vindicated, it is time for us to return to Chopin's birth. Here new difficulties and errors arise. On a watch presented by the great singer Catalani to Chopin in 1820, the words were engraved, "Donné par Madame Catalani à Frédéric Chopin, âge de dix ans;" and in this manner another blunder was started on its journey through biographical dictionaries and magazine articles innumerable, down to the very tombstone in the Père Lachaise, till at last reference to the official documents proved beyond a doubt that Madame Catalani had politely deducted one year from the real age of her young favourite, the date of the latter's birth being the 1st of March, 1809. The scene of this event was on the same occasion transferred from Warsaw to the village of Żelazowa Wola, about six miles distant from that city. Chopin's father was at the time private tutor at the house of Count Frederick Skarbek, and after him the boy was named.

After having once settled the composer's birth, we can pass rapidly over his early youth. This youth was as happy and as quiet as can well be imagined. Chopin's parents lived in easy, though not exactly affluent, circumstances, and the boy's education was carefully attended to by the best masters in Warsaw. But, more than all, the family were on terms of mutual love and consideration. Chopin's letters to his parents and sisters are full of the tenderest affection, and never during his splendid career in Paris did he cease to remember

and regret the home of his childhood. Of his mother, one who knew him well—George Sand—used to say that she was his only genuine passion. Like most great musicians, Chopin showed a feeling for his art at a very early age, and his first attempts at composition were conceived long before his hand had learnt to trace notes or letters. An indulgent master had to jot down what the precocious pupil more indicated than actually played on the piano. His *début* as an executant the boy made in 1818 at a concert for the poor, when his astounding mastery over the instrument created a sensation, and established his local fame on a firm basis. Foreign celebrities were invited to hear and admire the infant-miracle; hence amongst other things the timepiece of Catalani, fatal to chronology. A more important consequence of this early success was the patronage of the art-loving and highly cultivated Polish aristocracy. The ladies of the great families, the Czartoriskys, the Sapiechas, the Radzivills, delighted in fondling the gentle, genial boy, and in this manner Chopin began at an early age to breathe the air of the *salon* which through life remained his most congenial atmosphere. The dangerous consequences of such surroundings were fortunately counteracted by Chopin's teacher, Elsner, an excellent musician, as strict in his artistic demands as he was free from pedantry. Moreover the boy's natural modesty sufficiently protected him from the dangers of indiscriminate applause.

There is a certain idyllic charm about Chopin's childhood such as we would naturally connect with the early development of great lyrical powers. We may picture to ourselves a dreamy youth open to the beauties of sky and field and lonely woodside, but equally fond of congenial society, and taking keenest delight in his contact with refined womanhood. But enlivening traits are not wanting in this picture. A turn for practical jokes may be mentioned amongst them; "practical" in a very different sense from the robust interpretation of that word in which Smollett delighted, but frequently none the less amusing in their results. On one occasion Chopin composed an impertinent letter in a kind of pigeon-Polish, used by the Jewish pedlars, and sent it to a nobleman, signed with the name of a poor Hebrew well known on the estate. The nobleman was known for his hastiness of temper, and a severe thrashing would have been the fate of the innocent Jew, but for Chopin's timely disclosure of his own authorship. The laugh raised at his cost is said to have cured the magnate of his besetting sin, and ever after he used the horsewhip rarely, and "only where it was necessary," as M. Karasowski cautiously adds.

An extraordinary gift of travestying personal peculiarities belongs to the same category. When quite a boy, Chopin astonished and amused his friends by imitating to the life and to the letter the

gestures and the broken Polish of a German Protestant clergyman; and many years later he excited the envy of a great French actor by his incomparable imitations of various celebrated pianists, both with regard to personal bearing and artistic execution. Liszt especially, with his striking features and strongly pronounced individuality, was one of Chopin's favourite models, much to the amusement of the two friends. It is strange that this decidedly dramatic instinct should have found no equivalent in Chopin's art. An anecdote told of his early youth would confirm one's belief in the existence of latent dramatic power. To quiet his father's unruly pupils, Chopin is said to have improvised and illustrated on the piano a long story of robbers and housebreakers with such intensity as to rouse his audience to a pitch of excitement, and afterwards actually to send it to sleep by reciting how the thieves, after a successful expedition, rest in the security of a dense forest. Similar incidents—the readers of this Review may remember—are told of Schumann's early youth. And yet he also signally failed in those dramatic efforts which Chopin did not even venture upon.

Barring a few excursions into the country, where he revelled in air and sunshine, and the songs of the people, Chopin's early youth was passed at home. His artistic career seems to have been determined upon from a very early period, but his general education was not neglected for that reason. Under the loving care of parents and sisters he grew up a well-educated, socially refined, and withal tender-hearted youth—too tender and sensitive, alas, for the ways of the world and the passions of his own heart, as we shall presently see.

His first journey was an important break of this eventless quietude. It was directed to Berlin, and might well be considered a somewhat formidable affair, in those days of groundless Polish roads and lumbering Prussian diligences. At Berlin, however, they arrived safely, Chopin and Professor Jarocki, a friend of the family, who went to the Prussian capital, to be present at a congress of naturalists, and gladly took the part of guide and philosopher to the inexperienced youth. To this journey we owe the first series of letters in Karasowski's book. Upon the whole it must be confessed that those letters disappoint even moderate expectations. They may have lost much through the translator's want of skill; the pet names, the charming diminutives, and other graceful *fioriture* of affection in which the Polish language is so rich, moreover defy reproduction. It is also unmistakable that Chopin is an intelligent and keen observer. He wanders about the streets of Berlin with his eyes open, noticing everything, from the colossal pile of the Königliche Schloss down to the *tournure* of the ladies, of which, by the way, he disapproves highly. Especially amusing is his strong objection to natural science and her representatives. There is a capital sketch

of an absent-minded professor at the public dinner, who, in the heat of a learned discussion, drums with his not over-clean fingers on his neighbour's—Chopin's—plate, much to the disgust of that fastidious young gentleman. Here then was ample material for the satirist, and Chopin did not waste his opportunity. "Many of them," he says, "appear to me like caricatures, and I have already divided them into classes." Alexander von Humboldt, the courtier and man of the world, alone finds favour in his eyes. "He looks very different," we hear; and "he spoke French to us, and as well as if it were his own language; even you, dear father, would have said so."

But all this, amusing as it is, might have been written by almost any clever boy. And the same remark applies with some modifications to all his subsequent letters as far as they have been preserved to us. The signature of Chopin appended to them adds little to their significance; that is, we find nothing of the composer's qualities in his spoken utterance. This is the more remarkable as Chopin belongs essentially to what may be called the literary or poetic epoch of music. The representatives of this epoch wielded and wield the author's as well as the composer's pen. The names of Schumann, of Liszt, of Wagner, are sufficient to illustrate the point. But Chopin in this respect belongs to the earlier class of musicians who were, and wished to be, nothing but musicians. On the other hand—and this increases our surprise—he was by no means wanting in education and even scholarly attainments. Mozart and Schubert, and to some extent even Beethoven, could not venture on literary grounds, had their desire been ever so strong. But Chopin had been trained by a father who was at the same time a careful and accomplished pedagogue, and during the latter part of his life he moved in one of the most brilliant intellectual circles the world has ever seen. It is true that the letters of this, his Paris period, are extant no longer, but it seems more than doubtful how at a comparatively advanced age he should suddenly have developed literary capabilities dormant up to that point. It may further be alleged that most of Chopin's letters were addressed to his parents or sisters, and conceived therefore in the simplest vein of familiar gossip, and without any pretension to style. But so indeed were Mendelssohn's, and yet they contain an abundance of graceful, humorous, and pathetic turns, which Mdme. de Sévigné herself might have envied. The fact is that Chopin's mind was of too subjective a cast to consider much the general bearings of his art, or indeed of any other question. He felt intensely, and for that feeling he found an immediate and adequate expression in his music. This sufficed him.

From the same point of view we must look at this music itself. Chopin, it is generally known, never attempted the higher or at least larger forms of the art; he wrote no symphony, no opera, and his

two concertos are by no means amongst his masterpieces, especially as regards the orchestral accompaniments. It was in the Impromptu, the Nocturne, the Étude, the Valse, that Chopin felt most at home, and these graceful forms he filled and made alive with the intensity of his passion and his sorrow. It was here also that he became the interpreter of his country's grief, and nowhere is the tragic fate of Poland expressed more pathetically than in the striking and yet so inexpressibly melancholy rhythms of Chopin's Polonaises and Mazurkas. To deny Chopin's genius on account of his predilection for these smaller forms of art, would be about as just as to call Heine and Burns minor poets, because they did not excel in epics and tragedies. Genius cannot be measured by inch and ell. On the other hand, it is undeniable that the strongly individual mode of Chopin's utterance requires on the part of the hearer a certain congenial turn of mind to be fully appreciated. He does not, like Beethoven, or Mozart, or Wagner, appeal to all minds in all moods. Hence we find that musicians and critics, by no means wanting in judgment, fail to perceive Chopin's peculiar greatness. Mendelssohn looked down upon Chopin from the secure height of his formal perfection. He acknowledges remarkable talent, but the nature of his admiration is sufficiently indicated by the playful but significant nickname of "Chopinetto" repeatedly occurring in his letters. Moscheles adopts similar tactics of faint praise, and the more downright Field openly calls Chopin's "un talent de chambre de malade," not wholly without justice. Chopin is the representative of a decaying nation, and his individual genius also is tinged with melancholy to a degree which to a robust and healthy nature might well appear in the light of a disease. But what after all is genius itself but an undue preponderance of the imaginative faculties; a disorder of the brain in the eyes of the pathologist, a despicable weakness in those of the non-affected man of the world?

After this excursion on critical grounds it is necessary to return to the main biographical purpose of this essay. Chopin's journey to Berlin was not long afterwards followed by a trip to Vienna, and it was here that he made his first real appearance in public both as a composer and pianist. The success was all that could be desired. Chopin's playing was received with much enthusiasm as something entirely new and original, and in his own modest account of the event he especially dwells upon the fact that the ladies were in his favour. His touch was admired as wonderfully poetic, although somewhat too soft and aerial for large concert halls, and his compositions were at once recognised to be instinct with feeling and individuality. Cavilling detractors, especially from the "classical-scientific" camp, were of course not wanting, but upon the whole Chopin's career opened under the most auspicious circumstances.

Of the ordinary struggle of rising genius he knew little or nothing; neither would his sensitive and tender nature have been at all able to support such a contest. Amongst the critics who most warmly welcomed the rising star Schumann must be named first. His article on Chopin's Opus II., the Don Juan Fantasia, has been previously quoted in this Review. Although somewhat eccentric in tone it reflects the highest credit on Schumann's critical discrimination—intuition one may call it; for the composer was entirely unknown, and the work of comparatively little importance according to the common rules of criticism. But Schumann saw the poet's mind and the master's hand in every bar of the music, and from what had been done he at once perceived what could be done—*ex ungue leonem.*

But the most remarkable circumstance is that in the very earliest records of his playing Chopin appears absolutely in the same light as when he had reached the acme of fame and artistic power. Wherever we meet him, at Vienna, or Warsaw, or Paris, or Edinburgh, he is always the same, the most accomplished though perhaps not the most brilliant virtuoso, the most sympathetic interpreter of his own compositions and the declared favourite of women. A similar phenomenon is presented by these compositions. There are here few traces of change or development such as we notice in almost all other masters. Beethoven's work has been divided into three distinct periods, and the composer of "Rienzi" will hardly be recognised in that of "Tristan and Iseult" or the "Valkyrie." But Chopin's first work shows absolutely the same peculiarities as his last; not even much technical progress is discernible, for Chopin was wise and discreet enough to go through his apprenticeship in private. But neither do we perceive the slightest indications of artistic "Sturm und Drang." Chopin, as by instinct, seized on the most adequate mode of expressing his thoughts, and that he never changed, any more than he did the thoughts themselves. In a lesser man this oneness of theme would have led to monotony; in him it caused concentration of the highest order. Excepting Heine, and it may be Sappho, Chopin is the most perfect embodiment of lyrical power, properly so called, that the history of art or poetry can show.

That in the life of an artist of this type love should be an important factor is but natural. A tender and pure affection is indeed the most interesting feature of Chopin's early youth. Its object was Constance Gladkowska, a gifted singer in whom the artist as well as the man had found his ideal. It is in speaking of her to his most intimate friend, Titus Woyciechowski, that Chopin's letters gain eloquence, almost pathos. At the same time it is characteristic of his reticent and essentially inward nature that half a year had elapsed before he ever spoke either to her or of her. "Of her I dream every night," he writes, "but not a syllable have I

exchanged with her. In thinking of her sweet being I wrote the Adagio of my new Concerto (in E minor, Op. 11) and this morning the Valse which I send with this letter." This authentic information as to the sentimental source of a work of art is invaluable. What an amount of wild conjecture and silly anecdote might have been saved, for instance, in Beethoven's case, by a few short sentences of this kind! But the following passage from the same letter is hardly less touching:—"Oh, how bitter it is to have no one to share one's grief and joy with! how terrible to feel one's heart weighed down and no soul near to hear one's complaints! You know what I mean. Often I have told my piano all I wish to say to you." And what can be more charming than the following bit of youthful sentimentalism occurring in another letter to the same friend:—"The day before yesterday I dined with Frau Beyer, whose name is also Constance. I like to meet her, were it but for that inexpressibly dear name; I am even delighted when on one of her finger-napkins or handkerchiefs I see embroidered the name Constance."

Of the external circumstances of this love-affair we know little. Constance seems to have returned the feeling of her youthful adorer, and on one occasion presented him with a ring, which Chopin treasured and realised as he would the image of his saint. Whether a definite engagement existed seems doubtful; certain it is that Chopin's family not unreasonably objected to a relation which could not but prove a serious impediment to a young artist's career; equally indubitable, that it was the lady and not Chopin who terminated whatever private agreement may have existed between the lovers. In 1832 she married another, much to the grief of her devoted, and for a long time inconsolable lover. Before this substantial fact, Liszt's romantic story of a faithful though deserted maiden falls to the ground.

But I am anticipating. Towards the end of 1830, Chopin bade once more, and for the last time, farewell to his home, and again journeyed to Vienna. It was during his stay in that city that he received the news of the Polish revolution, which naturally affected him deeply. Titus Woyciechowski at once left Vienna, where he had been staying with his friend, and took service in the insurrectionist army, and only by the urgent wish of his parents was Chopin himself prevented from taking the same step, for which his weak health made him totally unfit. Although, as a rule, totally indifferent to politics, he followed the events of the war with the utmost anxiety, and one of his most melancholy and most beautiful Etudes, that in C minor, generally called the "Revolution," is said to have been written just after he had received the news of the occupation of Warsaw by the Russians. Under these circumstances it may at first seem surprising that in his letters during this period there is little reference to the events alluded to. But Karasowski explains that

patriotic effusions of this kind might have been a dangerous possession in case of one of those domiciliary visits which the Russian police frequently paid to the disaffected. Many of these letters were therefore immediately burnt by Chopin's friends; others never found their way to them. From one which escaped destruction, the following characteristic passage may be quoted:—"Once more I embrace you (his friend Titus). You are going to the war; return as colonel. May everything turn out well. Why may I not at least be your drummer?"

In July, 1831, Chopin left Vienna for Paris, or, more properly, for London; for it seems to have been his intention to stay at Paris for a short time only, and in his passport were written the words "passant par Paris à Londres." Liszt relates that at a much later period, when Chopin was permanently settled at the French capital, he used to say smilingly, "I am only passing through Paris." At first, however, it appeared as if these words were to find a more literal interpretation. Chopin's reception in Paris was by no means so favourable as he and his friends might have expected. Artists of much inferior merit, but of established reputation, such as Kalkbrenner, Herz, and others, engrossed public attention. Their brilliant technical feats appealed to the masses more readily than the spiritual beauty of Chopin's touch. Moreover the favourable notices of the German papers were of little avail with the haughty Parisians. No wonder, therefore, that Chopin's first concert was, financially at least, a complete failure. His countrymen, it is true, attended and applauded; but the French public were conspicuously absent. Easily discouraged, Chopin thought of throwing up the game. Liszt, Hiller, and other friends, tried in vain to console him. He wavered between returning home and passing on to England, eventually America. In this emergency a *deus ex machinâ* appeared on the scene in the portly shape of Baron Rothschild. In his drawing-room Chopin played a few days before his intended departure; and it was here that, under the auspices of the charming and highly cultivated lady of the house, he was introduced to the *haute volée* of Paris. The excitement of the moment acted inspiringly; he played and improvised as he had never done before. The surprise, the enchantment were universal; and his success was as lasting as it was brilliant. Henceforth his position in Paris was secured. His concerts, whenever he could make up his mind to appear in public, were crowded, publishers eagerly asked for his compositions, and well-paid and highly appreciated lessons were a permanent and agreeable source of income to one who—a solitary instance amongst composers—delighted in teaching.

The early years of Louis Philippe's reign mark an acme in French society and literature. A more brilliant display of youthful talent and energy than the Romantic School of poetry and of painting

could show has rarely been seen before or since. For the tendencies of this school Chopin felt the warmest sympathy; with many of its members he was intimately acquainted. Gautier and Victor Hugo were among his friends; Delacroix and Ary Scheffer frequented his musical evenings. There also might be met Heine, with whom Chopin had long communings on the wonderland of phantasy so intimately known to both of them. Liszt's description of one of these meetings, of which he himself was one of the most interesting features, ought to be read. They were, indeed, gatherings of the gods from which everything vulgar and mediocre instinctively kept aloof. In his own art also Chopin found much to interest him and stimulate his creative power. Auber's Muette de Portici and Rossini's Tell were then new works. Bellini, Chopin's favourite composer, was on the summit of his fame. Meyerbeer created a fabulous sensation with the new effects of his "Robert le Diable." Boieldieu represented the consummate grace of French comic opera. And how marvellously were these works interpreted! The names of Malibran, Rubini, Lablache, Nourrit, and Madame Schröder Devrient, then all in their prime, fill one with deep regret at such high and varied achievement irrevocably lost to art. Such virtuosi as Kalkbrenner, Thalberg, Liszt, and Hiller complete the artistic group.

Of all this brilliant and buoyant life Chopin has sent long and detailed accounts to his parents and friends at home. These letters existed a few years ago. M. Karasowski has held them in his hand and cites passages from memory. Now alas! they are lost to the world for ever. The story of this loss is as sad as it is significant. On September 19th, 1863, during the last Polish rising, Count Berg, the Governor-General, passed in his carriage the so-called Zamoiski's House at Warsaw, an enormous block of buildings let out in chambers and lodgings to the upper classes. From one of the innumerable windows of this building a shot was fired at the Count's carriage, followed by some Orsini bombs, which, however, hurt no one. Immediately the house was surrounded by the soldiers and every male inhabitant marched off to the citadel. The women were allowed to depart. After this, every piece of furniture in the house, from the large wardrobe to a child's cradle, was thrown out of the window and heaped into an enormous pile in the centre of the square. In the course of the evening fire was set to the whole and everything burnt to ashes. There is a touch of primitive barbarousness about this act of wanton devastation more appalling perhaps than even the systematic cruelty of a more civilised government would have been. The night scene in the square is worthy of Salvator Rosa's brush. An interesting account of it may be found in Mr. Sutherland Edwards's admirable work on the "Private History of the Polish Insurrection." Science and art had to deplore severe losses on the occasion. Thus the oldest and best illuminated manu-

scripts of Longinus were destroyed, these being in the possession of one of the lodgers, Prince Lubomirski, who was engaged in a critical edition of the philosopher's works. But perhaps the most valuable fuel of the Russian bonfire was the large collection of Chopin memorials cherished and religiously preserved by his sister. Amongst these were, besides valuable presents from his pupils and admirers, his pianoforte, and his portrait by Ary Scheffer, which a Russian officer, after carefully examining it for some time, threw into the flames. The last moments of the pianoforte are thus recorded by Mr. Edwards: "Several pianos of inferior Viennese make were cast out and killed by the fall. Chopin's piano, however, died hard. 'It fell,' says my informant, who knew the instrument and watched its last moments, 'with a loud melodious sigh, and I could not help,' he adds, 'admiring the solidity of Erard's workmanship when I saw that only its legs were broken.'"

All Chopin's letters addressed to his family from abroad perished with the rest, and a few notes written to friends are the only autobiographical material remaining of the eighteen last and most interesting years of his life. Fortunately other sources are at hand. Two journeys to Germany, where he renewed his acquaintance with Mendelssohn and made that of Schumann, one of his earliest and stanchest admirers, must be passed over. His third sojourn in that country in 1836 was of more lasting importance for his life. In that year falls Chopin's engagement with Maria Wodzynska, a beautiful Polish lady, whose acquaintance he had made some time previously. Four years had elapsed since the loss of his first love. The old wound had healed, and once more Chopin looked forward to a happy quiet family life in his own country. But again bitterest disappointment was in store for him. He, the adored of women, was doomed to misfortune in his personal relations with them. It appears that his beloved abruptly changed her mind, jilted the composer, and married a count instead.

It was while smarting under this blow that Chopin met for the first time the woman in whom during the remainder of his life his feelings were to centre—for better and for worse. Chopin's connection with Mdme. Dudevant is too much a matter of notoriety to be passed over in silence. George Sand herself is by no means reticent on the subject. According to her own account, in the Histoire de ma Vie, her feelings never passed the limit of sincere friendship. "J'avais pour l'artiste," she says, "une sorte d'adoration maternelle très-vive." She even regarded him as a kind of lightning conductor, a safeguard "contre des émotions que je ne voulais plus connaître." A similar psychological problem she expounds at greater length in the novel of Lucrezia Floriani, considered to be by Chopin himself and the world in general a portraiture of their friendship, in spite of George Sand's indignant denial of any such

parallelism. Chopin's irritability and morbid changefulness of mood she further implies at last made separation a matter of duty and necessity.

It is, of course, difficult to contradict a lady's statement on a point of such delicacy, but in justice to Chopin one is bound to say that his friends, and M. Karasowski especially, take a very different view of the case. According to the latter, the passionate affection was by no means on Chopin's side alone, and it was not till this passion began to cool in George Sand that she began to feel the irksomeness of her task as companion and sick nurse of a dying man. Perhaps the truth lies in this, as in most cases, between these divergent statements, or, rather, in a combination of the two. The mutual positions of man and woman were reversed in the pair: Chopin, the child of genius, helpless, and sick to death, needed protection as well as love. Both he found in George Sand. She kept his accounts, she furnished his rooms, she wrote his letters, and tended him in his illness with the same devotion as she would her own children. Perhaps in such moments she hardly realised in her feeling the difference between the son and the lover. Chopin's devotion and gratitude, on the other hand, partook of a feeling of almost filial reverence. He felt and never denied that he owed the happiness of many years to her. For her care was not limited to his physical wants alone. Not to speak of the infinite resources of her own mind, he found in her house the full contentment of his social requirements. He might drop into her drawing-room of an evening, and talk or play or dream as the mood took him, and no one was allowed to disturb his solitude when he wished to be alone. The description of the days and the evenings at her villa in Nohant gives one the idea of a sociable and yet quiet and unrestrained country life in its absolute perfection. Especially one night, when the piano was taken out into the garden, and when Chopin and Liszt alternately awoke the echo of the esplanade with their inspired chords, lingered in the memory of all those present. It was also George Sand who, after the first serious attack of his chest disease, insisted on Chopin's accompanying her to the south, and by her faithful attendance restored his shattered health as far as possible. The visit to Majorca has been so fully and so vividly described by the great novelist herself that further reference to it is unnecessary. Readers of the Histoire de Ma Vie will especially remember the scene, when one stormy evening Mdme. Dudevant and her children being absent on a walk, Chopin had worked himself into such a state of feverish anxiety on their account, that even their return could hardly persuade him of their safety—the result of a kind of visionary trance through which he had passed being the Prelude in B minor, one of his most inspired compositions. In the same book frequent reference is made to that irritability of Chopin's

temper which no doubt greatly contributed to the final rupture nearly ten years later. The causes of this bitter ending of so much affection have been differently stated. George Sand alleges as the chief reason the determined aversion Chopin evinced towards her children. On the other hand, it has been asserted that in the same degree as her passion began to abate, she became tired of the incessant care and attendance required by the suffering artist, and that for a long time she watched for an opportunity of throwing off the irksome obligation. The publication of Lucrezia Floriani is said to have been one of these stratagems, and it cannot be denied that, under the circumstances, it showed a great want of delicacy on her part to give to the world a tale so strikingly resembling the painful reality. Her children—true *enfants terribles*—aggravated the offence by exultingly asking the composer, "Do you know, M. Chopin, that Prince Charles (the hero of the novel) is meant for you?" But it betrays ignorance of George Sand's open and impulsive nature to charge her with having vicariously inflicted this last and bitterest wound.

The ultimate result was that at the beginning of 1847 Chopin abruptly left George Sand's house, and never spoke to her again. Once more they met by accident at a friend's house. She approached him with outstretched hand, and with the word "Frédéric" on her lips; but he turned away and silently left the room.

The immediate consequence of these sad events was a violent attack of Chopin's disease, from which he recovered slowly, and only through the self-sacrificing care of his favourite pupil, Gutmann, who never left his bedside for a moment. It was chiefly to free himself from the mental and physical depression under which he laboured that Chopin resumed his long-delayed plan of paying a visit to this country, and in this intention he was confirmed by the revolutionary events of which Paris soon became the scene. The year 1848 witnessed an exodus of Parisian artists to these shores similar to that caused by the Franco-German war. Berlioz, Kalkbrenner, Thalberg, Charles Hallé (who settled in London), and the Viardots were amongst the fugitives. Chopin landed in England on the 21st of April, 1848, and from that date till the hour of his departure I am enabled to follow his steps almost day by day. From the interesting personal recollections kindly placed at my disposal by the gentlemen already named and other distinguished artists and amateurs, I must reluctantly limit myself to gleaning such facts as may be most useful to Chopin's future biographer.

Once before, in August, 1837, Chopin had paid a short visit to London, most likely in search of medical advice. On that occasion he did not play in public, and seems to have observed a strict incognito even towards his intimate friends. "Chopin is said to have turned up here all of a sudden," Mendelssohn writes, *de dato*

London, September, 1837; "but he called on no one, and made no one's acquaintance. He played one evening most beautifully at Broadwood's (the celebrated pianoforte manufacturer), and after that hurried away again. I hear he is still greatly suffering." Nothing was seen of him in London for the next eleven years, but his compositions gradually began to spread amongst the more intelligent class of amateurs, and several distinguished English musicians, such as Mr. Osborne, Mr. L. Sloper, and others, had heard him in Paris, and joyfully welcomed him on his arrival in this country. But amongst his most zealous admirers ought to be mentioned the Misses Stirling, two Scotch ladies, one of whom was Chopin's favourite pupil. During his whole stay in this country these ladies paid the composer all the care and attention of which his rapidly declining health stood in need. Chopin was accompanied by a faithful servant, who stayed with him till the end, and joined soon after his arrival by a favourite Norwegian pupil named Telefson. Their constant attendance was required the more urgently, as Chopin's power of breathing at this time already was so feeble that he found it impossible to walk up or down-stairs, and had to be carried, no difficult task it is true, in his emaciated condition. "Yet although nearly forty years old," an eye-witness adds, "his blonde hair was as thick and as gracefully waving as it might have been with a very young man. Of singularly distinguished personal appearance, his refined manners at once commended him as one of gentle culture. At the pianoforte none could be more unobtrusively quiet in his movements." Other testimony concurs as to the all but overpowering impression produced by Chopin's spiritualised beauty combined with an artistic inspiration and vitality that seemed to defy approaching death itself.

Chopin's first lodgings, some readers may care to know, were at 10, Bentinck Street, but these he left after a few days, and settled down in comfortable rooms at 48, Dover Street. Immediately on his arrival he renewed his acquaintance with the Broadwoods, who received him with the courtesy uniformly shown by that house to native and foreign artists, and placed their instruments at his disposal.[1] The first London drawing-room at which Chopin played

(1) A short synopsis of the instruments used by Chopin at various times and places will be interesting. Pianofortes, like pianists, have their distinctive types and characteristics, and the style of a player may be generally guessed at from the kind of instrument he is known to favour. The resonant brilliancy of an Erard or Steinway commends itself to a virtuoso of the impulsive or dramatic school, while a more spiritually refined artist will prefer the soft pliable touch and tone of a Bechstein or Pleyel. Chopin himself has pointed out the difference: "Quand je suis mal disposé," he says, "je joue sur un piano d'Erard, et j'y trouve facilement un son fait. Mais quand je me sens en verve et assez fort pour trouver mon son à moi, il me faut un piano de Pleyel." The poetic qualities of touch so much valued by Chopin in the last-named instruments he found again in Broadwood's grand pianofortes, and for that reason he (like Dr. von Bülow many years later) exclusively adhered to them during his stay in

(May 10) seems to have been that of Lady Blessington at Gore House, the well-known rallying-point of a distinguished literary and artistic circle. For in London, as in Paris, he by no means confined himself to the society of his own profession. Unlike too many musicians, he liked to meet literary men of distinction, and one of the first social gatherings he attended was a brilliant soirée at Mrs. Grote's (May 6th), at which, however, he did not play. I also hear of a dinner given in his honour by Macready; Thackeray, Berlioz, Mrs. Proctor, and Sir Julius Benedict being amongst the guests. The meeting of the greatest English and one of the greatest French humorists must have been interesting to watch. But I am told that somehow Berlioz and Thackeray did not fraternise. Chopin himself was too ill to attend.

As to the composer's execution on the piano the critics seem to have been more or less unanimous. It seems, indeed, as if but one opinion were possible on the subject. I could quote the words of many persons, musicians, amateurs, and intelligent listeners in general, all coinciding as to the unequalled poetical charm of his playing, sometimes even as to the terms in which they convey their impression. Three correspondents, quite unknown to each other, compare his soft-gliding *arpeggios* to the sound of the Eolian harp. Lord Houghton also, who heard Chopin in Paris before the rupture with George Sand, speaks of the strange pathos with which "his hands meandered over the piano." The following opinion of one of the best connoisseurs of Chopin's music and style deserves quotation: "His *legatissimo* touch, and his incomparable management of the pedals, enabled him to produce *sostinente* effects unheard from any other pianist. His wide *arpeggios* became sustained harmonies to serve as background to all his intense feeling conveyed through the melody. There was no affectation in his playing; it was the most simply natural that could be. It might be surmised that this was a manner conditioned by his delicate health, and the characteristic only of his later years, and that strong contrasts had not been wanting in his earlier time. Any one who saw him play and watched the peculiarities of his fingering could soon see that his touch never could have been different. The description of his playing by Mendelssohn, Liszt, and Schumann coincides with this opinion." So, indeed, does the earliest Viennese criticism on his début in that city, as the reader will recollect; a circumstance which I repeat is in strange parallelism with what has been said of the unvaried stability of Chopin's style as a composer.

It will be understood that qualities such as these appealed to the

England and Scotland. The instrument destroyed in Warsaw was, as we have seen, an Erard. Chopin's own favourite Pleyel fortunately was saved, having been left by Miss Stirling, who acquired possession after the composer's death, to Chopin's niece, and not, like the remainder of the relics, to his sister.

select few rather than to the multitude. This was felt even by an innocent but not ill-natured critic in the *Glasgow Herald* (September 30, 1848), who, while confessing that he could make little of Chopin's style, adds that it was evidently better suited to the family-circle than to a concert-room. Changing the Scotch "family circle" into the French *salon*, Chopin would have fully agreed with this verdict. He indeed appeared in public reluctantly and as seldom as possible. "I am not suited for concert-giving," he would say; "the public intimidate me; their looks, only stimulated by curiosity, paralyse me; their strange faces oppress me; their breath stifles me." Liszt discovers the half-conscious cause of this reluctance in the artist's pride. "Chopin," he writes, "was perfectly aware of his own superiority; perhaps it did not receive sufficient reverberation and echo from without to give him the tranquil assurance that he was perfectly appreciated." George Sand explains the problem with her usual mastery of psychological *nuance*. In the elaborate delineation of Chopin's character founded on her long personal experience, she says, "Il était homme du monde par excellence, non pas du monde trop officiel et trop nombreux, mais du monde intime, des salons de vingt personnes, de l'heure où la foule s'en va, où les habitués se pressent autour de l'artiste pour lui arracher par d'aimables importunités le plus pur de son inspiration."

It is sad to think that so much individual genius and so much technical accomplishment should be all but totally lost to the development of the art. But Chopin had few professional pupils, and those amongst them who, like Gutmann or Filtsch, would have been most capable of continuing the tradition of his style, died young. The best living representative of his method, Madame Dubois (the granddaughter of Baron O'Meara, of Napoleonic remembrance), who was Chopin's pupil for years, and is at present one of the leading piano-teachers in Paris, has, strangely enough, been omitted in M. Karasowski's list.

But we must return to London. Towards the end of the season, dinner parties and late hours began to tell on Chopin, and to recruit his strength, a trip to Scotland was suggested by his friends. But his suffering lungs, as might have been foreseen, were wholly unable to resist the influences of the northern climate, and his social liabilities seemed to increase rather than to grow less among his hospitable friends in the North. Some letters written to a Polish friend at this period breathe a despondency bordering on despair:—

"All the morning I am quite incapable of doing anything; for no sooner have I dressed myself, than I feel so exhausted that I must rest again. After dinner I have to sit for two hours with the gentlemen, to hear what they say, and to see what they drink. I am bored to death, and try to think of something else; after that I go to the drawing-room, where I want all my energy to rouse myself, for

every one is anxious to hear me play. . . . When I am just a little settled I have to journey on again, for my friends with the best intentions in the world will not let me rest. They call for me to introduce me to all their relations," &c. We know what that means in the North. Scotch mists and Scotch cousins, most agreeable to the healthy mind, were weighing heavily on the tender-nerved composer.

Chopin gave one concert at Glasgow. A copy of the advertisement is now lying before me: "Monsieur Chopin has the honour to announce that his matinée musicale will take place on Wednesday, 27th of September," &c. Thinking of the mental and physical suffering this "honour" inflicted on the dying man, the formal terms gain a sad significance in one's mind. Moreover, in spite of a brilliant list of patronising ladies, headed by the Duchess of Argyll, and in spite of the zealous endeavours of Mr. Muir Wood, the eminent publisher and Chopin's friend, who superintended the business arrangements, the net profit did not exceed the paltry sum of £60.

On or about the 3rd of November he returned to London and took lodgings at 4, St. James's Place. His object was to play at the Guildhall on the occasion of a ball (not a concert) given for the benefit of the Polish refugees, on November 16th. His patriotism would not allow him to refuse his aid for such a purpose. His reward may be judged of by the following remarks, for which I am indebted to one present on the occasion: "The people, hot from dancing, who went into the room where he played, were but little in the humour to pay attention, and anxious to return to their amusement. He was in the last stage of exhaustion, and the affair resulted in disappointment. His playing at such a place was a well-intentioned mistake."

A week after this inauspicious day Chopin left London. His last letter dated from there, and addressed to a friend in Paris, is full of deepest sorrow. "On Thursday I shall leave London, terrible to me. In addition to everything else, I have got neuralgia. Tell Pleyel to send me a piano by Thursday; buy a bunch of violets, to have some scent in my drawing-room. I should like to find a little poetry in my sitting-rooms and in my bedroom, where most likely I shall have to lie for a long time. Friday evening I hope to be in Paris; another day here would kill me, or drive me mad. . . . Let there be a fire in all the rooms, and see that they are dusted. Perhaps," he concludes with a sudden gleam of hope, characteristic of the consumptive patient, "I may yet recover."

Alas! he was beyond recovery. The last months of his life were a painful and continual struggle with the cruel disease gradually but surely encroaching on him. It would be too painful to dwell on these moments. But the last scene of the tragedy is inexpressibly beautiful and pathetic—a worthy conclusion, indeed, of such a life. I leave the word to Liszt:—

"The drawing-room adjoining Chopin's chamber was constantly

occupied by some of his friends, who, one by one, in turn approached him to receive a sign of recognition, a look of affection, when he was no longer able to address them in words. On Sunday, the 15th of October, his attacks were more violent and more frequent, lasting for several hours in succession. The Countess Delphine Potocka, who was present, was much distressed; her tears were flowing fast when he observed her standing at the foot of his bed, tall, slight, draped in white, resembling the beautiful angels created by the imagination of the most devout amongst painters. Without doubt he believed her to be a heavenly apparition. When the crisis left him for a moment he asked her to sing; they thought him at first seized with delirium; but he eagerly repeated his request. Who could have ventured to oppose his wish? The piano was rolled from the drawing-room to the door of his chamber, when, with sobs in her voice and tears streaming down her cheeks, his gifted countrywoman sang. This beautiful voice had never before attained an expression so full of deepest pathos. He seemed to suffer less as he listened. She sang the famous canticle to the Virgin which is said once to have saved Stradella's life. 'How beautiful!' he exclaimed. 'My God, how very beautiful! Again—again!' Though overwhelmed with emotion, the countess had the noble courage to comply with the last wish of a friend, a countryman. Again she sat down at the piano and sang a hymn by Marcello. Chopin, again feeling worse, everybody was seized with fright; by a spontaneous impulse all threw themselves on their knees; no one ventured to speak; the sacred silence was broken alone by the voice of the countess floating like a melody from heaven above the sighs and sobs which formed its heavy and mournful earth-accompaniment. It was the hour of twilight; a dying light lent its mysterious shadows to this sad scene; Chopin's sister, prostrated near his bed, wept and prayed, and never quitted this attitude of supplication while the life of her beloved brother lasted."

Chopin lingered for two days after this scene. Most of the time he was unconscious; but in a lucid interval he received the last sacraments of the Catholic Church from a Polish abbé. He died October 17th, 1849, in the arms of his favourite pupil Gutmann. His last conscious movement was to kiss the hand of his friend in gratitude. His body was literally covered with flowers, especially with his favourite violets. When Chopin, nineteen years before, left his country he took from his native village, Wola, a handful of Polish earth. This was strewn on his coffin when it was lowered into the grave. It had been his wish expressed shortly before his end. He was buried at Père Lachaise, next to Bellini, whom he had much loved in life. Cherubini's grave is on the other side. The bas-relief portrait on his tombstone is by Clesinger, the son-in-law of George Sand.

FRANCIS HUEFFER.

ANTITHETIC FALLACIES.

PROBABLY no figure of speech is more accountable for vagaries of thought than antithesis. The doctrine that all things are balanced one against another is applied to sentences; and instead of a well-adjusted meaning holding its course between two extremes, there is a transition, like the swinging of a pendulum, from one extreme to the other. Writing of this sort does not reflect and help the steady march of thought; it is rather a mere marking of time, or literary goose-step. It usually accompanies the decline of a literature, or at any rate of a school of literature, or the extravagances of searchers after effect. Its worst examples, in the instances of men of a high degree of literary merit, are perhaps to be found in Seneca and in Dr. Johnson. In these writers, the structure of a sentence sometimes becomes a mechanical substitute for thinking. Lord Houghton has said, though it is a humiliating confession, that the necessity of metre often dictates the thought and sentiment which it simply seems to clothe. Butler had made before him the admission that—

> "Rhymes the rudders are of verses,
> With which, like ships, we steer their courses."

Prose of a certain kind is subjected to the same conditions. Hazlitt points out how the very structure of Dr. Johnson's style affected and sometimes marred and rendered meaningless the substance of what he had to say. "Johnson," he says, "wrote a kind of rhyming prose, in which he was compelled as much to finish the different clauses of his sentences, and to balance one period against another, as the writer of heroic verse is to keep to lines of ten syllables with similar terminations. He no sooner acknowledges the merits of his author"—he is speaking of Johnson's criticisms on Shakspeare—"in one line, than the periodic revolution of his style carries the weight of his opinion completely over to the side of objection, thus keeping up a perpetual alternation of perfections and absurdities. We do not know otherwise how to account for such absurdities as the following: 'In his tragic scenes there is always something wanting, but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy, for the great part, by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.'" Mr. Burchell's interjection is the only answer which could be made to writing of this kind, which really has as much meaning as the balanced posture-making of a dancer on a tight-rope. It need not be said that it characterizes a

great deal more in Johnson than his judgments on Shakspeare. It is the inseparable accident of his style, through which his strong sense and keen penetration often break, but which accompanies and impedes them.

It is, of course, easy to find other instances of this fallacy of antithesis in later times, for the vice has not died with Dr. Johnson. A very accomplished writer, always ingenious and often profound, attempted the other day, in a grave discussion, to cut the knot of a difficult subject by saying that it was necessary to distinguish between the idea of a limit and the limit of an idea. No doubt; and it is necessary also to distinguish in organized nature between a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse, and in domestic economy between the house of the man and the man of the house. When testing illustrations of this sort are taken, the emptiness of the jingle is obvious. But when a grave philosopher talks to you about the necessity of discriminating between the idea of a limit and the limit of an idea, or tells you that the thought of force must not be confounded with the force of thought, you are apt to think that this is very deep. The notions, unlike those of the horse chestnut and the chestnut horse, of the man of the house and the house of the man, are abstract and somewhat difficult to render to the mind. The sound is more quickly apprehensible than the sense, and is readily taken as its substitute. The master and the disciple, as the French have it, alike "pay themselves with words." A philosopher out of his depth, and in danger of going down, is apt to seize hold of a floating phrase, as a plank on which to support himself for a moment. Often it is merely the intellectual impatience of a quick or wearied mind, which is content to substitute a balance of words for discrimination of thoughts, and to address the ear instead of the mind. The rhymes of poets, and the clauses of writers of antithetic prose, are often like the bonds of the Apostle: they are girded with them and carried whither they would not.

This abuse of antithesis has lately played a large part in political discussions; and before considering it there, we have thought it better to illustrate the vice in a field remote from party and personal feeling. Except in the House of Commons, people are a good deal ashamed now of asserting a contradiction between theory and practice. Everywhere else, where even the show of intelligent discussion takes place, it is acknowledged that between a true theory and useful practice there can be no conflict; and that the theory which does not work well is either false or imperfect, or erroneously and imperfectly applied. But driven from one vicious phrase, minds of a certain looseness of conduct will soon find a city of refuge in another. The British man of business is in the habit of telling you that a certain process or conclusion of thought may be very good logic but it is not common sense. He is apt, with much complacency, to embody

those opposite qualities of mind in the English and French nations. Frenchmen entirely reciprocate the self-satisfaction, and vaunt their logical acceptance of everything that flows from the principles they adopt. They contrast it with the inconsistencies and compromises of their neighbours on this side of the Channel. The question, however, is not of logic, but of the sort of logic, and of its application to the subject matter of life and affairs. Without either self-exaltation or detraction, the types of the French and English may be looked for in two illustrious, and, as our own countryman would have called them, prerogative instances—in Descartes and in Bacon. Descartes sought for, and fancied he found, a fact or principle of self-evident certitude, and was prepared to accept everything that could be deduced from it, and nothing that could not be harmonized with it. Bacon, instead of assuming premises regarded as self-evident, sought for them by observation and experiment, and tested and combined them, coming back always, where it was practicable, to experience for verification. The difference is not between logic and common sense, but between deductive and inductive logic, and between plausibly begging and honestly trying the question. In English and French political conduct and theory this distinction is marked. French politicians, as Mr. Mill has pointed out, "are perpetually arguing that such and such a measure ought to be adopted, because it is a consequence of the principle on which the form of government is founded; of the principle of legitimacy, or the principle of the sovereignty of the people." . . . . "Inasmuch, however," Mr. Mill adds, "as no government produces all possible beneficial effects, but all are attended with more or fewer inconveniences; and since these cannot be combated by means drawn from the very causes which produce them; it would be often a much stronger recommendation of some practical arrangement, that it does not follow from what is called the general 'principle' of the government, than that it does." The French exhibit the Cartesian method, or, at any rate, temper, applied to politics; and it characterizes equally both the theorists and the practitioners of statesmanship in France. They fall, as regards society and government, into the error against which Bacon warned physical investigators, of supposing in nature a greater simplicity than is to be found there. The respect for inconsistencies and anomalies, which has often been ridiculed in English statesmen, has often deserved ridicule; but it sometimes proceeds from an unreasoned but clear perception that government and society depend upon a multiplicity of principles, and that the consequences drawn from one need to be checked and counteracted by those derived from others. The question, therefore, at issue is not one of logic or common sense, but of the sufficiency and accuracy of the premises from which we reason, and of the worth of the logical method applied to them.

Another distinction of which the public has heard a good deal

lately from heated sophists is the antithesis between sentiment and policy. Of course sentiment and policy are not the same things, any more than memory and judgment, perception and imagination. The real discrimination should be between a good and bad policy, between healthy and vicious sentiment. Sentiment and policy must indeed always go together. Without sound sentiment, there cannot be a wise or just policy; and a wise and just policy will in its turn evoke and derive support from pure and noble sentiment. On the other hand, a discreditable and stupid policy will find its help chiefly in the more ignoble and more paltry sentiments. The policy which is merely low cunning and shifty artifice, bent on combinations for the purposes of the moment, without any large view of the past and future, is, in its way, as sentimental as that which appeals to larger and more worthy motives. It finds expression generally in a vicious bluster and buncombe, in appeals to national antipathies, to fear and hate, and in general in a contemptible Chauvinism. Of course, an ill-balanced nature, one in which the feelings rise to an intensity unjustified by the occasion, which demands clearness of perception and sagacity in judgment, is a very unsafe guide. But this excess quite as usually takes the form of panic and a sort of hysteria of suspicion and fear, as of humane and generous feeling. The reigns of Suspicion and Terror during the French Revolution were justified by their promoters, and are justified by their defenders, on the grounds of policy and national interest. Their authors and instruments, as Marat and Fouquier-Tinville, assumed to be men of action and prudence, statesmen, and not sentimentalists. Never in history, however, was the connection of bad policy with debased and contemptible sentiment more close and obvious. The delusions which swayed masses in French society, at different moments of the revolutionary period, with respect to the ubiquitous but invisible brigands, the conspiring aristocrats, and the gold of Pitt, acted on sensitive and hysteric creatures, the dupes of their own impulses and impressions. The screaming brotherhood who shriek at Russia, who trace its desperate intrigues everywhere, and see in Prince Gortschakoff and General Ignatieff, in the Emperor William and Prince Bismarck, in Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury, the agents or dupes of a mysterious conspiracy against the greatness and even the safety of England, really illustrate in their own persons the intellectual disturbance which mean or viciously directed feelings may bring about in ill-balanced natures. Large and generous sentiments, and a pure and elevated morality, are the conditions of a sagacious judgment in all human affairs, whether they be those of nations or individuals. It is through them that the permanent and essential elements of every social problem are discerned and weighed. In their absence, the temporary and superficial incidents of an historic movement disguise the real

character of events from those whose business it is to know and direct them. Sentiment and policy are inseparable; and according as the sentiment is pure and just, or vicious and unsound, is the policy, under tolerably equal conditions of general intelligence, likely to be wise or foolish.

Emotional and impulsive statesmanship is often contrasted with the self-possession and solidity which should belong to a politician; and instances are sometimes sought in the head of the late Government and in one of the leading members of Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet. Professor Bain, without of course any personal application, has found an analogy to these contrasted dispositions in the animal world. "There is a class," he says, "of especially excitable temperaments, like the horse; and a class that resist excitement, after the fashion of the other animal named." The animal Professor Bain has named in a previous sentence is, we cannot blink it, the ass. "One explanation of the difference is the degree of development of the sensitive and emotional regions of the mind; the higher modes laying the person open to the full force of influence from without, the lower transmitting the influence in an abated form." According to some authorities, the quadruped which Mr. Bain contrasts with the horse is the type of political wisdom. They prefer the sure-footed, if it be slow-paced, statesmanship of Lord Derby, especially in passing along the mountain tracks and by the precipices of a difficult foreign policy, to the keener impulses and quicker movements of Mr. Gladstone. Along a beaten path, and under good guidance, the preference may perhaps be justifiable; but when the way is lost and the rein has to be thrown on the neck of the animal, and speed is needed, the higher intelligence and keener impulse are perhaps desirable. The notion that a sensitive temperament, that is to say, a temperament keenly and delicately apprehensive, is dangerous, is a complaint against promptitude, fineness, and exactitude of perception. The more delicate and precise the instrument, the less, it seems, is it to be trusted. There is, perhaps, a sense in which a well-known doctrine of the late Sir William Hamilton in regard to external perception is true of purely intellectual and moral discernment. He lays it down as a law that though sensation is necessary to perception, yet above a certain point the stronger the sensation the weaker the perception. "If," to use his own words, "the affection be too strong, the pain or pleasure too intense, the light blinds by its very splendour, and the perception is lost in the sensation." Of course, however, all this is relative; and the light which might blind the weaker organs of a bat or an owl, simply gives the proper stimulus to the vision of creatures that live in daylight; to say nothing of the eagle, which fronts the sun with open eye. The emotional susceptibility which would be excessive in a weak nature, which would disturb a feeble

intelligence, and dissolve a languid temperament in indolent self-indulgence of its own feelings, may yet be held in its proper subjection by an active temperament, a strong will, and a persistent purpose. Burke was, if you choose to call him so, a sentimental politician; that is to say, he was a statesman capable of the strongest emotions and of urgent impulses. He was sensitive, and some of his declamation was what colder-blooded men might call hysterical. But his magnificent intellect, his indomitable energies, and his steady and persistent force of will, made docile servants of the gifts which, in a weaker nature, would have been capricious masters. To take a more recent instance which will be in everybody's thoughts, when Mr. Gladstone is described as a sensitive, emotional, impulsive statesman, it is necessary to ask whether these epithets are meant to imply want of physical and moral energy, of persistent purpose, of mental power? Is it meant that the emotions overcome in him the intellect and the will? that he is not pre-eminently, among the statesmen of the last half century, the man of business and affairs? If this is not meant—and it is not meant, though it may sometimes be said—the criticism of his policy and career which is based upon it falls to the ground. If it is meant, his whole public life and all the details of his more private pursuits which creep into publicity contradict it. Mr. Gladstone is really one of the most remarkable types, not of the emotional but of the energetic temperament, in which the forces of a strong physical and moral nature are put into action which might be dangerous, unless it were directed by an intellect of corresponding power to ends which recommend themselves to generous emotions and right moral feeling. Life depends on combustion, the physiologists tell us. With Mr. Gladstone the whole nature is on fire; *fervet opus.* In Lord Derby's case, the want of this element of impulse and emotion deprives his judgment of the materials necessary to a sound estimate of any question into which the passions and aspirations of mankind enter. Lord Beaconsfield's career has been marked, not only by persistency of purpose, but by a certain impulsiveness and sensitiveness at any rate of imagination. The misfortune has been that in him an active and resolute nature has not been swayed by deeply-seated moral convictions to worthy ends. Lord Derby, unemotional and steady, has plodded on in the road marked by the imprint of a long train of predecessors. Lord Beaconsfield's impulses, unswayed by large and humane sentiment, and uncontrolled by a pervading moral purpose, have often spent themselves in ludicrous and fantastic gambols and tricks, which remind the beholder of that arboreal animal in which the Darwinian philosophy sees the origin of man.

FRANK H. HILL.

CICERO AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

THAT pre-eminence of glory which Cicero hardly achieved as a statesman and a patriot,—hardly achieved though he had fully deserved it,—he amply enjoys as a man of letters. He has been a model to all who have come after him, not only in style, but in thought,—and, as in the arrangement of words, so also in the arrangement of ideas. He has taught all men of letters how the weight of serious subjects may be lightened by the beauty of language, and how dignity may be lent even to our pleasantries by the choice of phrases in expressing them. His ear was so perfect that he may be said to have created euphony in prose for all time to come; and his industry was so exacting that he has laid down for the use of others the laws by which he obtained his success. All this was as manifest to those who came soon after him as it is to us. Livy said, that to write Latin well one must write like Cicero; and Quintilian, the greatest of Latin critics, repeated to us what Livy had asserted.[1] As in the former paper which appeared in these pages I endeavoured to vindicate Cicero's character as a patriot and a statesman, so shall I endeavour here to point out the nature of the merits on which his literary triumph has been founded.

We must divide Cicero's literature into that which was spoken and heard, and that which was written that it might be read. Though much of his work has been lost in the darkness of intermediate centuries, very much has been preserved both of the one kind and the other. We cannot now hear his tones, which we know to have been powerful, musical, and capable of all inflexions;—but we can read his speeches with something of the feeling of the eloquence with which they were delivered. They produce on our ears the ring of a clear manly voice, which our imagination creates for itself out of the harmony of the words as they follow each other. We become indignant as he was indignant, suppliant as he was suppliant, rising as he rose to heights of patriotism, or even sinking as he would sink to arguments which we know to have been unjust, but which we feel to have been convincing.

That which he wrote that it might be read has to be divided under various heads. He began with poetry, as to which I need not say much, but will venture to say something. His treatises on Rhetoric are I think always printed first in his collected works, because two

(1) Quintilian, Lib. II. C. v. Cicero, ut mihi quidem videtur, et jucundus incipientibus quoque, et apertus est satis, nec prodesse tantum, sed etiam amari potest; tum, quemadmodum Livius præcipit, ut quisque erit Ciceroni simillimus.

of them are the earliest in date of the prose writings ascribed to him. His speeches are published next, of which a portion were not spoken or intended to be spoken; but were written only that they might be read. Such was the case with the five latter Verrine orations, and with the second Philippic. Portions also of other speeches as they have come down to us were not spoken. Those which we have extend over a period of thirty-eight years,—from the twenty-sixth of his age, B.C. 81, to the sixty-fourth of his age, B.C. 43, which was the year of his death. Then come his letters, divided generally into two parts, those to Atticus, and those to his "familiar friends,"—so-called. But, as of all his friends Atticus was the dearest and most intimate, the name perhaps might lead to error. Though generally separated, they have also been published chronologically, the one set mixed with the other; and they may be read with most advantage in this manner. Of Cicero's prose works, a fourth division is entitled his Philosophy;—so that there are four, his Rhetoric, his Speeches, his Letters, and his Philosophy. But under this last name are combined treatises with which the word Philosophy, either in its old Greek sense, or in that which we now generally give to it, has little or no connection. These treatises do, indeed, deal at great length with the old philosophy of the various Greek schools, but they also treat of moral conduct, of politics,—meaning the government of states,—of laws, and of religious observances. Were we to call Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son a work on Philosophy, the misnomer would hardly be more thorough than that we make in giving the name to Cicero's De Officiis. This essay is doubtless "philosophical" in the highest degree,—if we choose to go back to what may be the truest sense of the word. It contains much wisdom;—but that is not the idea which the word Philosophy conveys to us.

I will take our author's speeches first, travelling in this way somewhat out of the established order, because, as I have said, they belong to a different mode of expression from the works which were written for the closet, and because among the various badges of merit which he has received, that which has come to him as an orator is the brightest, or at any rate the best known. Something as to these I have already said when pleading for Cicero's patriotism. It was not possible to tell anything of the story either of Verres, or of Catiline, or of Antony, without alluding to the Verrine, Catiline, and Philippic orations. But there is a whole world of interest in these speeches, independent of the heart-breaking politics of the time. The manners, customs, laws, and awful wickedness of the Romans are laid bare, more openly than even in his letters or his essays. But it is to be remembered always that these Orations were made with the object of persuading rather than of teaching. In Cicero's mind was implanted, as the root of an oak beneath the soil, that duty

of an advocate,—which some of our own great lawyers have supposed to override all other duties,—the duty of making his case the better case, with reason and truth if the case permitted; against reason and truth, if the case could only be so handled. There were moments in which the orator's power was so great that he seems to have overwhelmed all obstacles as with a torrent, whether speaking in the Courts as an advocate, in the Senate as a legislator, or out before the people as a demagogue. He made it impossible for Hortensius even to defend his friend Verres. He drove Catiline out of Rome as with flaming swords. He persuaded the populace to abandon the quest of those lands which their darling Tribunes had offered to them. But it is in the Philippics that he best shows his courage as an orator. The first is comparatively mild. The second, which is noted for its vehemence, was never intended to be spoken, and cannot therefore be quoted as an example of his eloquence; but with the third and fourth, which were spoken on the same day, the one in the Senate and the other to the people, the torrent and the thunder commenced. They were so powerful that they almost restored life to an effete Senate, and roused the populace to the vehemence of their last passionate cries for liberty and country. We are told that Cicero was never a successful politician but for a moment or two. I do not know whether great efforts almost achieving divine results,—failing, but just failing, to reach the impossible,—are not more attractive than assured success with its loud blasts of triumphant discord. Cicero had become old and miserable. He had seen all that was admirable to him in his country sink gradually beneath the violence of would-be tyrants. He had, for a time, almost lost his public influence. His daughter was dead, his old wife had been divorced, his property had been dissipated, his brother and his brother's son had turned against him, in the last year or two he had striven to fill his mind and to divert his thoughts from the coming ruin by literary efforts which he made as difficult to himself as possible, in order that the diversion might be the more thorough. He was waiting for death among his books. Then Cæsar was slain, and there seemed again to be room for hope,—not for himself, but for his country. We hear of a light expiring in the socket with a last effort to illuminate. There never was such a last effort as these fourteen Philippics. He thundered at Antony, who was the foe of the moment, who was then the one enemy whom he and Rome had to dread, till he himself believed that success was coming,—till he makes the reader, who, of course, now knows the sad result, almost believe that success must have come.

And in much he was successful. He could not fight himself, but he did instigate his Romans to fight. He forced the two Consuls of the day to do battle against the man whom he hated with all his heart,

till they were victorious,—though they both perished in their victory. It is difficult now to reach any correct idea as to what might have been the result had Antony been overwhelmed at Mutina; nor is that the idea with which we are now dealing. It is the force of the words with which this old man endeavoured to rouse his country to new efforts and their efficacy in doing this on which I am insisting. We know what it is for an orator with a party at his back to contend with an opposite party and opposing orators. But here there was one man,—one who had come to be almost despised as worn out, impracticable now and belonging to an effete order,—but still a man in earnest as to his country against all the power that Cæsar had left behind him. The reader feels himself almost constrained to think that a fifteenth Philippic might have changed the current of the world.

As Cicero could be strong in words, so could he be sweet,—so sweet that the student becomes lost in the melody of the sound as though he were listening to the trill of a nightingale or vacantly delighting himself with the music of the linnet. I would ask a reader who does not read Latin to test the music of such words as the following,—hearing them from the lips of one who understands the language. To me they are so sweet that I can fancy that even without this assistance a lover of soft sounds must pause upon them with delight. "Quid denique virtus valeret, quæ in tempestate sæva quieta est, et lucet in tenebris, et pulsa loco manet tamen, atque hæret in patria, splendetque per se semper, neque unquam alienis sordibus obsolescit."[1] I will venture to add to these a few words, in the original, out of one of the treatises on Rhetoric, as being wonderfully sweet to the ears without reference to the sense. "His autem de rebus sol me ille admonuit ut brevior essem, qui ipse jam præcipitans, me quoque hæc præcipitem pæne evolvere coegit."[2] I might be tempted to add passages of the like nature without stint, were it not rather my duty to fill these few pages with my own English than with Cicero's Latin. To give an idea of this melody in a translation is, I think, beyond the power of letters.

But there are rare gems of which the charm is in the sense and of which some inadequate idea may be given by an English version. There was an old poet of Asia named Archias, who is said to have been one of Cicero's schoolmasters, and who in return for certain panegyric verses was made, rightly or wrongly, a Roman citizen. His claim to the great and awful privilege was called in question at law, and Cicero, who then enjoyed proconsular authority, was thought to derogate a little from his high position when he undertook to defend his old friend's case before the judges. This he did happily

(1) Pro Publio Sestio, C. xxviii. The words are spoken in praise of Cato's virtue.

(2) De Oratore, Lib. III. C. lv. The speaker simply says that as the sun is setting quickly so must he somewhat quickly bring his discourse to an end.

for Archias, for he succeeded;—we are strongly tempted to think in opposition to the true law, but very happily also for all coming ages. He founded his client's defence chiefly, not on any right which Archias had to the honour, but on the merits of literature generally, and thus he has left us a most exquisite essay on the subject. Among other passages is the following, which I think contains stronger arguments in favour of reading than I have ever found elsewhere, though it may be in twenty times the number of lines: "For other recreations do not belong to all seasons nor to all ages nor all places. These pursuits nourish our youth and delight our old age; they adorn our prosperity and give a refuge and a solace to our troubles. They charm us at home. They are not in our way when we are abroad. They go to bed with us. They travel about with us. They accompany us when we escape into the country."[1] These words,—those, at least, which came from Cicero, should be at the fingers' ends of every boy and known to every girl. The old man who has taken them home to himself need never be at a loss in his age. Upon him who has known nothing of them and never felt their influence years must indeed be a heavy burden.

But to those who are anxious to learn with what horrors life was stained, not in Rome only, but in the Italian States allied by citizenship to Rome, let me recommend the oration spoken in defence of Aulus Cluentius Avitus, when Cicero was Prætor. It is I think of all his speeches the longest, and with its many elaborate details of private life must have inflicted upon him immense labour. How at such a time, when his hands were full of public work, he could have undertaken such a task can now only be matter of wonder to us. It seems incredible that a woman could have lived as Sassia lived or a man as Oppianicus. Their murders and their marriages; their avarice, their incests, and the horror of all their acts, were such that the reader is led to doubt whether some morbid imagination has not been at work to create the ugliest picture which words could draw. I cannot tell the story. Indeed it would take many pages. But there it is in Cicero's oration. Oppianicus was banished, but Sassia seems to have lived on in prosperity, a wealthy matron, with all her frightful family around her. Cicero speaks with horror of the crimes which he describes; but he does not speak of them as though they must have been all but impossible.

Nothing can exceed our orator's humour, or his sound practical utility, or the grandeur of sentiment to which he will rise, sometimes in a word or two. One Plancius, who had been made ædile, was put on his trial for bribery by a beaten rival,—that being the Roman way of petitioning against an election,—and Cicero undertook the defence. In the course of his speech he deals with the position of

(1) Pro Archiâ, C. vii.

the Roman magistrates in general, and speaks of his own quæstorship. He had flattered himself that he had been a good quæstor, even a great quæstor,—so great that when he returned from Sicily, which had been the scene of his quæstorial duties, he thought that all the Roman world would be talking of him. He had made, he tells us, food plentiful in the midst of scarcity; he had been affable to men in business, just to the merchants, liberal to the town's people; he had never robbed the allies; he had been diligent in every duty. The gratified Sicilians had invented new honours for such a young quæstor;—and, if so, what would not Rome do for one so virtuous? When in his travels homeward he had come to Puteoli, a sort of Brighton or Biarritz at which the world of fashion was then taking its ease, some friend asked him on what day he had left Rome, and whether there was anything new there. "I am returning from my province," said Cicero proudly. "Ah, from Africa." "No indeed," said the unrecognised young Solon, beginning to wax angry; "I am fresh from Sicily." "What," said a bystander, "do you not know that our Cicero has been quæstor at Syracuse?" But he had not been quæstor at Syracuse. Sicily was divided under two quæstors, and he had been at Lilybæum. Then, he tells us, he made up his mind to be angry no more, and just to be one of the others at the waters. The same story has been often told with other incidents, but never told with a better grace than here by Cicero of himself.[1]

In support of what I have said as to Cicero's common sense I might name numberless passages, but I will quote only the two following as to political distinctions, and as to the value of evidence at ordinary trials. In the first he tells us that the citizens of Rome were divided into two orders, and these he defines,—the Conservatives and Liberals of these days,—not quite as we should define them, but as they might be defined by a cautious member of the Conservative party. He calls them Optimates and Populares; and then describes the Optimates as being all who are not criminal, not of vicious life, not devoted to lust, not encumbered by debt.[2] In the latter passage he tells us that if judges will believe all that witnesses tell them, not even the Goddess Safety herself could make a good man safe. In what follows, as he addressed himself to the Roman judges who had to decide on facts in criminal cases, he may be supposed under our laws to address himself to jurors. Any fool, he says, has an ear and can hear. In what then does the real judge,—or the capable juryman,—differ from the simple listener? "In weighing that which the witness says and subjecting it to the test of probability; in being able to perceive with what authority, with what fairness of spirit, with what modesty, with

(1) Pro Plancio, C. xxvi. (2) Pro Public Sestio, C. xlv.

what faith, with what scruple, with what regard for reputation, with what carefulness, and with what conscientiousness, the man's evidence has been given."[1]

In both eulogy and censure Cicero was accustomed to allow himself all the scope which language could give him. His personages are like the characters in many novels, either angels or fiends;—but his superlatives are produced in language so charming, or so forcible, that we are tempted to forgive the exaggeration. Eulogy cannot go beyond that with which he speaks of Pompey in his oration Pro Lege Manilia,—which in consequence of the grace of its language has been so commonly read in our schools. I have already given the exquisite passage (p. 404) in which he describes the public virtue of Cato, and have spoken in my former paper of the flattery he bestowed on Cæsar. As regards language it is all so beautiful that we would not like to lose a word; but here, as with some of the finest odes of Horace, though the skill is admirable and the sounds as sweet as those of running waters, the spirit which induced the words is despicable to us. To have told Augustus that he was a god—Augustus who, in the softness of his early youth, in that period of his life when a man surely should be tender, had agreed to the murder of his benefactor Cicero as a make-weight in a bargain —makes Horace almost odious to us. It is the same with Cicero. When Cicero praises Cæsar we have to remember that he must either have done nothing or have done that, either have spoken as he did speak or have held his tongue, and to endeavour to forgive him because of the evil days on which he had fallen.

But of all Cicero's praise his self-praise is the most frequent, the most ample, and I must also add the most eloquent. There are moments in which he rises so high and with such a flight that he carries us away with him,—as does Horace also when in his eulogy of himself he assures us that he will never "altogether die." See the third Catiline, in which Cicero tells his countrymen that the monument which he requires is to be built up for him in their perpetual memory of his great deeds.[2] The passage is so grand that the reader cannot be angry with the man who spoke it. And when he assures the people after his return from exile that he will revenge himself upon his enemies only by renewed service to his country,[3] one cannot stop to inquire whether it could have been right that any man should attribute to himself so much that was upright and good. Quintilian, who admired Cicero thoroughly, found himself bound to quarrel with him on this head.[4] But as his eulogy is delightful, so is his abuse awful. I will not quote special passages,

(1) Pro Manlio Fonteio, C. ix.
(2) In Catilinam, III. C. xi.
(3) Ad Quirites post reditum, C. ix.
(4) Quint., Lib. XI. C. i. "Reprehensus est in hac parte non mediocriter Cicero."

but will simply refer any curious reader to the diatribe against Vatinius, one of Cæsar's creatures; and to that against the unfortunate proconsul Piso. There are wonderful morsels also in the Philippics dealing with Antony's private character; but the words which he uses with regard to Gabinius and Piso, the men who were consuls in the year of his banishment, beat all that I know elsewhere in the science of invective.

In this short account of Cicero's speeches I should not have passed over that which he composed in defence of Milo when Milo was tried and condemned for the murder of Clodius, were it not that the speech spoken was certainly not the oration which exists. As we have it now it is surpassed by nothing that Cicero spoke or wrote either in grace or power. But in this instance he was quelled by the Clodian faction, who would not listen to his words, and he did not utter the words he had prepared. Rome was then at its worst, and was no longer free even to Cicero, and in its then form makes us almost own that a Cæsar was needed. Milo is reputed to have said afterwards in his banishment that if Cicero had spoken for him such words as those written, he would not then have been enjoying the delicious sardines of Marseilles. But no words, however godlike, would have saved Milo.

Were I to say that of all orators who ever lived Cicero was the foremost, I should be assuming to myself a right of judgment which I do not possess; but I think I am justified in saying that history tells us of no such effects of oratory as those produced by him. The Rome of Cicero was much bigger than the Athens of Demosthenes, and the matters in dispute of greater interest. Here, among ourselves who have perhaps studied oratory, or at any rate practised it, more than other people, we are often told that no member of Parliament can talk another member out of a vote. The marvel was with Cicero that he could turn a whole senate, a bench of judges, a gathered crowd of the people, a chosen body of priests, or a single despot with equal power and apparently with equal certainty. There can be little doubt that the judges were desirous of acquitting Verres, but they could not do it against his words. The people were clamorous to slay Otho because he had injured them in their theatre; but Cicero was stronger with them than their sense of injury. When Cæsar had spoken in the Senate against the execution of the Catiline conspirators, the Senate was minded to spare them. Even those who had already advocated severity, recoiled from their opinions in fear of Cæsar,—till Cicero spoke, and then the unhappy men were doomed. We now in these days know how Mr. Gladstone can rise in Demosthenic wrath, with what ready skill Lord Beaconsfield can snap an advantage, how sonorous is the roll of Mr. Bright's gracious voice. Going back a little, we remember Lord

Melbourne's potent pleasantries, and the polished venom of Lord Lyndhurst, and the irrational but successful thunderings of O'Connell. But Cicero could do all these things.

Cicero has been rather ridiculed than read as a poet. Those who laugh at his efforts are apt to quote the two lines which Quintilian gives as examples of our author's sin in praising himself. The chances are that if a reader of Latin be now asked for a sample of Cicero's poetry, he would at once begin, "O fortunatam natam me consule Romam," and beyond that would know only that one other line, "Cedant arma togæ; concedat laurea linguæ." But in truth among the fragments that we have there are one or two very fine passages,—and of what he wrote in his matured years we have but a few fragments. The longest passage which we possess of his poetry is from the "Phænomena," which he translated from the Greek of Aratus, when he was eighteen years old, and which describes the heavenly bodies. It is known to us best by the extracts from it given by the author himself in his treatise De Naturâ Deorum.[1] It must be owned that it is not pleasant reading. But translated poetry seldom is pleasant, and could hardly be made pleasant on such a subject, and certainly not by a boy of eighteen.* It is said that he wrote his poem in honour of Marius but two years after this,—the poem which his master Scævola said would endure as long as the Latin language. Scævola has been laughed at for saying so, but we have a fragment of it, quoted by himself in his treatise De Divinatione,[2] which is very fine, and which has been finely translated by Voltaire. It contains the picture of the battle between the eagle and the serpent, which Shelley has given in the first canto of the Revolt of Islam, having evidently taken it from Cicero's lines or from Voltaire's translation. Remembering what Latin poetry was at the time, I can excuse Scævola's enthusiasm. Many hard things have been said against Cicero as a poet, but I maintain that this passage is almost Virgilian, and that it is the finest and most melodious piece of Latin verse we have up to that date.[3] Twenty-seven years afterwards, at the time in which Lucretius was probably at work on his great poem, Cicero wrote an account of his Consulship in verse. Of this we have fifty or sixty lines, in which the author describes the heavenly warnings which were given as to the affairs of his own consular year. The subject was not a happy one, but the lines are harmonious, and the story is poetically told. It is often worth our while to inquire how poetry has become poetry, and how the altered and improved phases of versification have arisen. To trace our

(1) De Naturâ Deorum, Lib. II. C. xli. to C. xliv.

(2) De Divinatione, Lib I. C. xlvii.

(3) It is, I think, probable that the story of the eagle and the serpent, having been written by Cicero when he was very young, was taken from some Greek source. If so, I cannot name the source.

own melody from Chaucer down to Tennyson is a matter of interest to us all. Of Cicero as a poet we may say that he found Latin versification rough and unrhythmical and left it smooth and musical. Lucretius, supported by the great merits of a few fine passages, and by his skill in breaking into verses, however rough, a matter so uncongenial as that which he handled, has obtained the name of a great poet; but, writing at the same time as Cicero, he is less harmonious, and I doubt whether he has left anything finer than the battle of the eagle and the serpent.

We must regard Cicero's treatises on Rhetoric as the lessons in oratory, first which he was learning, and then which he produced for the benefit of the world around him. In many passages he tells us that he regarded an eloquent man as one who had done all that man can achieve. "Such is the strength of eloquence," he says, putting the words into the mouth of Crassus the orator, "that it should understand and teach the origin, the power, the different forms of all virtues, of all duties, and of all nature."[1] And again, he says, amplifying even the great praise of his own art given in the above passage, that the eloquent man must be "vir bonus, dicendi peritus,"—a good man skilled in the use of words. By this he means to imply that no man should be esteemed an orator at all points who has not fitted himself for the high duty of teaching others by the practice of moral duties as well as by skill in language. And again, he tells us that "in his opinion nobody can be regarded as worthy of the name of a perfect orator unless he shall have attained all knowledge as well as the power of expressing himself."[2]

Cicero's Rhetoric begins with two treatises—the first containing the four books, Rhetoricorum, addressed to one Herennius; and the other purporting to be De Inventione, which is a prolongation in many parts of the two first books of the former. These are lessons on the art of speaking, translated from the Greek, attributed to our author's very early years,—when he was twenty and twenty-one,—as to which there is much doubt as to whether he wrote them. Then in the prime of his mental powers, but during the decadence of his political activity, three years after his return from exile, he wrote his three dialogues De Oratore. In these there are various interlocutors. But Crassus is the hero and the great præceptor, while Antony and Cæsar are his chief assessors. These of course are not the men with whom we are familiar as tyrants and triumvirs, but their grandfathers or great-uncles,—the mighty orators and advocates of the age before Cicero. The reader feels these conversations to be long,—sometimes too long;—but they are full of

(1) De Oratore, Lib. III. C. xx.

(2) De Oratore, Lib. II. C. i. "Neminem eloquentia, non modo sine dicendi doctrina sed ne quidem sine omni dicendi sapientia florere et præstare potuisse."

wisdom which is as serviceable now as it was two thousand years since,—as when Crassus tells us that he who rises to speak on great matters, expecting all to be silent around him, should remember how much he takes upon himself.[1] Again, how useful might the caution be to our advocates to-day, in which he says, "Let us teach him this lesson first, that whatever case he takes up, he should be at the trouble thoroughly to understand it."[2] And when he warns us that all forms of expression should have their own beauty,—each, as it were, a colour and pith peculiar to itself; but that the outside flowers of rhetoric should not be scattered everywhere, but only used where judgment will sanctify them,—he gives us a lesson which ought to be useful both to writers and speakers now as well as then.[3]

There is perhaps nothing more remarkable in these dialogues than the examples of what we are expected to regard as jocular eloquence, given to us by Cæsar in the second book. The Romans were, I think, poor at wit, readily pleased with common jokes, and prepared to laugh at very little. It is certainly true that among the material bon-mots which Cicero puts into the mouth of Cæsar, there is not one which is not very bad. We will take a special example,—because it tells us something, in a side way, of that aspiration of the letter C among the Romans as to which we are somewhat in doubt. An advocate says to a witness, whom we may presume to have been one of the unwashed—"Video me a te circumveniri." "I see that I have been got the better of by you." But he makes the word sound as "hircumveniri,"—I perceive that you have come upon me, with all the smell of a nasty goat![4] Such were the barristers' jokes in old Rome! Cicero sometimes joked himself, and descended almost as low as this.

His other works on Rhetoric, five in number, were not written till the closing years of his life. When he was sixty, and when Cæsar was dictator, he published translations of the two orations, De Corona, which were made by Æschines and Demosthenes. The translations have been lost, but we have the short preface in which he tries to teach us how that wonderful man, the "optimus orator," may be found. It is a charming morsel of a few pages. Then in the same year came the Partitiones Oratoriæ, by which in a series of questions and answers between himself and his son—after the manner of Mrs. Mangnall I might say, had not Cicero come first,—he teaches the young Marcus how he is to arrange his cases when he comes to plead before the judges. This is very dull reading, as might be expected. Then comes the Brutus, as it is always called, a dialogue between himself, Brutus, and Atticus, De Claris

(1) De Oratore, Lib. I. C. xxv. (2) Lib. II. C. xxiv. (3) Lib. III. C. xxv.

(4) De Oratore, Lib. II. C. lxi. The complaint was not uncommon with the Romans. See Horace, Sat. I. ii., "Pastillos Rufillus olet; Gorgonius hircum."

Oratoribus. The object is to give a list of those who have been worthy to be called Orator. I cannot say but that much of it is dull because it treats of names which to us now have no interest. But there are passages of beauty which amply repay the reader's labour. The finest, perhaps, is that in which he describes what he has done himself, beginning "Nihil de me dicam;"[1]—then declaring that such perfection as he can imagine nobody has achieved, but leaving on the reader's mind the firm impression that one person, and one person only, has done all this, and that the one person has been himself.

Immediately after this, published in the same year, came the piece called "Orator," which is certainly the first in merit of these rhetorical discourses, and which should be read though all the others be neglected. It is intended, not to say who has been the greatest orator that ever lived, but to describe of what nature, and of what power, and of what charm, would be the orator perfect in all parts, if such a one could exist. There are, no doubt, many rules here laid down, which cannot now be of service to any aspiring speaker—as to which I hardly think that they can ever have been serviceable. He goes at length into the use of anapæsts, trochees, and other metrical feet, and makes us understand how delicate must have been the ears of a Roman audience. But though we may think his details too minute, there are passages which are very broad and very fine;—as when he tells us that if the subject in hand be small or intricate, the speaker's arguments should correspond; but that when the subject will permit the full flow of eloquence, "tum se latius fundet orator," "then let the orator pour out his power, then let him rule and sway the minds of men, and fill them with such affections as the nature and circumstances of his cause may require."[2]

He was then sixty-two; but a year later,—it must have been, I take it, just after the murder of Cæsar,—he penned one other paper on Rhetoric, which he calls Topica. It is addressed to his old correspondent Trebatius, a lawyer then growing into renown, whom we remember as the messenger whom Augustus sent to Horace when the Emperor, greedy for praise, wanted the satirist to write a laudatory epic. Like the early treatises which he translated from the Greek, it is intended to teach the reader where and how he should look for his arguments in any case that he might undertake. He says himself that he translated it by memory from Aristotle. But they who have compared it with the work of Aristotle which bears the same name assure us that the two differ both in plan and subject. The Topics of Cicero are not probably much read now, and hardly repay the general reader for his trouble.

Cicero's letters are much too numerous to be treated in detail in

(1) Brutus, C. xciii. (2) Orator, C. xxxvi.

these pages. There are about 800 of them,—802 of them, I think, which may be supposed to have been written or dictated by himself, —of which very nearly half—397—were addressed to Atticus. As I have said before, the reader should take them chronologically, as there is no specialty in those to his chief friend to place them apart or separate from the other. It is the charm of this correspondence that it deals with all subjects from the highest to the lowest, from his exhortations to Plancus to bring up his army out of the Trans-alpine countries to the aid of D. Brutus at Mutina, so that Antony might be beaten and the Republic saved, down to those in which he jokes pleasantly with Papirius Pætus as to the pleasure of good living, and as to the fitness of decency in language. The epistle which he sent to his brother Quintus, who had gone as governor to the province of Asia the year after his prætorship (B.C. 61), is a model, in regard to fraternal love, to general conduct, and to the state exigencies of the time. Quintus, we are led to imagine, had hitherto exercised his high functions with honesty,—with unusual honesty, for honesty in such positions was most unusual,—but at the same time with arrogance. He was anxious to come home, being, like his brother, uneasy unless at Rome. But Cicero begs him to stay for another year,—the privilege of doing so having been accorded to him,—in order that the good report might be confirmed and the evil report annulled by increased affability. The letter had to be one in which praise should be mingled with admonition, but it is so written that the admonition is conveyed without a sting, while the praise is gracious, full, and flowing. It was written in the interval between Cicero's own consulship and his exile, when the machinations of Cæsar and the outrages of Clodius were beginning to force upon his mind that despair as to the Republic which embittered the last eighteen years of his life. There is a letter from Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, as he was then, to Sir George Bowen, written when the former as Secretary of State had nominated Sir George to the governorship of Queensland, which I am apt to bracket in my mind with the other letter from a great statesman at Rome to a lieutenant over a province. I hardly know which contains the wiser precepts; but the language of the English Cabinet Minister to the Deputy is much more familiar and less careful than that of the elder Roman brother to the younger.[1]

As a complete set, the letters which Cicero wrote from his own seat of provincial government in Cilicia are perhaps the most interesting. They are official,—to the government at home, and to different officers of the government,—familiar, to his friend Atticus and others,—and there are many which are partly one and partly the other, giving in a private manner minute details of his govern-

(1) Lord Lytton's Speeches, &c., Vol. i. P. cxxi.

ment,—making complaints of the grasping injustice of his predecessor, whose injustice he hates but still pardons as having been common, expressing his own fixed resolve to take no penny from the poor provincials that was not his own, and declaring as he goes on that no such penny had been taken. It is in one of these letters to Atticus that we find that confession—"All this have I done for Brutus"[1]—as to which late biographers have been so heavy on him. To my mind the effort which Cicero made to act in direct contrast to the way of the time, to be honest infinitely above the honesty of the world around him, to do right in a way that no other Roman of that day understood, was very fine.

But perhaps the most remarkable fact in these letters is the intense desire which the man had to return to Rome. To have a great government in some rich province after being Prætor, and again another after being Consul, was the customary ambition of Roman magnates. It was for this purpose alone that many of them incurred the expense and serious danger of a candidature. But Cicero's ambition was of another kind. After neither office did he accept a governorship. But when he had returned from his banishment, he found himself compelled to put himself once more into official harness by accepting the office of Proconsul of Cilicia. The period for which these offices were generally held was a year; but that period was not unfrequently prolonged. Verres, as we know, continued to hold the governorship of Sicily for three years. Such prolongation was generally esteemed as an increase both of honour and wealth. But Cicero was so impatient of absence from the city, was so miserable when at a distance from the Forum, that he implores his friend Atticus with childish importunity,—begs him over and over again,—to save him from the annoyance of an extended absence.

He did come home at the end of the year, stirred by the ordinary Roman ambition for a triumph, and had to wait outside the city gates with the miserable attendance of his lictors, while he was trying to resolve whether he would or would not throw himself and his fortunes into the same boat with Pompey.

But as in his eagerness against Antony he rises to his highest flight of patriotic eloquence in his Philippics, so in the latter months of his life are the letters in which he instigates his friends to this war on behalf of the Republic the noblest in calibre of those we have from him. I have already spoken of those to Plancus. There are others of the same nature to Decimus Brutus and to Cassius. There is also a separate series of letters, twenty-six in number, consisting of a correspondence between Cicero and Junius Brutus, written subsequently to the death of Cæsar, treating of the affairs of the time. Some doubt has been thrown on their authenticity. It

(1) Ad Atticum, VI. i.,—or cclii. of the entire collection.

is I think generally now believed that Cicero did write those attributed to him. There can be no doubt that those bearing his name and those with the name of Brutus were not written by the same person. When we remember his age, his suffering, his despair,—his waning credit, which we can perceive even in the rudeness of Brutus towards him,—it is impossible not to be moved by the patriotic energy of the man. There is also a long letter addressed to the rising sun, Young Octavius, attributed to Cicero, but which is probably not from his pen.

All those essays which we know as the Philosophy of Cicero were written in the latter years of his life, and with the exception of the two treatises, De Republicâ and De Legibus, within the four last years. He tells us in many a touching passage that he has been driven to these tasks by domestic sorrow, and by the cessation of that employment on behalf of the State to which his whole life had been devoted. In the first book of the Academics—the first as it is printed—he says that, wounded by Fortune, and driven from affairs of Government, he seeks relief in philosophy, and that even though that which he is doing might not be the most fitting for himself or the most useful to others, he cannot see what else there is left for him.[1] Again he tells his son in the very last of these works that as by the mere exercise of his thoughts he cannot succeed in overcoming the weight of that enforced absence from affairs which the evil times of the Republic had brought on him, he has devoted himself to the work of literature.[2] But he rises to a higher pitch when he declares that his fellow citizens will perhaps not be ungrateful to him in that he had not buried himself out of sight, or deserted their cause, or given way to his sorrows, or indulged himself in fruitless anger against either men or circumstances, when the Republic fell under the power of a single tyrant; but had devoted himself to the work of laying open to Latin readers the thoughts of the Greek philosophers.[3]

The treatise De Republicâ, which, though it is divided into six books, is only a fragment, has been made familiar to us chiefly by the Dream of Scipio with which it is finished. This is a gem of composition, and should be known almost by heart to those who love the rhythm of Latin prose. I feel again tempted to quote a few words for the sake of their music. "Sermo autem omnis ille et angustiis cingitur iis regionum quas vides; nec unquam de ullo perennis fuit, et obruitur hominum interitu, et oblivione posteritatis extinguitur."[4] The ghost of the elder Africanus is here telling his grandson by adoption how short is the duration of human praise and how confined in sphere! No one will ever hear of his great

(1) Acad. II., Lib. I. C. iii.
(2) De Officiis, Lib. III. C. i.
(3) De Divinatione, Lib. II. C. ii.
(4) De Republicâ, Lib. VI. C. xvi.

deeds across the Ganges, because there the world is wild and illiterate; nor will ever the name of Scipio endure, as it is the fate of all things so to be destroyed by the recurring accidents of flood and field that no fame can be long-lived. It struck me as remarkable that I should find myself reading this passage in Australia just two thousand years after the death of the dreamer. In alluding to Cicero's idea of a God, I will presently refer again to some of the words which the ghost is supposed to have spoken. We have incidentally given to us in this treatise, De Republicâ, a singular instance of early protectionist legislation. The Romans did not allow their transalpine allies to grow olives or vines,—so as to keep up the prices of Italian oil and wine.[1] Cicero goes on to say that this may be wise, but that it certainly is not just. He was not advanced enough in political economy to see the evil which such restriction did to those of his countrymen who wished to buy oil and wine.

There are three books De Legibus, a treatise which was taken mainly from Plato, as is the case with so much of Cicero's so-called philosophy. Such at any rate is the case with the first book, in which he deals with rules for the governance of a Utopia which, however, in Cicero's hands assumes almost a character of reality. In the second and third books he treats of the Statutes of the Roman Law as they had gradually been brought into form, and refers them to the Twelve Tables,—the remaining fragments of which have been conveniently published as a sequel to this treatise in the French edition which I have used. Though it is on the whole dull reading, there are many passages of interest,—as when the author asserts, with the genuine love of Right which is the backbone of his character, that there is nothing more essential than that we should understand that we are "ad justitiam natos"—born to live by certain laws of fixed justice, and that Right is constituted not by opinion, but by nature.[2] The whole is told in the form of a conversation between Atticus and the two elder Ciceros. In the third book Quintus attacks the tribunate, supporting his charge with references to those demagogues who, when holding that office, had made themselves objectionable to the conservative Senate;—for Quintus is supposed to have been a strong Conservative. Then our Cicero answers him, with great political wisdom, explaining how much greater would be the danger from the people if they were allowed no leaders. He, the leader, says Cicero, will recognise the perils of his own position, while the people will be restrained by no such caution on their own part.[3] And then he goes on to explain the ballot in words which are as true now as they were then. A people altogether free would never have desired so base a compromise; but, because

(1) De Republicâ, Lib. III. C. vi. (2) De Legibus, Lib. I. C. x.
(3) Ib., Lib. III. C. x.

of the undue and otherwise impregnable influence of the rich, it had been demanded.[1] If you could have what you would really wish, then the votes of all would be free to all, and known to all;—known to all the rich, and yet free to all the poor.[2] But in the lack of public virtue the Romans were forced to a poor compromise;—as has been the case with us also.

Of that which I may call Cicero's pure philosophy,—the books in which he handles the doctrines of the different Greek schools,—I propose to say very little. They seem to have been poured forth from the abundant fountains of his mental and physical energy, because it was necessary that he should do something to employ himself. I doubt whether there is much original thought in them. A man who weighs the teaching of different schools, and then expresses a strong preference for one,—as he did for the teaching of the modern Academy, and a violent antipathy to another school,—as he did to that of Epicurus, must have exercised his mind strongly on the matter. Cicero certainly had done so;—but he originated nothing. Indeed such mental workings, though they attracted him in his enforced absence from the Forum and the Senate, were foreign to his nature. We feel as we read the doctrines which he enunciates, that they contain none of the principles in accordance with which he lived. A man no doubt may teach virtue and live viciously, as Sallust did. But it was not so with Cicero. To enjoy his days, and to make that enjoyment depend on the joint prosperity of himself and others, to shun pain, to recognise death as the closing of those human powers which it was his study to retain as long as he could use them, to love above all things the honours which his country could confer on him, to live easily, softly, even luxuriously while luxury was accompanied by no vice,—to be in short a thorough man of the world,—this was the chosen life of Cicero, and the life which he was proud of having achieved. But the rigour even of that School of Philosophy to which he dreamed that he had attached himself, despised all these things. Cicero, though he is ever abusing the Epicureans with a vigour and wit that are charming, that make the reader chuckle with delight, was at heart a profound Epicurean.

Of these philosophical treatises,—containing what we may call pure philosophy,—there are three. The Tusculans,—Tusculanæ Questiones,—in four books; two books of the Academics, a treatise from the Greek, of which the greater portion is lost; and five books, De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum, written with that long-sought but never-attained object of finding what is the Greatest Good and what the Greatest Evil to which humanity may be subjected. In the first Tusculan we are taught to despise death. But

(1) De Legibus, Lib. III. C. xv.

(2) Ib., Lib. III. C. xvii., "Optimatibus nota, plebi libera sunto."

no one valued life as did Cicero, who repeatedly tells his readers that life is to be lived even to the dregs. "It is not so that you may escape," the elder Scipio says when the younger asks why he should not at once join that assembly of immortal spirits who are happy in a celestial world.[1] In the second Tusculan our philosopher inquires whether pain is an evil, and can hardly bring himself to deny the fact, though the gist of his teaching is to tell us that we ought to be happy even though we were being boiled alive. The third is against sorrow,—which we are assured should never vex a wise man. It was the peculiarity, some say the special weakness of Cicero, that sorrow for a time almost unmanned him. It is my idea that this came from the intensity of his human sympathies, and that it was by them that he rose to be so much in advance of all mankind around him; but it certainly cannot be boasted of him that he was able to disregard sorrow. It is the object of the fourth Tusculan to teach us to conquer our passions, and of the fifth that happiness will be the sure result of virtue under any circumstances however rigorous. In all which we are reminded of Horace's little dialogue between the Stoic and Aristippus;—

Stoic. "If Aristippus could but dine off greens
He'd cease to cultivate his kings and queens.

Aristippus. "If that rude snarler knew but queens and kings,
He'd find his greens unpalatable things."[2]

Cicero all his life did know kings and queens, and preferred their mode of living to a mess of pot herbs.

The Academics are broken fragments. The De Finibus is very long. As containing philosophy these treatises are I think now useless;—unless a man may learn from them how very little the philosophy of the Greeks can do for the comfort of mankind. Through them all there are to be found passages of great interest, as is the case with everything which Cicero wrote;—but these passages are generally outside of the main subject. As when Cicero tells us that in his opinion the Latin language is richer than the Greek,—acknowledging at the same time that the Roman world generally thought otherwise;[3]—and when he reminds us that in addressing a crowd, something is to be allowed to the ignorance of the multitude. I am not now, he says, speaking to you as I spoke on that other occasion. Then I addressed the uneducated. Now I have to mind what I say.[4] In the fifth book he rises at last from off the dry sticks of his old Greek lessons to principles of true philanthropy, and to a full recognition of our duties to others.[5] But the bulk of these essays were

(1) De Republicâ, Lib. VI. C. viii.
(2) Horace, Epistles, Lib. I. xvii., as translated by Mr. Conington.
(3) De Finibus, Lib. I. C. iii.
(4) Ib., Lib. IV. C. xxvii.
(5) Ib., Lib. V. C. xxiii.

written by Cicero in most elaborate language because he wanted something to do, and because he could amuse his mind by investigating the old Greek lines of thought.

In the three treatises De Naturâ Deorum, De Divinatione, and De Fato, Cicero tells us much as to the old Pagan Gods, and the mode in which they were worshipped,—and should be worshipped by the orthodox. In the first and longer of these there are three interlocutors, Velleius, Balbus, and Cotta, who entertain, each his own opinion, the first as an Epicurean, the second as a Stoic, and Cotta as a Platonist. The disputes are amusing, but hardly useful. The two latter essays as to religious observances are neither useful nor, as I found them, amusing. But in reference to these works, though not more specially in consequence of their language than of that which is to be found scattered through his works generally, it may be said that Cicero's real opinion as to a godhead and as to those matters which in our eyes are enveloped with what we feel to be religious awe, had mounted altogether above the fictions and observances of Pagan worship. It is probable that with the educated Romans generally these fictions were disbelieved and the observances neglected. But Cicero had advanced far beyond negative disbelief, and had a creed of his own distinct enough in certain particulars, though very misty in details as is the creed of most of us. We find that he did believe in one great and good God who had made all things; that he did believe in immortality; and that he did believe that immortality would be happy or the reverse as men had in this world performed or neglected their duties to others. Since his time there have been various creeds with many branches;—but the main object of them all has been to inculcate on the minds of man that which Cicero held in his mind.

Though Cicero has written no one piece with the view of making known his religious opinions,—and indeed it was not in his character to militate with violence against the received religion of his countrymen,—the passages in which his thoughts are recorded, may be found spread throughout his writings. In his oration for Rabirius, spoken during his consulate, he expressed himself as follows:—"For many reasons it seems certain to me that the souls of the good must be eternal;—but chiefly because every great and good man looks forward into futurity for an everlasting reward."[1] Again, in that speech which he made to the Senate as to the Soothsayers, when Clodius had told the people that Rome was afflicted with portents because Cicero had been allowed to rebuild his house on consecrated ground, he said, "Can any one be so simple as not to perceive when he looks up to heaven that there must be Gods; or to believe that those heavenly bodies, which move with such subtlety

(1) Pro Rabirio, C. x.

that we cannot understand their order, can have fallen there by chance."[1] No doubt he speaks here of Gods,—not of one God,—but the idea is the idea of a great Creator, and it was necessary that he should tune his words to his audience. When he is writing in his own closet he can be more explicit. "So it happens that that God whom we recognise by our intellect, the conviction of whose existence is imprinted on our mind plainly as a footstep on the soil, is always invisible to our eyes."[2] The passages are far too numerous to be quoted, but I will refer once more to Scipio's dream. "For those," says the shade of Scipio to his grandson, "who have truly served their country, be sure that there is a place ordained in heaven, where in perfect bliss they shall enjoy eternity. For to that great God who rules all this world nothing is more acceptable than the meetings of counsellors for the service of the republic."[3] I might translate the whole passage, but the reader will find that there runs through it all the conviction of eternal rewards in heaven for deeds done in accordance with the will of an all-good and all-powerful Creator.

It remains for me to speak of his three moral essays, De Officiis, De Senectute, and De Amicitiâ,—and I have hardly space left for more than to declare that of all Cicero's works they are the most satisfactory. That which I have named first was the last written,—was indeed the last work of his life excepting those fevered orations and letters which he poured forth with all his dying energy in the hope of crushing Marc Antony. It consists of a treatise, or long epistle, in three books, addressed to his son, the young Marcus, and is intended to tell him how he should conduct himself in performing the various duties of his life. Comparing this with the philosophical treatises taken from the Greek, the reader is apt to think of diamonds and gems so closely set in a breastplate as to form one whole which cannot be separated, and of precious stones so scattered through the sands that the seeker has to inquire of himself whether the reward is sufficient for the labour of seeking. The good things of the De Officiis are the welded diamonds, while the sparkles of the philosophic books are the stones scattered through the sands. This should be the first read of Cicero's works and the oftenest, and should be the longest remembered. In speaking of money, of property, of the collection and dissipation, of the use and abuse of wealth, he is always wise, and almost always wise in accordance with our modern lights. His contempt for trade, which is,—only lately,—becoming honourable in our eyes, was to be expected. Though as to this, he says, that as long as a man deals only in large matters,—wholesale and not retail,—he may be held not to have descended to a sordid occu-

(1) De Aruspicum responsis, C. ix.
(2) De Naturâ Deorum, Lib. I. C. xiv.
(3) De Republicâ, Lib. VI. C. vii.

pation. Throughout the whole there is a gaiety of spirit,—as though the old man in his misery knew that he could not attract the attention of his son by severe language,—which makes the book as pleasant to the reader as it is wise and graceful. In the third book there are various cases given,—all amusing, some of them almost ludicrous in their nature,—as to what would be a man's duty in certain difficult positions. If a wise man had foolishly promised that on the occurrence of a named event he would dance publicly in the Forum, ought he to keep his promise or to break it? Should we keep faith with a robber? If a man make a deposit of money with you and then wage war against his country and yours, should you give him back his money? Cicero thinks that in that case the money should be kept; because nothing should be so dear as our country,—not even a sense of justice.[1] It may perhaps be said with truth of this essay that literary excellence in prose has never risen higher.

The De Senectute is an apology for old age, put into the mouth of Cato the elder, who discusses the matter in the presence of his two friends, Scipio and Lælius;[2] and the essay is thence called "Cato." It has always been much admired, and most deservedly. A French critic and translator describes its charms as—"cet atticisme, les délices des gens de goût et le désespoir des traducteurs." It is full of sweetness and full of wisdom. Perhaps the wisest words of all are those in which we are advised to withstand old age and to combat it as we would a disease,—not to surrender to ease and idleness because our hairs are grey, and our joints stiff.[3]

The De Amicitiâ, which is known to us by the name of Lælius, is not equal in interest to the two other moral essays. It is somewhat frigid, and the reader feels that it is laboured rather than pathetic. He will, however, be amused to find that even here again Cicero finds an opportunity of breaking out against the Epicureans. He is saying that, next to wisdom, friendship is the choicest gift given by the Gods to men. Some, however, prefer riches, some health, and so on. But there are many for whom pleasure has the most allurements;—but these are mere beasts of the lowest order![4]

I am not aware that in this short story of Cicero's writings I have missed any acknowledged work of his except the Paradoxes. These are six short essays, each about the length of a leading article in a modern newspaper, in which the author puts forward some doctrine contrary to the general opinion of the world. This is done in beautiful language, but the doctrines are trite enough. The first

(1) De Officiis, Lib. III. C. xxiv, and xxv.

(2) That Scipio and that Lælius who were the friends of Lucilius. "Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Læli."—Horace, Sat. II. i.

(3) De Senectute, C. xi. "Pugnandum tanquam contra morbum, sic contra senectutem."

(4) De Amicitiâ, C. vi. "Belluarum hoc quidem extremum est."

tells us that goodness is the only good thing;—the second that virtue suffices for happiness;—the third that all good actions are equally good and all bad actions equally bad;—the fourth, that every man not wise must be mad;—the fifth that no man is free but the wise man;—the sixth that the wise man, and the wise man only, is rich. They are addressed to the Stoic Brutus, who perhaps believed in them, but as they are certainly opposed to the sentiments of the world in general they are not wrongly called Paradoxes. They are attributed to Cicero's sixtieth year, and were probably then first published with the name of Brutus attached to them. But they must have been written much earlier. Cicero would not then have condescended to insert the abuse of Clodius and Crassus which they contain. With Crassus he had been reconciled, and long before this Crassus had perished in the Parthian war.

The Machiavellian counsels which Quintus gave to his brother when about to sue for the consulship are printed among Cicero's works and are called De Petitione Consulatus. The language seems to be Cicero's, and he probably re-wrote the essay. It is very short, very interesting as showing us the mode of preparing for such an election, and is very Machiavellian. The Consolatio, also published with his works, Cicero probably did not write, though there was a treatise by him De Consolatione which has been lost. Then there is a feigned address to the Senate "De Mutuo abolendis injuriis," in which the orator is supposed to recommend that after the murder of Cæsar everybody should forgive everybody. He may have spoken such a speech, but certainly not in the frigid words which we have here. There is also a volume of fragments which I will not weary the reader by attempting to describe.

Cicero's highest praise and widest fame is no doubt founded on his style. Whether this be just or not, the opinion will always remain. He has probably carried the art of expression to the highest known point of excellence, not only by a rare combination of intellect, industry, and opportunities, but by a union with them of great physical gifts. Without such a mouth and such a throat wherewith to speak, and such an ear with which to weigh and measure the words as they presented themselves, he could not have formed his sentences as he has done. By skill a man may write as Sallust wrote, and those who read will marvel at the close packing of the matter. But they will hardly be charmed. For delight there is wanted the sweet music of periods, the rising to eloquence, the fall to sympathy, the sudden pauses of arrested confidence, the full flow of eager narration. Sallust's work is excellent mosaic in which the accurate fitting is wonderful; but the prose of Cicero is like a group of Titian with the beautiful blue mountains in the background.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE rapid advance of Russian troops through Bulgaria and over the Balkans has been arrested, and even for a time reversed by a severe check received at Plevna. For two or three days it appeared possible that the course of the campaign in Europe would too faithfully reproduce the experiences of Armenia. The forces south of the Balkans were withdrawn, but the Shipka Pass remains in the hands of the invader, and although strenuous efforts have been made to dislodge him this has not yet been done. We have been repeatedly informed on official authority that Suleiman Pasha, crossing the Balkans, had effected a junction with Osman Pasha, who is on the right flank of the Russians, and if these official announcements had been confirmed, the Shipka Pass would almost certainly become untenable, and the force in possession might have been compelled to capitulate. But these statements have not been confirmed. After a day or two fresh intelligence has come to hand from Turkish sources inconsistent with the first declarations, and these have been treated as if they had never been made. The last news tells us Suleiman Pasha has captured the village of Shipka, but the defences of the pass lie above the village, and the possession of the latter does not threaten the loss of the pass itself. While the sphere of operations in Europe has been thus contracted, and aggressive action suspended, there has been a sensible renewal of activity in Armenia, and the Turkish forces are again falling away. The critical question of the hour is whether the interval that will pass before there is a similar recommencement in Europe will allow of the termination of the war in the present year. A second campaign is possible, in the absence of attempts at mediation, of which there is no evidence, on the part of neutral Powers. Although popular feeling in Russia has been chagrined by the check at Plevna, there is no hesitation in any quarter in supporting the prolongation of the war until its objects are completely accomplished.

At the close of our last review public opinion throughout Europe was excited by the rapid and apparently irresistible advance of Russia towards Constantinople. Excited Turcophils in England adjured the Government and Parliament not to waste the irrecoverable opportunity, and they may be said to have succeeded in persuading the Ministry to reinforce the Mediterranean garrison, by 3,000 men. The force thus despatched to the south was obviously useless as an assistance to the Porte, while irritating Russian feeling. Meanwhile the affair at Plevna happened, and served to relieve the Ministry of

all embarrassment. Osman Pasha had advanced from Widdin with an unknown force, and as he thus threatened the right flank of the Russian army it was determined to attack him at Plevna, about thirty miles south-west of Nicopolis. The first attack was made on the 20th July, and was not successful. The Russian loss was officially stated at 2,000 men placed *hors de combat.* It was naturally held necessary to redeem this blow. It was impossible to sustain the advance into Roumelia while Osman Pasha remained in force to harass the right wing, and it was also desirable to restore the spirit of the army. But the course pursued proved to have been exceedingly ill-considered. There are always disputes after disasters as to who was the cause of them, and the rashness of the second attack at Plevna has been freely ascribed to the Grand Duke, the Commander in Chief. Like the Grand Duke Michael in Armenia he has been made the scape-goat of criticism, and with our own experience of Royal Commanders we cannot say they are above the possibility of error. The second battle of Plevna lasted two days, beginning on Monday the 30th July. The Turks held a strongly entrenched position, when they were attacked by General Krudener, with a force variously stated at from 40,000 to 60,000 men. The first lines were taken and the second attempted; but it was impossible to drive the Turks out of their trenches, or even to maintain the position first taken. The battle is said to have revealed the backwardness of Russian tactics. Their men are described as advancing in solid masses, instead of in the skirmishing order adopted since the introduction of arms of precision, and they were thus exposed to merciless and useless slaughter. This charge of fatal persistence in adhering to a system of attack inappropriate to modern war has been repelled by Russian authorities, but appears to have at least a basis of truth. The result of two days' fighting was a defeat, which communicated a panic to the Russian base. Great alarm was felt at Simnitza and spread to Bucharest, and it was not until the following day, when a large number of prisoners arrived, opportunely captured by the army of the Czarewitch near Rasgrad, that confidence was restored. The last intelligence from Russia states the losses in the two battles before Plevna at 8,000 to 10,000 men, half of whom were killed or seriously wounded—an enormous proportion of the number engaged. About 5,000 wounded were actually brought into hospital at Sistova, Simnitza, and Turn Magurelle. The bulk of Krudener's army continued, however, to hold their ground, nor has Osman Pasha made any attempt at a counter-assault. He has remained in his strong position, waiting for that junction with Suleiman Pasha which has not yet been effected. In the meanwhile the Russians were immediately reinforced by 10,000 Roumanians, and a second body of the same troops of equal

strength has been ordered to join them. The quality of these soldiers remains to be proved. More reliance will be placed on the reinforcements ordered from Russia, and already in part arrived, including the whole of the Imperial Guards. While the Russians have thus been recruiting themselves, the weather has been unfavourable to the immediate renewal of military operations. Heavy and continuous storms of rain have deluged the valley of the Danube, and have reduced the roads to a condition of impassable mud. Much blame has been cast on the Russian commanders for having neglected to make better roads during the continuance of the dry weather. It must be added that much sickness is said to prevail at the Russian head-quarters, where the sanitary arrangements are described as exceedingly imperfect.

Apart from the attempts Suleiman Pasha is making to capture the Shipka Pass, the military situation in Europe is one of expectancy and preparation. General Zimmermann remains in a strong position near Tchernawoda; but a mixed Turkish and Egyptian force is said to be about to occupy Kustendjie, with the object of recovering the line of railway. Farther west the Russian positions form a triangle, having the Danube as its base and the Shipka Pass as its apex. The Czarewitch is in command of a large army, forming the Russian left, and he is faced by Eyoub Pasha at Rasgrad and by Mehemet Ali Pasha at Osman Bazar. The force under Mehemet Ali is said to amount to 60,000 men; but this is probably an exaggerated estimate. If Suleiman Pasha could force his way over the Balkans, he would occupy a middle point between Mehemet Ali Pasha and Osman Pasha at Plevna, Tirnova being the centre to which his line would be directed. In this way the Turkish forces would form a semicircle enclosing the Russian army, and the Russian Commander-in-Chief would have an advantage in being able to direct his attack, now towards one and now towards another point of the environment about him. There is, however, another movement apparently in progress. Russian scouts have made their appearance to the north of Osman Pasha's position at Plevna, and an attempt may be in contemplation to turn what has proved so difficult of capture by assault. It is in connection with this that rumours have been revived that Servia would again enter upon hostilities, but these rumours require confirmation. In Montenegro the Turkish fortress of Nicksics still holds out, although it has often been reported on the point of capitulation, and it is now declared that reliefs are advancing towards it in such force that the siege must be raised. It would seem to be impossible to extinguish the rebellion in the Herzegovina. Despotovich, who was in command, was driven across the frontier, and, being surrounded by Austrian troops, was compelled to lay down

arms, and he has since been interned at Linz; but the insurgents, who were for the time dispersed, have reassembled, and there is no power to reduce them to submission.

The Turks have abandoned their campaign in the Caucasus, and Hobart Pasha has been engaged in bringing away the unfortunate inhabitants who were stimulated to revolt. As we have said, little has been done in Armenia, but Generals Loris Melikoff and Tergukasoff have been slowly readvancing, while Mukhtar Pasha has concentrated his forces at Subratan. Nothing has been attempted beyond reconnaissances, and it has apparently been determined to subordinate the campaign in Asia to that in Bulgaria. Our Ambassador at Constantinople, Mr Layard, was evidently much alarmed by the progress made by the Russians in Armenia at the beginning of the war. A Blue-Book issued from the Foreign Office, just as Parliament was prorogued, contained a despatch from him dwelling on the danger to our interests involved in Russian possession of the valley of the Euphrates, and Russian control in Persia. A comparison of dates leads to the conclusion that this despatch must have been received just before Lord Salisbury made his speeches in the House of Lords and at the Merchant Taylors' Hall in ridicule of alarmists, who forget the scale of the maps they examine, and it will be remembered that the latter speech was emphatically approved by Lord Derby, who was with his colleagues a guest of the Merchant Taylors.

The truth concerning the accusations and counter-accusations of atrocities has been made manifest during the past month. The witness of English correspondents with the Turkish armies must be accepted as unimpeachable when it is given in favour of the Russians, since it tells against the natural prepossessions of their position. The same remark applies to the evidence of English correspondents with the Turks against the Turks, and again to the evidence of English correspondents with the Russians against the Russians and for the Turks. With respect to the conduct of the campaign in Asia this best evidence is unanimous and conclusive in testifying to the watchful care and humanity of Russian commanders that no cruelties should be committed, and to the success of their zeal in preventing these additional horrors of war. The stories which had been put into circulation to the contrary have been, one and all, examined and found baseless. It was wonderful, the *Times* correspondent wrote, to see how even the crops were spared by the Russians, the troops keeping to the road and avoiding all young corn. On the other hand, while the Turkish regulars appear to have acted in a praiseworthy manner, the atrocities committed by the Kurds and Circassians are described as past all belief. The treachery and cruelty of the Kurds at Bayazid were strongly reprobated by

Mukhtar Pasha himself, but these excesses were the necessary consequences of the employment of such uncivilised auxiliaries, and Faik Pasha, the Lieutenant-general immediately in command of them, made no attempt to restrain the massacre. It was said that he was to be tried by court-martial for his negligence, but no confidence was felt that this threat would be fulfilled.

The Russian regulars in Europe have observed the same humanity in warfare as in Asia; but the same cannot be said of the Bulgarian auxiliaries who have been enrolled by the invaders. These men cherish towards the Turks the feelings of slaves revolted from inveterate cruelty and tyranny, and their impulse is to seize the opportunity of repaying cruelty by cruelty, and of redressing robbery by robbery. But while Russian auxiliaries have not been wanting in brutality, the Russian officers have been incessant in their exertions to restrain and punish their excesses. The Bulgarians have found themselves, to their astonishment, prevented from plundering Turkish households, desecrating mosques, and outraging women and children, and, in fact, their impulses have been so kept under that atrocities have been comparatively few. The Turkish troops, especially those in Roumelia, have been under no such control, and the withdrawal of General Gourko's troops from Kezanlik and the villages south of the Balkans has been followed by a reign of cruelty and terror. The German Government have thought it necessary to remind the Porte that Turkey was a party to the German Convention, and to insist that prisoners and wounded must be treated according to the rules then adopted. This remonstrance, which is said to have occasioned great depression at Constantinople, has been followed by similar remonstrances from Austria and Italy, and accurately corresponds with the judgment of impartial bystanders on the Turkish conduct of the war.

The course of events in France confirms the impression that the Marshal and his ministers must be defeated at the elections. The divisions among the fractions of the Conservatives continue, even if they have not increased; while the members of the Left maintain that remarkable unity which has so much impressed foreign observers as well as the French nation. As we write we learn that the Ministry have resolved to consummate their errors by prosecuting M. Gambetta. The Marshal-President has made two provincial excursions. At the end of July he visited Bourges, and at the beginning of the second half of August he made a progress through a portion of Normandy. The first of these tours did him no good; the second sensibly injured his position. The effect of them was to lead him to abandon a third expedition, to St. Etienne, which had been announced. He was told that the Normans universally desired

the consolidation of the Republic, and an end of the crisis through which France was passing. The language thus addressed to the Marshal was clear but it was respectfully worded, and while he could scarcely decline to hear what was said, he soon found it convenient to abstain from replying. At the same time that he was undergoing this unsatisfactory experience, M. Gambetta made a great speech at Lille, very moderate in expression, but full of confidence in the result of the appeal to the people—the speech for which he is to be prosecuted; and in Paris itself, intriguers were busy in trying to oust the Duc de Broglie and General Berthaut from the Cabinet, as being too moderate to support a real *coup d'état*.

The visit of the Marshal to Bourges occurred on the 28th of July, and at that time he spoke as if he was confident of the support of the country. There were not wanting official and semi-official replies to confirm him in his hopes. The Archbishop recognised in him the saviour of society, and the President of the Local Court of Appeal approached him in that attitude of servility which is the scandal of the magistracy of France. Before the Marshal began his Northern tour at Evreux on the 16th of August, his anticipations of victory had clearly abated, yet he continued to talk of the termination of the crisis by the election of a Chamber with a Conservative majority. He maintained an absolute silence as to what might happen should this expectation not be realised. It could scarcely be expected that he would announce his resignation, as this would be a death-blow to the chances of candidates in his interest; and we may hope he would bow to the national will. If it is true that the attempts have been made, to which we have referred, to reconstitute his Cabinet upon a more distinctly militant principle, it is also true that there have been suggestions thrown out of a new alliance between the Government and the Left Centre. These have been promptly rejected. A vigorous article immediately appeared in the *Journal des Débats*, attributed to M. Thiers, declaring any such combination as impossible, and the unity of the Left has shown no sign of indecision. M. Thiers himself has been received with enthusiasm at occasional appearances in the provinces, the last being when he was on a visit to the sea-side at Dieppe. The suggestions for the reconstruction of the Cabinet by the dismissal of the Duc de Broglie and General Berthaut were most energetically made in the *Figaro*, a journal of no political authority though possessing "the largest circulation" on the Boulevards, and said to be regarded with favour at the Elysée. They were formally denounced in the columns of the *Moniteur*, and at the same time attributed to the influence of General Ducrot, but a note in the *Journal Officiel* has acquitted the General of all complicity in them.

The fête of the Assumption was again made the occasion of Bona-

partist gatherings at the church St. Augustin in Paris and at Chiselhurst, but these gatherings appeared to testify to nothing beyond the harmless and graceful sentiment of fidelity in personal friendship. The mass at Chiselhurst was totally devoid of everything that could give it a touch of political character. There was no one present who has held or could be suspected of holding a political position. One of the oldest and most devoted of the personal adherents of the Empire died on the 18th. Dr. Conneau began life as private secretary to the ex-King of Holland; he was afterwards attached to the household of Queen Hortense; he shared the early adventures of Louis Napoleon, and having been brought with him into great prosperity finally accompanied him into exile.

The House of Commons was prorogued on the 14th, and it appears that it may now be taken for granted that its sittings cannot survive by a week the opening of grouse shooting. The Session was singularly barren of legislative fruit, but it will be remembered for the violent scenes and demoralised temper that characterised its close. The struggle between the majority and the extreme section of Home Rulers became fiercer and fiercer, and it ended in a trial of physical endurance. A sitting prolonged for twenty-six hours wore out the minority, and a feeling of triumph, half-boyish, half-vindictive, prevailed for a time at Westminster. Subsequent reflection must have greatly reduced this satisfaction. It was seen that a great price had been paid for the victory. The majority had undoubtedly overcome resistance, but it was at the cost of abandoning all pretence of discussing and debating the project of law nominally under consideration. The Bill was thrust through, many of its clauses being hastily dropped to facilitate the process. A recurrence of such tactics would be fatal to the reputation of Parliament, and would indeed destroy the main purpose of its existence. Nor is it easy to apportion with strict justice the blame of this dangerous precedent. Before we can pass judgment upon it we must review all the circumstances of the Session that led up to it, instead of being content, as too many have been, with an imperfect knowledge of what happened in the sitting that was so prolonged.

We closed our review of last month on the morning of Thursday the 26th. On the previous afternoon the South Africa Bill was under consideration in Committee, and in the course of a speech Mr. Parnell had declared that he felt an interest or satisfaction—the precise word is disputed—in preventing and thwarting the action of the Government in respect of the measure. These words were taken down on the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who immediately added another motion that Mr. Parnell be declared in contempt and suspended until Friday from his functions as member.

In a short debate that arose it was made clear that the words used were not open to censure, and Mr. Hardy saved his colleague from open humiliation by moving an adjournment until Friday of the debate on the motion that Mr. Parnell should be suspended till Friday! Before proceeding any farther it may be well to consider how the case then stood. Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar had during the Session put in the notice-book notice of opposition to a large number of bills of the most various character, but they explained that they had done this with no purpose of offering a general obstruction to the progress of these measures. They gave formal notice of opposition in order to prevent their being taken in hand after half-past twelve. Their conduct supported this plea, since they generally withdrew all opposition when bills were brought forward before midnight. Much ignorant criticism of their action thus falls to the ground. They had done, and with no appearance of factious spirit, what the rules of the House permitted; and if the result was inconvenient the rules should be modified. These members, however, made themselves obnoxious by attempting to stop at or soon after half-past twelve business actually in hand. It is not unreasonable that such a limit should generally be observed, but it may easily be understood that when work is in progress, and the members specially interested in it are present, it is often convenient to prolong the sitting for half-an-hour in order to complete a particular stage. In refusing to acquiesce in an occasional prolongation of the sittings, the members in question put themselves in the wrong; and it is an insufficient defence of their conduct that they were irritated by the overbearing language and attitude of many of the majority. The sitting of the 2nd of July, which lasted until a quarter past seven in the morning, was an example of an indefensible tenacity of opposition of a minority of seven, generating feelings of hostility on the part of the majority that made possible what subsequently happened. Something different must be said of the conduct of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Biggar, Mr. O'Connor Power, and their immediate friends in relation to the legislative action of Parliament. They took a large and useful share in the discussions on the Prisons Bill, and though it may be suggested that their views were occasionally enforced with unnecessary length and unnecessary repetitions they did no more than has been innocently done by hundreds of members before them. It was a striking deviation from practice to discuss the Mutiny Bills; but here again the minority were acting strictly within their rights, and they produced the conviction that the work they were doing was work which ought to be done and had too long been neglected. Summing up the situation at the time the South Africa Bill came under discussion in the House of Commons it may be said that, while the

so-called obstructive members had been unjustifiably troublesome in many attempts to arrest business at 12.30, they could not be convicted of anything approaching the offence of general obstruction. It is quite true that in addresses in the metropolis and the provinces they had boasted of the inconvenience they had occasioned, and had threatened to be still more troublesome in the future; but it was impossible to construct an offence out of this language. When the South Africa Bill was introduced into the House of Commons, Mr. O'Donnell had entered the assembly as member for Dungarvan, and the part he proceeded to take in subsequent debates undoubtedly tended to aggravate the exasperation of the majority. His voice, his bearing, his manner were the reverse of conciliatory, and he early exhibited an alarming power of continuous utterance. It was under such circumstances that the course of the South Africa Bill began. The Bill abounded in topics that invited discussion. It was, as introduced into the House of Lords, a measure enabling the Colonies and States of South Africa, including the Orange River Free State and the Transvaal Republic, to join together in a Federal Union after the pattern of the Canadian Dominion; but, in the meanwhile, possession had been taken of the Transvaal Republic by Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and the Under-Secretary for the Colonies devoted to a defence of this act the speech he made on the second reading of the Bill. Discussion was thus invited on the propriety of the absorption of the Transvaal Republic, besides (among other topics) the circumstances of Mr. Froude's mission to South Africa in recommendation of Confederation; the alleged repugnance of the South African Colonies to the proposal of Confederation; the policy of recommending Confederation to those who were unwilling or unready to receive it; the fitness of the particular Constitution contained in outline in the Bill; the utility of a double Chamber; the question whether the Upper Chamber should be nominated or elected; the participation of powers between the Central and the Provincial Legislature; the degree of dependence of the Provincial Administrations on the Central Administration; the position of the Native population and management of Native affairs, &c. &c. While all these things were treated in principle in the Bill, every detail was left to be settled at the discretion of the Colonial Secretary; and the constitutionality of entrusting him with such undefined powers was added to the other subjects discussed. It will thus be seen that the number of questions that might be legitimately argued, and, indeed, ought to be argued, was extraordinarily great; and it was stoutly contended that such a Bill ought not to be submitted to an exhausted House of Commons in the second half of July. Nevertheless, the debate on the second reading was brief. Lord Kimberley had approved of the Bill in the House of Lords, and Mr. Knatchbull-

Hugessen in the House of Commons followed the example of his former chief. Mr. Courtney made an elaborate speech against the measure, and he was seconded by Sir Charles Dilke; but the second reading was supported by the considerable majority of 81 to 19. When the time arrived to go into Committee Mr. Parnell and Mr. O'Donnell appeared among its determined opponents. There are many reasons why the supporters of Home Rule should participate in discussions of a scheme of Confederation, and these members declared themselves interested in the measure on account also of its bearing on the treatment of subject-races. The debate on the motion to go into Committee occupied the whole of Tuesday night the 24th, but this cannot be said to have been unduly prolonged, as Sir George Campbell, Mr. Forster, Mr. Jenkins, and other members having special interests in the Bill, who had not spoken in the first debate, took this opportunity of explaining their views. It was on Wednesday the 25th that the real work of Committee began, and then also passion first became manifest. Mr. Parnell and Mr. O'Donnell began to discuss anew the principles of the measure on the motion, generally a common form, that the preamble be postponed; and it was then that the Chancellor of the Exchequer made the mistake, already noticed, of moving that Mr. Parnell's innocent words should be taken down. The presence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer throughout an afternoon of Wednesday was most unusual, and it seemed at the time as if the leader of the House had come to wait and watch for an opportunity of catching Mr. Parnell tripping. Sir Stafford Northcote subsequently disclaimed any such design, but the false impression that was honestly formed of his action worked as much mischief as if it had been true. We have said that the motion to suspend Mr. Parnell was postponed. The next day Lord Hartington asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether it would not be better to deal with any proposed alteration of the rules apart from any irritating events that had happened, to which Sir Stafford Northcote assented, and the resolution censuring Mr. Parnell was therefore read and discharged. On Friday two new rules were adopted: the first giving power to the House to vote, without discussion, the suspension of a member twice called to order and reported by the Speaker or Chairman to be disregarding his authority, the member himself, however, being heard in explanation before the vote is put; the second disabling a member from moving more than once, at the same stage of committee, that the Chairman report progress or leave the chair and from speaking more than once on either of these motions. The incriminated Irish members took little part in the discussion of these rules, which were accepted with reluctance. On Monday the 30th Committee on the

South Africa Bill was resumed, and the whole night was spent over the third clause. It is true that this was the pivot clause of the measure, but there was unquestionably needless prolixity and repetition on the part of Mr. O'Donnell and of Mr. Parnell, and the temper of the House was further injured by an incautious ruling of the Chairman, which Mr. Callan, with more truth than decorum, characterized as an insult to the common sense of the Committee. It may be assumed that by this time Mr. O'Donnell and Mr. Parnell had hardened themselves in the resolution to use all the forms of the House, and to exhaust their own powers of frequent speaking, to defeat the Bill; and, before the sitting of Tuesday evening began, the question what should be done required consideration. There were four courses, two of which—the abandonment of the Bill, and an immediate alteration of the rules of the House—may be at once dismissed. The third was to divide the remaining clauses into portions—two or at most three—so that each portion represented the fair work of a night, and to prolong each sitting until its portion was despatched. The fourth was to resolve that all the remaining clauses of the Bill should be got through at a single sitting. It was unhappily resolved to adopt this last plan. This was not universally known, though it began to be whispered about in the Lobbies early on Tuesday evening. The Committee was resumed but the progress was slow, and about nine o'clock Mr. Goldney, a supporter of the Government, moved to report progress in order to drop all the clauses after the third. For a time it seemed as if this suggestion might be adopted, but there was soon manifested a feeling that this would be a surrender to the minority, and the Government declared against it. In the course of the discussion upon this suggestion, Mr. Forster pronounced in favour of sitting up all night to finish the Bill, and spoke of "relays" of members relieving one another so as to accomplish this object. After this conciliation and reason were hopeless. Sir William Harcourt had, at an earlier hour, inflamed the minds of members, and he showed repeatedly in the course of the evening, as he had on several previous occasions, an unhappy power of exciting the passions of the majority. If, as some thought, Mr. Forster was in any degree emulous of rivalling his colleague's distinction in this respect he was outdone. Up to two or even three o'clock the spirit of parliamentary debate was not, however, wholly lost. Sir George Campbell and Mr. Courtney went on proposing serious amendments; and about two o'clock the latter gentleman urged the Government to fix a limit, say the 40th clause, which involved new and important questions, up to which the Committee should go before agreeing to an adjournment, but not to try to force the whole Bill through in a way destructive of discussion and deliberation. Mr. Fawcett powerfully supported this suggestion, but

it was rejected; and from that time onwards there was no pretence of discussion. One violent scene followed another. Three members successively relieved Mr. Raikes in the duties of the chair. The promised relays began to arrive about seven o'clock. The minority of seven tried to relieve themselves by the temporary retirement of one or two of their number, but they were too few to sustain these tactics. Their power of resistance visibly declined, yet it was not until noon had nearly arrived, when Sir Stafford Northcote threatened to move to suspend them, that they yielded. Nominally they yielded in deference to this threat, but in truth they were worn out and glad of any excuse to terminate the unequal contest. The South Africa Bill thus passed through somewhere about two in the afternoon, but something yet remained to illustrate the mischief that had been wrought to the character of the House of Commons. The sitting thus prolonged was the sitting of Tuesday evening, and it must be confessed that two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon is after half-past twelve on Tuesday night. It was submitted that the opposed business remaining on the paper could not be taken in accordance with the rules, but Sir Henry James urged that the triumph should be made complete by proceeding to dispose of an Irish County Courts Bill, and the Speaker, with some hesitation, ruled that it might be considered though opposed. The painful experiences of the night and morning proved that there was no magic at Westminster to prevent the House of Commons from rivalling the violence of Versailles, and reproducing the lawlessness of Transatlantic or Australian Assemblies. As to the new rules, adopted the week before, the second was not, as has been erroneously thought, disregarded. It was kept, but it was proved to be inefficient. The first was not used, although a threat was at length made to put it into motion. It may be added that it was in the subsequent week used to silence Mr. Whalley, and it is an instructive fact that when it was employed the Speaker forgot to ask the offending member, as the rule provided, whether he had any explanation to offer, and no one ventured to point out to the Speaker the error he was committing. The rules, being adopted for the Session only, have now passed away; but it is obvious that the first duty of the House of Commons next year will be to consider and revise its methods of procedure. This is a work that must be undertaken before the fires of passion are again lit up, and the dry light of reason extinguished. It is to be hoped that no superstitious regard for past usages will prevent members from recognising changes that are necessary for the preservation of order. The reputation of Parliament must not be endangered by a renewal of the closing scenes of the Session of 1877, in which, as was too coarsely said, rowdyism was met by rowdyism.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Natural Law. An Essay in Ethics. By EDITH SIMCOX. Trübner & Co.

The Theory of Sound. By BARON RAYLEIGH. Vol. I. Macmillan.

Mottiscliffe: an Autumn Story. By J. W. FERRIER. Blackwood.

The Life of Napoleon III., derived from State Records, from Unpublished Correspondence, and from Personal Testimony. By BLANCHARD JERROLD. Vol. III. Longmans, Green, & Co.

Apologetical.

A History of Materialism. By F. A. LANGE. Translated by C. E. THOMAS. Vol. I. Trübner & Co.

A standard authority on the subject.

Some Articles on the Depreciation of Silver. By the late WALTER BAGEHOT. King & Co.

Essays reprinted from the *Economist*, combating the belief in the permanent depreciation of silver.

Blue Roses; or, Helen Malinofshka's Marriage. By the Author of "Vera." 2 Vols. King & Co.

L'Étudiant. Par J. MICHELET. Calmann-Lévy; Barthès and Lowell.

The course of lectures by Michelet on the part of the youth of his period in the Revolution, which was suspended by the government of Louis Philippe.

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Treats of the period from 1600 to 1636.



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SCIENCE AND MAN.[1]

A MAGNET attracts iron, but when we analyse the effect we learn that the metal is not only attracted but repelled, the final approach to the magnet being due to the difference of two unequal and opposing forces. Social progress is for the most part typified by this duplex or polar action. As a general rule, every advance is balanced by a partial retreat, every amelioration is associated more or less with deterioration. No great mechanical improvement, for example, is introduced for the benefit of society at large that does not bear hardly upon individuals. Science, like other things, is subject to the operation of this polar law, what is good for it under one aspect being bad for it under another.

Science demands above all things personal concentration. Its home is the study of the mathematician, the quiet laboratory of the experimenter, and the cabinet of the meditative observer of nature. Different atmospheres are required by the man of science, as such, and the man of action. The atmosphere, for example, which vivifies and stimulates your excellent representative, Mr. Chamberlain, would be death to me. There are organisms which flourish in oxygen—he is one of them. There are also organisms which demand for their duller lives a less vitalising air—I am one of these. Thus the facilities of social and international intercourse, the railway, the telegraph, and the post-office, which are such undoubted boons to the man of action, react to some extent injuriously on the man of science. Their tendency is to break up that concentrativeness which, as I have said, is an absolute necessity to the scientific investigator.

The men who have most profoundly influenced the world from the scientific side have habitually sought isolation. Faraday, at a certain period of his career, formally renounced dining out. Darwin

(1) Presidential address, delivered before the Birmingham and Midland Institute, October 1st, 1877; with additions.

lives apart from the bustle of the world in his quiet home in Kent. Mayer and Joule dealt in unobtrusive retirement with the weightiest scientific questions. None of these men, to my knowledge, ever became Presidents of the Midland Institute or of the British Association. They could not fail to know that both positions are posts of honour, but they would also know that such positions cannot be filled without grave disturbance of that sequestered peace which to them is a first condition of intellectual life.

There is, however, one motive power in the world which no man, be he a scientific student or otherwise, can afford to treat with indifference, and that is, the cultivation of right relations with his fellow-men—the performance of his duty, not as an isolated individual, but as a member of society. Such duty often requires the sacrifice of private ease to the public wishes, if not to the public good. From this point of view the invitation conveyed to me more than once by your excellent senior Vice-President was not to be declined. It was an invitation written with the earnestness said to be characteristic of a Radical, and certainly with the courtesy characteristic of a gentleman. It quickened within me the desire to meet in a cordial and brotherly spirit the wish of an institution of which not only Birmingham but England may well be proud, and of whose friendliness to myself I had agreeable evidence in the letters of Mr. Thackray Bunce.

To look at his picture as a whole, a painter requires distance; and to judge of the total scientific achievement of any age, the standpoint of a succeeding age is desirable. We may, however, transport ourselves in idea into the future, and thus obtain a grasp more or less complete of the science of our time. We sometimes hear it decried, and contrasted to its disadvantage with the science of other times. I do not think that this will be the verdict of posterity. I think, on the contrary, that posterity will acknowledge that in the history of science no higher samples of intellectual conquest are recorded than those which this age has made its own. One of the most salient of these I propose, with your permission, to make the subject of our consideration during the coming hour.

It is now generally admitted that the man of to-day is the child and product of incalculable antecedent time. His physical and intellectual textures have been woven for him during his passage through phases of history and forms of existence which lead the mind back to an abysmal past. One of the qualities which he has derived from that past is the yearning to let in the light of principles on the otherwise bewildering flux of phenomena. He has been described by the German Lichtenberg as "das rastlose Ursachenthier"—the restless cause-seeking animal—in whom facts excite a kind of hunger to know the sources from which they spring. Never, I venture to

say, in the history of the world has this longing been more liberally responded to, both among men of science and the general public, than during the last thirty or forty years. I say "the general public," because it is a feature of our time that the man of science no longer limits his labours to the society of his colleagues and his peers, but shares, as far as it is possible to share, with the world at large the fruits of inquiry.

The celebrated Robert Boyle regarded the universe as a machine; Mr. Carlyle prefers regarding it as a tree. He loves the image of the umbrageous Igdrasil better than that of the Strasburg clock. A machine may be defined as an organism with life and direction outside; a tree may be defined as an organism with life and direction within. In the light of these definitions, I close with the conception of Carlyle. The order and energy of the universe I hold to be inherent, and not imposed from without, the expression of fixed law and not of arbitrary will, exercised by what Carlyle would call an Almighty Clockmaker. But the two conceptions are not so much opposed to each other after all. In one fundamental particular they at all events agree. They equally imply the interdependence and harmonious interaction of parts, and the subordination of the individual powers of the universal organism to the working of the whole.

Never were the harmony and interdependence just referred to so clearly recognised as now. Our insight regarding them is not that vague and general insight to which our fathers had attained, and which, in early times, was more frequently affirmed by the synthetic poet than by the scientific man. The interdependence of our day has become quantitative—expressible by numbers—leading, it must be added, directly into that inexorable reign of law which so many gentle people regard with dread. In the domain now under review men of science had first to work their way from darkness into twilight, and from twilight into day. There is no solution of continuity in science. It is not given to any man, however endowed, to rise spontaneously into intellectual splendour without the parentage of antecedent thought. Great discoveries grow. Here, as in other cases, we have first the seed, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear, the last member of the series implying the first. Thus, as regards the discovery of gravitation with which the name of Newton is identified, notions more or less clear concerning it had entered many minds before Newton's transcendent mathematical genius raised it to the level of a demonstration. The whole of his deductions, moreover, rested upon the inductions of Kepler. Newton shot beyond his predecessors, but his thoughts were rooted in their thoughts, and a just distribution of merit would assign to them a fair portion of the honour of discovery.

Scientific theories sometimes float like rumours in the air before they receive definite expression. The doom of a doctrine is often practically sealed, and the truth of one is often practically accepted, long prior to the theoretic demonstration of either the error or the truth. Perpetual motion, for example, was discarded before it was proved to be in opposition to natural law; and as regards the connection and interaction of natural forces, pre-natal intimations of modern discoveries and results are strewn through scientific literature.

Confining ourselves to recent times, Dr. Ingleby has pointed out to me some singularly sagacious remarks bearing upon this question, which were published by an anonymous writer in 1820. Roget's penetration was conspicuous in 1829. Mohr had grasped in 1837 some deep-lying truth. The writings of Faraday furnish frequent illustrations of his profound belief in the unity of nature. "I have long," he writes in 1845, "held an opinion almost amounting to conviction, in common, I believe, with other lovers of natural knowledge, that the various forms under which the forces of matter are made manifest have one common origin, or, in other words, are so directly related and mutually dependent, that they are convertible, as it were, one into another, and possess equivalence of power in their action." His own researches on magneto-electricity, on electro-chemistry, and on the "magnetisation of light" led him directly to this belief. At an early date Mr. Justice Grove made his mark upon this question. Colding, though starting from a metaphysical basis, grasped eventually the relation between heat and mechanical work, and sought to determine it experimentally. And here let me say, that to him who has only the truth at heart, and who in his dealings with scientific history keeps his soul unwarped by envy, hatred, or malice, personal or national, every fresh accession to historic knowledge must be welcome. For every newcomer of proved merit, more especially if that merit should have been previously overlooked, he makes ready room in his recognition or his reverence. But no retrospect of scientific literature has as yet brought to light a claim which can sensibly affect the positions accorded to two great *Path-hewers*, as the Germans call them, whose names in relation to this subject are linked in indissoluble association. These names are Julius Robert Mayer and James Prescott Joule.

In his essay on "Circles" Mr. Emerson, if I remember rightly, pictured intellectual progress as rythmic. At a given moment knowledge is surrounded by a barrier which marks its limit. It gradually gathers clearness and strength until by and by some thinker of exceptional power bursts the barrier and wins a wider circle, within which thought once more entrenches itself. But the internal force

again accumulates, the new barrier is in its turn broken, and the mind finds itself surrounded by a still wider horizon. Thus, according to Emerson, knowledge spreads by intermittent victories instead of progressing at a uniform rate.

When Dr. Joule first proved that a weight of one pound, falling through a height of seven hundred and seventy-two feet, generated an amount of heat competent to warm a pound of water one degree Fahrenheit, and that in lifting the weight so much heat exactly disappeared, he broke an Emersonian "circle," releasing by the act an amount of scientific energy which rapidly overran a vast domain. Helmholtz, Clausius, Thomson, Rankine, Regnault, Woods, Favre, and other illustrious names, are associated with the conquests since achieved and embodied in the great doctrine known as the "Conservation of Energy." This doctrine recognises in the material universe a constant sum of power made up of items among which the most Protean fluctuations are incessantly going on. It is as if the body of Nature were alive, the thrill and interchange of its energies resembling those of an organism. The parts of the "stupendous whole" shift and change, augment and diminish, appear and disappear, while the total of which they are the parts remains quantitatively immutable. Immutable, because when change occurs it is always polar—plus accompanies minus, gain accompanies loss, no item varying in the slightest degree without an absolutely equal change of some other item in the opposite direction.

The sun warms the tropical ocean, converting a portion of its liquid into vapour, which rises in the air and is recondensed on mountain heights, returning in rivers to the ocean from which it came. Up to the point where condensation begins, an amount of heat exactly equivalent to the molecular work of vaporisation and the mechanical work of lifting the vapour to the mountain-tops has disappeared from the universe. What is the gain corresponding to this loss? It will seem when mentioned to be expressed in a foreign currency. The loss is a loss of heat; the gain is a gain of distance, both as regards masses and molecules. Water which was formerly at the sea-level has been lifted to a position from which it can fall; molecules which had been locked together as a liquid are now separate as vapour which can recondense. After condensation gravity comes into effectual play, pulling the showers down upon the hills, and the rivers thus created through their gorges to the sea. Every raindrop which smites the mountain produces its definite amount of heat; every river in its course develops heat by the clash of its cataracts and the friction of its bed. In the act of condensation, moreover, the molecular work of vaporisation is accurately reversed. Compare, then, the primitive loss of solar warmth with the heat generated by the condensation of

the vapour, and by the subsequent fall of the water from cloud to sea. They are mathematically equal to each other. No particle of vapour was formed and lifted without being paid for in the currency of solar heat; no particle returns as water to the sea without the exact quantitative restitution of that heat. There is nothing gratuitous in physical nature, no expenditure without equivalent gain, no gain without equivalent expenditure. With inexorable constancy the one accompanies the other, leaving no nook or crevice between them for spontaneity to mingle with the pure and necessary play of natural force. Has this uniformity of nature ever been broken? The reply is: "Not to the knowledge of science."

What has been here stated regarding heat and gravity applies to the whole of inorganic nature. Let us take an illustration from chemistry. The metal zinc may be burnt in oxygen, a perfectly definite amount of heat being produced by the combustion of a given weight of the metal. But zinc may also be burnt in a liquid which contains a supply of oxygen—in water, for example. It does not in this case produce flame or fire, but it does produce heat which is capable of accurate measurement. But the heat of zinc burnt in water falls short of that produced in pure oxygen, the reason being that to obtain its oxygen from the water the zinc must first dislodge the hydrogen. It is in the performance of this molecular work that the missing heat is absorbed. Mix the liberated hydrogen with the oxygen and cause them to recombine; the heat developed is mathematically equal to the missing heat. Thus in pulling the oxygen and hydrogen asunder an amount of heat is consumed which is accurately restored by their reunion.

This leads up to a few remarks upon the Voltaic battery. It is not my design to dwell upon the technic features of this wonderful instrument, but simply, by means of it, to show what varying shapes a given amount of energy can assume while maintaining unvarying quantitative stability. When that form of power which we call an electric current passes through Grove's battery, zinc is consumed in acidulated water; and in the battery we are able so to arrange matters that when no current passes no zinc shall be consumed. Now the current, whatever it may be, possesses the power of generating heat outside the battery. We can fuse with it iridium, the most refractory of metals, or we can produce with it the dazzling electric light, and that at any terrestrial distance from the battery itself.

We will now, however, content ourselves with causing the current to raise a given length of platinum wire, first to a blood-heat, then to redness, and finally to a white heat. The heat under these circumstances generated in the battery by the combustion of a fixed quantity of zinc is no longer constant, but it varies inversely as the

heat generated outside. If the outside heat be *nil*, the inside heat is a maximum; if the external wire be raised to a blood-heat, the internal heat falls slightly short of the maximum. If the wire be rendered red-hot, the quantity of missing heat within the battery is greater, and if the external wire be rendered white-hot, the defect is greater still. Add together the internal and external heat produced by the combustion of a given weight of zinc, and you have an absolutely constant total. The heat generated without is so much lost within, the heat generated within is so much lost without, the polar changes already adverted to coming here conspicuously into play. Thus in a variety of ways we can distribute the items of a never-varying sum, but even the subtle agency of the electric current places no creative power in our hands.

Instead of generating external heat, we may cause the current to effect chemical decomposition at a distance from the battery. Let it, for example, decompose water into oxygen and hydrogen. The heat generated in the battery under these circumstances by the combustion of a given weight of zinc falls short of what is produced when there is no decomposition. How far short? The question admits of a perfectly exact answer. When the oxygen and hydrogen recombine, the heat absorbed in the decomposition is accurately restored, and it is exactly equal in amount to that missing in the battery. We may, if we like, bottle up the gases, carry in this form the heat of the battery to the polar regions, and liberate it there. The battery, in fact, is a hearth on which fuel is consumed, but the heat of the combustion, instead of being confined in the usual manner to the hearth itself, may be first liberated at the other side of the world.

And here we are able to solve an enigma which long perplexed scientific men, and which could not be solved until the bearing of the mechanical theory of heat upon the phenomena of the Voltaic battery was understood. The puzzle was, that a single cell could not decompose water. The reason is now plain enough. The solution of an equivalent of zinc in a single cell developes not much more than half the amount of heat required to decompose an equivalent of water, and the single cell cannot cede an amount of force which it does not possess. But by forming a battery of two cells instead of one, we develop an amount of heat slightly in excess of that needed for the decomposition of the water. The two-celled battery is therefore rich enough to pay for that decomposition, and to maintain the excess referred to within its own cells.

Similar reflections apply to the thermo-electric pile, an instrument usually composed of small bars of bismuth and antimony soldered alternately together. The electric current is here evoked by warming the soldered junctions of one face of the pile.

Like the Voltaic current, the thermo-electric current can heat wires, produce decomposition, magnetise iron, and deflect a magnetic needle at any distance from its origin. You will be disposed, and rightly disposed, to refer those distant manifestations of power to the heat communicated to the face of the pile, but the case is worthy of closer examination. In 1826 Thomas Seebeck discovered thermo-electricity, and six years subsequently Peltier made an observation which comes with singular felicity to our aid in determining the material used up in the formation of the thermo-electric current. He found that when a weak extraneous current was sent from antimony to bismuth the junction of the two metals was always heated, but that when the direction was from bismuth to antimony the junction was chilled. Now the current in the thermo-pile itself is always from bismuth to antimony, across the heated junction—a direction in which it cannot possibly establish itself without consuming the heat imparted to the junction. This heat is the nutriment of the current. Thus the heat generated by the thermo-current in a distant wire is simply that originally imparted to the pile, which has been first transmuted into electricity, and then retransmuted into its first form at a distance from its origin. As water in a state of vapour passes from a boiler to a distant condenser, and there assumes its primitive form without gain or loss, so the heat communicated to the thermo-pile distils into the subtler electric current, which is, as it were, recondensed into heat in the distant platinum wire.

In my youth I thought an electro-magnetic engine which was shown to me a veritable perpetual motion—a machine, that is to say, which performed work without the expenditure of power. Let us consider the action of such a machine. Suppose it to be employed to pump water from a lower to a higher level. On examining the battery which works the engine we find that the zinc consumed does not yield its full amount of heat. The quantity of heat thus missing within is the exact thermal equivalent of the mechanical work performed without. Let the water fall again to the lower level; it is warmed by the fall. Add the heat thus produced to that generated by the friction, mechanical and magnetical, of the engine; we thus obtain the precise amount of heat missing in the battery. All the effects obtained from the machine are thus strictly paid for; this "payment for results" being, I would repeat, the inexorable method of nature.

No engine, however subtly devised, can evade this law of equivalence, or perform on its own account the smallest modicum of work. The machine distributes, but it cannot create. Is the animal body, then, to be classed among machines? When I lift a weight, or throw a stone, or climb a mountain, or wrestle with my comrade, am

I not conscious of actually creating and expending force? Let us look to the antecedents of this force. We derive the muscle and fat of our bodies from what we eat. Animal heat you know to be due to the slow combustion of this fuel. My arm is now inactive, and the ordinary slow combustion of my blood and tissue is going on. For every grain of fuel thus burnt a perfectly definite amount of heat has been produced. I now contract my biceps muscle without causing it to perform external work. The combustion is quickened, and the heat is increased; this additional heat being liberated in the muscle itself. I lay hold of a 56 lb. weight, and by the contraction of my biceps lift it through the vertical space of a foot. The blood and tissue consumed during this contraction have not developed in the muscle their due amount of heat. A quantity of heat is at this moment missing in my muscle which would raise the temperature of an ounce of water somewhat more than one degree Fahrenheit. I liberate the weight: it falls to the earth, and by its collision generates the precise amount of heat missing in the muscle. My muscular heat is thus transferred from its local hearth to external space. The fuel is consumed in my body, but the heat of combustion is produced outside my body. The case is substantially the same as that of the Voltaic battery when it performs external work, or produces external heat. All this points to the conclusion that the force we employ in muscular exertion is the force of burning fuel and not of creative will. In the light of these facts the body is seen to be as incapable of generating energy without expenditure, as the solids and liquids of the Voltaic battery. The body, in other words, falls into the category of machines.

We can do with the body all that we have already done with the battery—heat platinum wires, decompose water, magnetise iron, and deflect a magnetic needle. The combustion of muscle may be made to produce all these effects, as the combustion of zinc may be caused to produce them. By turning the handle of a magneto-electric machine a coil of wire may be caused to rotate between the poles of a magnet. As long as the two ends of the coil are unconnected we have simply to overcome the ordinary inertia and friction of the machine in turning the handle. But the moment the two ends of the coil are united by a thin platinum wire a sudden addition of labour is thrown upon the turning arm. When the necessary labour is expended, its equivalent immediately appears. The platinum wire glows. You can readily maintain it at a white heat, or even fuse it. This is a very remarkable result. From the muscles of the arm, with a temperature of 100°, we extract the temperature of molten platinum, which is many thousand degrees. The miracle here is the reverse of that of the burning bush mentioned in Exodus. There the bush burned but was not consumed: here the body is

consumed but does not burn. The similarity of the action with that of the Voltaic battery when it heats an external wire is too obvious to need pointing out. When the machine is used to decompose water, the heat of the muscle, like that of the battery, is consumed in molecular work, being fully restored when the gases recombine. As before, also, the transmuted heat of the muscles may be bottled up, carried to the polar regions, and there restored to its pristine form.

The matter of the human body is the same as that of the world around us; and here we find the forces of the human body identical with those of inorganic nature. Just as little as the Voltaic battery is the animal body a creator of force. It is an apparatus exquisite and effectual beyond all others in transforming and distributing the energy with which it is supplied, but it possesses no creative power. Compared with the notions previously entertained regarding the play of "vital force" this is a great result. The problem of vital dynamics has been described by a competent authority as "the grandest of all." I subscribe to this opinion, and honour correspondingly the man who first successfully grappled with the problem. He was no pope, in the sense of being infallible, but he was a man of genius whose work will be held in honour as long as science endures. I have already named him in connection with our illustrious countryman Dr. Joule. Other eminent men took up this subject subsequently and independently, but all that has been done hitherto enhances instead of diminishing the merits of Dr. Mayer.

Consider the vigour of his reasoning. "Beyond the power of generating internal heat, the animal organism can generate heat external to itself. A blacksmith by hammering can warm a nail, and a savage by friction can heat wood to its point of ignition. Unless, then, we abandon the physiological axiom that the animal body cannot create heat out of nothing, we are driven to the conclusion that *it is the total heat, within and without, that ought to be regarded as the real calorific effect of the oxidation within the body.*" Mayer, however, not only states the principle but illustrates numerically the transfer of muscular heat to external space. A bowler who imparts a velocity of 30 feet to an 8-lb. ball consumes in the act $\frac{1}{10}$ of a grain of carbon. The heat of the muscle is here distributed over the track of the ball, being developed there by mechanical friction. A man weighing 150 lbs. consumes in lifting his own body to a height of 8 feet the heat of a grain of carbon. Jumping from this height the heat is restored. The consumption of 2 oz. 4 drs. 20 grs. of carbon would place the same man on the summit of a mountain 10,000 feet high. In descending the mountain an amount of heat equal to that produced by the combustion of the foregoing amount of carbon is restored. The muscles of a labourer whose weight is 150 lbs. weigh 64 lbs. When dried they

are reduced to 15 lbs.[3] Were the oxidation corresponding to a day-labourer's ordinary work exerted on the muscles alone, they would be wholly consumed in 80 days. Were the oxidation necessary to sustain the heart's action concentrated on the heart itself, it would be consumed in 8 days. And if we confine our attention to the two ventricles, their action would consume the associated muscular tissue in 3½ days. With a fulness and precision of which this is but a sample did Mayer, between 1842 and 1845, deal with the great question of vital dynamics.

In direct opposition, moreover, to the foremost scientific authorities of that day, with Liebig at their head, this solitary Heilbronn worker was led by his calculations to maintain that the muscles, in the main, played the part of machinery, converting the fat, which had been previously considered a mere heat-producer, into the motive power of the organism. Mayer's prevision has been justified by events, for the scientific world is now upon his side.

We place, then, food in our stomachs as so much combustible matter. It is first dissolved by purely chemical processes, and the nutritive fluid is poured into the blood. Here it comes into contact with atmospheric oxygen admitted by the lungs. It unites with the oxygen as wood or coal might unite with it in a furnace. The matter-products of the union, if I may use the term, are the same in both cases, viz., carbonic acid and water. The force-products are also the same—heat within the body, or heat and work outside the body. Thus far every action of the organism belongs to the domain either of physics or of chemistry. But you saw me contract the muscle of my arm. What enabled me to do so? Was it or was it not the direct action of my will? The answer is, the action of the will is mediate, not direct. Over and above the muscles the human organism is provided with long whitish filaments of medullary matter, which issue from the spinal column, being connected by it on the one side with the brain, and on the other side losing themselves in the muscles. Those filaments or cords are the nerves, which you know are divided into two kinds, sensor and motor, or, if you like the terms better, afferent and efferent nerves. The former carry impressions from the external world to the brain; the latter convey the behests of the brain to the muscles. Here, as elsewhere, we find ourselves aided by the sagacity of Mayer, who was the first clearly to formulate the part played by the nerves in the organism. Mayer saw that neither nerves nor brain, nor both together, possessed the energy necessary to animal motion; but he also saw that the nerve could lift a latch and open a door, by which floods of energy are let loose. "As an engineer," he says with admirable lucidity, "by the motion of his finger in opening a valve or loosening a detent can liberate an amount of mechanical energy almost

infinite compared with its exciting cause; so the nerves, acting on the muscles, can unlock an amount of power out of all proportion to the work done by the nerves themselves." The nerves, according to Mayer, pull the trigger, but the gunpowder which they ignite is stored in the muscles. This is the view now universally entertained.

The quickness of thought has passed into a proverb, and the notion that any measurable time elapsed between the infliction of a wound and the feeling of the injury would have been rejected as preposterous thirty years ago. Nervous impressions, notwithstanding the results of Haller, were thought to be transmitted, if not instantaneously, at all events with the rapidity of electricity. Hence, when Helmholtz, in 1851, affirmed as the result of experiment, nervous transmission to be a comparatively sluggish process, very few believed him. His experiments may now be made in the lecture-room. Sound in air moves at the rate of 1,100 feet a second; sound in water moves at the rate of 5,000 feet a second; light in ether moves at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, and electricity in free wires moves probably at the same rate. But the nerves transmit their messages at the rate of only 70 feet a second, a progress which in these quick times might well be regarded as intolerably slow.

Your townsman, Mr. Gore, has produced by electrolysis a kind of antimony which exhibits an action strikingly analogous to that of nervous propagation. A rod of this antimony is in such a molecular condition that when you scratch or heat one end of the rod, the disturbance propagates itself before your eyes to the other end, the onward march of the disturbance being announced by the development of heat and fumes along the line of propagation. In some such way the molecules of the nerves are successively overthrown; and if Mr. Gore could only devise some means of winding up his exhausted antimony, as the nutritive blood winds up exhausted nerves, the comparison would be complete. The subject may be summed up, as Du Bois-Reymond has summed it up, by reference to the case of a whale struck by a harpoon in the tail. If the animal were 70 feet long, a second would elapse before the disturbance could reach the brain. But the impression after its arrival has to diffuse itself and throw the brain into the molecular condition necessary to consciousness. Then, and not till then, the command to the tail to defend itself is shot through the motor nerves. Another second must elapse before the command can reach the tail, so that more than two seconds transpire between the infliction of the wound and the muscular response of the part wounded. The interval required for the kindling of consciousness would probably more than suffice for the destruction of the

brain by lightning, or even by a rifle-bullet. Before the organ can arrange itself it may, therefore, be destroyed, and in such a case we may safely conclude that death is painless.

The experiences of common life supply us with copious instances of the liberation of vast stores of muscular power by an infinitesimal "priming" of the muscles by the nerves. We all know the effect produced on a "nervous" organization by a slight sound which causes affright. An aerial wave, the energy of which would not reach a minute fraction of that necessary to raise the thousandth of a grain through the thousandth of an inch, can throw the whole human frame into a powerful mechanical spasm, followed by violent respiration and palpitation. The eye, of course, may be appealed to as well as the ear. Of this the lamented Lange gives the following vivid illustration:

A merchant sits complacently in his easy chair, not knowing whether smoking, sleeping, newspaper reading, or the digestion of food occupies the largest portion of his personality. A servant enters the room with a telegram bearing the words, "Antwerp, &c. . . . . Jonas and Co. have failed." "Tell James to harness the horses!" The servant flies. Up starts the merchant, wide awake; makes a dozen paces through the room, descends to the counting-house, dictates letters and forwards dispatches. He jumps into his carriage, the horses snort, and their driver is immediately at the Bank, on the Bourse, and among his commercial friends. Before an hour has elapsed he is again at home, where he throws himself once more into his easy chair with a deep-drawn sigh, "Thank God I am protected against the worst, and now for further reflection."

This complex mass of action, emotional, intellectual, and mechanical, is evoked by the impact upon the retina of the infinitesimal waves of light coming from a few pencil-marks on a bit of paper. We have, as Lange says, terror, hope, sensation, calculation, possible ruin, and victory compressed into a moment. What caused the merchant to spring out of his chair? The contraction of his muscles. What made his muscles contract? An impulse of the nerves, which lifted the proper latch, and liberated the muscular power. Whence this impulse? From the centre of the nervous system. But how did it originate there? This is the critical question, to which some will reply that it had its origin in the human soul.

The aim and effort of science is to explain the unknown in terms of the known. Explanation, therefore, is conditioned by knowledge. You have probably heard the story of the German peasant who, in early railway days, was taken to see the performance of a locomotive. He had never known carriages to be moved except by animal power. Every explanation outside of this conception lay beyond his experience, and could not be invoked. After long reflection therefore,

and seeing no possible escape from the conclusion, he exclaimed confidently to his companion, "Es müssen doch Pferde darin sein"—there must be horses inside. Amusing as this locomotive theory may seem, it illustrates a deep-lying truth.

With reference to our present question, some may be disposed to press upon me such considerations as these:—Your motor nerves are so many speaking-tubes, through which messages are sent from the man to the world; and your sensor nerves are so many conduits through which the whispers of the world are sent back to the man. But you have not told us where *is* the man. Who or what is it that sends and receives those messages through the bodily organism? Do not the phenomena point to the existence of a self within the self, which acts through the body as through a skilfully constructed instrument? You picture the muscles as hearkening to the commands sent through the motor nerves, and you picture the sensor nerves as the vehicles of incoming intelligence; are you not bound to supplement this mechanism by the assumption of an entity which uses it? In other words, are you not forced by your own exposition into the hypothesis of a free human soul?

Is this reasoning congruous with the knowledge of our time? If so, it cannot be called unscientific. On the same ground the anthropomorphic notion of a creative architect, endowed with manlike powers of indefinite magnitude, is to be regarded with consideration. It marks a phase of theoretic activity, which the human race could not escape, and our present objection to such a notion rests on its incongruity with our knowledge. "When God," says the great Jesuit teacher, Perrone, "orders a given planet to stand still, he does not detract from any law passed by Himself, but orders that planet to move round and round the sun for such and such a time, then to stand still, and then to move again, as his pleasure may be." You notice that a modicum of science has entered even the mind of Perrone. At an earlier period he would not have said, "When God orders a planet to move round the sun," but "When God orders the sun to move round a planet." And why, unless the commands of the Almighty are hampered by considerations of mass, should He not give this latter order? Why, moreover, has He suspended his orders, and abandoned sun and planets to the law of gravitation during those particular ages when the human intellect was most specially prepared to appreciate the wonder? The case, to say the least, is suspicious. In Joshua's time such an hypothesis was allowable, and the error of Perrone is simply a sin against the law of relativity. He, and such as he, transport into the nineteenth century the puerilities of a bygone age. No wonder that our catholic youth from time to time rebel against such teaching.

But to return to the hypothesis of a human soul, offered as an explanation or simplification of a series of obscure phenomena. Adequate reflection shows that instead of introducing light into our minds it increases our darkness. You do not in this case explain the unknown in terms of the known, which, as stated above, is the method of science, but you explain the unknown in terms of the more unknown. Try to mentally visualise this soul as an entity distinct from the body, and the difficulty immediately appears. From the side of science all that we are warranted in stating is that the terror, hope, sensation, and calculation of Lange's merchant, are psychical phenomena produced by, or associated with, the molecular processes set up by waves of light in a previously prepared brain.

When facts present themselves let us dare to face them, but let us equally dare to confess ignorance where it prevails. What is the causal connection, if any, between the objective and subjective—between molecular motions and states of consciousness? My answer is: I do not see the connection, nor have I as yet met anybody who does. It is no explanation to say that the objective and subjective effects are two sides of one and the same phenomenon. Why should the phenomenon have two sides? This is the very core of the difficulty. There are plenty of molecular motions which do not exhibit this two-sideness. Does water think or feel when it runs into frost-ferns upon a window-pane? If not, why should the molecular motion of the brain be yoked to this mysterious companion—consciousness? We can present to our minds a coherent picture of the physical processes—the stirring of the brain, the thrilling of the nerves, the discharging of the muscles, and all the subsequent mechanical motions of the organism. But we can present no picture of the process whereby consciousness emerges, either as a necessary link or as an accidental by-product of this series of actions. Yet it certainly does emerge—the prick of a pin suffices to prove that molecular motion can produce consciousness. The reverse process of the production of motion by consciousness is equally unpresentable to the mind. We are here, in fact, upon the boundary line of the intellect, where the ordinary canons of science fail to extricate us from our difficulties. If we are true to these canons, we must deny to subjective phenomena all influence on physical processes. Observation proves that they interact, but in passing from the one to the other we meet a blank which mechanical deduction is unable to fill. Frankly stated, we have here to deal with facts almost as difficult to be seized mentally as the idea of a soul. And if you are content to make your "soul" a poetic rendering of a phenomenon which refuses the yoke of ordinary physical laws, I, for one, would not object to this exercise of

ideality. Amid all our speculative uncertainty, however, there is one practical point as clear as the day; namely, that the brightness and the usefulness of life, as well as its darkness and disaster, depend to a great extent upon our own use or abuse of this miraculous organ.

[In an article betraying signs of haste and its consequent confusion, a well-known and accomplished essayist pulls me sharply up in the *Spectator* for the phraseology here employed. In a single breath he brands my "poetic rendering" as a "falsehood" and a "fib." I should be loth to apply to any utterance of my respected critic terms so uncivil as these. They are, in my opinion, unmerited, for poetry or ideality and untruth are assuredly very different things. The one may vivify while the other kills. When St. John extends the notion of a soul to "souls washed in the blood of Christ" does he "fib"? Indeed, Christ himself, according to my critic's canon, ought not to have escaped censure. Nor did he escape it. "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" expressed the sceptical flouting of unpoetic natures. Such are still amongst us. Cardinal Manning would doubtless tell my critic that he, even he, "fibs" away the plain words of his Saviour when he reduces "the Body of the Lord" in the sacrament to a mere figure of speech.

Though misuse may render it grotesque or insincere, the idealisation of ancient conceptions, when done consciously and above board, has, in my opinion, an important future. We are not radically different from our historic ancestors, and any feeling which affected them profoundly, requires only appropriate clothing to affect us. The world will not lightly relinquish its heritage of poetic feeling, and metaphysic will be welcomed when it abandons its pretensions to scientific discovery and consents to be ranked as a kind of poetry. "A good symbol," says Emerson, "is a missionary to persuade thousands. The Vedas, the Edda, the Koran, are each remembered by its happiest figure. There is no more welcome gift to men than a new symbol. They assimilate themselves to it, deal with it in all ways, and it will last a hundred years. Then comes a new genius and brings another." Our ideas of God and the soul are obviously subject to this symbolic mutation. They are not now what they were a century ago. They will not be a century hence what they are now. Such ideas constitute a kind of central energy in the human mind, capable, like the energy of the physical universe, of assuming various shapes and undergoing various transformations. They baffle and elude the theological mechanic who would carve them to dogmatic forms. They offer themselves freely to the poet who understands his vocation, and whose function is, or ought to be, to find "local habitation" for thoughts woven into our subjective life, but which refuse to be mechanically defined.]

We now stand face to face with the final problem. It is this: Are

the brain, and the moral and intellectual processes known to be associated with the brain—and as far as our experience goes, indissolubly associated—subject to the laws which we find paramount in physical nature? Is the will of man, in other words, free, or are it and nature equally "bound fast in fate"? From this latter conclusion, after he had established it to the entire satisfaction of his understanding, the great German thinker Fichte recoiled. You will find the record of this struggle between head and heart in his book, entitled "Die Bestimmung des Menschen"—The Vocation of Man.[1] Fichte was determined at all hazards to maintain his freedom, but the price he paid for it indicates the difficulty of the task. To escape from the iron necessity seen everywhere reigning in physical nature, he turned defiantly round upon nature and law, and affirmed both of them to be the products of his own mind. He was not going to be the slave of a thing which he had himself created. There is a good deal to be said in favour of this view, but few of us probably would be able to bring into play the solvent transcendentalism whereby Fichte melted his chains.

Why do some of us regard this notion of necessity with terror, while others do not fear it at all? Has not Carlyle somewhere said that a belief in destiny is the bias of all earnest minds? "It is not Nature," says Fichte, "it is Freedom itself, by which the greatest and most terrible disorders incident to our race are produced. Man is the cruellest enemy of man." But the question of moral responsibility here emerges, and it is the possible loosening of this responsibility that so many of us dread. The notion of necessity certainly failed to frighten Bishop Butler. He thought it untrue, but he did not fear its practical consequences. He showed, on the contrary, in the "Analogy," that as far as human conduct is concerned, the two theories of free-will and necessity come to the same in the end.

What is meant by free-will? Does it imply the power of producing events without antecedents?—of starting, as it were, upon a creative tour of occurrences without any impulse from within or from without? Let us consider the point. If there be absolutely or relatively no reason why a tree should fall, it will not fall; and if there be absolutely or relatively no reason why a man should act, he will not act. It is true that the united voice of this assembly could not persuade me that I have not, at this moment, the power to lift my arm if I wish to do so. Within this range the conscious freedom of my will cannot be questioned. But what about the origin of the "wish"? Are we, or are we not, complete masters of the circumstances which create our wishes, motives, and tendencies to action? Adequate reflection will, I think, prove that we are not. What, for example, have I had to do with the generation and development of

(1) Translated by Dr. William Smith; Trübner, 1873.

that which some will consider my total being, and others a most potent factor of my total being—the living, speaking organism which now addresses you? As stated at the beginning of this discourse, my physical and intellectual textures were woven *for* me, not *by* me. Processes in the conduct or regulation of which I had no share have made me what I am. Here, surely, if anywhere, we are as clay in the hands of the potter. It is the greatest of delusions to suppose that we come into this world as sheets of white paper on which the age can write anything it likes, making us good or bad, noble or mean, as the age pleases. The age can stunt, promote, or pervert pre-existent capacities, but it cannot create them. The worthy Robert Owen, who saw in external circumstances the great moulders of human character, was obliged to supplement his doctrine by making the man himself one of the circumstances. It is as fatal as it is cowardly to blink facts because they are not to our taste. How many disorders, ghostly and bodily, are transmitted to us by inheritance? In our courts of law, whenever it is a question whether a crime has been committed under the influence of insanity, the best guidance the judge and jury can have is derived from the parental antecedents of the accused. If among these insanity be exhibited in any marked degree, the presumption in the prisoner's favour is enormously enhanced, because the experience of life has taught both judge and jury that insanity is frequently transmitted from parent to child.

I met, some years ago, in a railway carriage the governor of one of our largest prisons. He was evidently an observant and reflective man, possessed of wide experience gathered in various parts of the world, and a thorough student of the duties of his vocation. He told me that the prisoners in his charge might be divided into three distinct classes. The first class consisted of persons who ought never to have been in prison. External accident, and not internal taint, had brought them within the grasp of the law, and what had happened to them might happen to most of us. They were essentially men of sound moral stamina, though wearing the prison garb. Then came the largest class, formed of individuals possessing no strong bias, moral or immoral, plastic to the touch of circumstances, which could mould them into either good or evil members of society. Thirdly came a class—happily not a large one—whom no kindness could conciliate and no discipline tame. They were sent into this world labelled "incorrigible," wickedness being stamped, as it were, upon their organizations. It was an unpleasant truth, but as a truth it ought to be faced. For such criminals the prison over which he ruled was certainly not the proper place. If confined at all, their prison should be on a desert island where the deadly contagium of their example could not taint the moral air. But the sea

itself he was disposed to regard as a cheap and appropriate substitute for the island. It seemed to him evident that the State would benefit if prisoners of the first class were liberated; prisoners of the second class educated; and prisoners of the third class put compendiously under water.

It is not, however, from the observation of individuals that the argument against "free-will," as commonly understood, derives its principal force. It is, as already hinted, indefinitely strengthened when extended to the race. Most of you have been forced to listen to the outcries and denunciations which rang discordant through the land for some years after the publication of Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species." Well, the world—even the clerical world—has for the most part settled down in the belief that Mr. Darwin's book simply reflects the truth of Nature: that we who are now "foremost in the files of time" have come to the front through almost endless stages of promotion from lower to higher forms of life.

If to any one of us were given the privilege of looking back through the æons across which life has crept towards its present outcome, his vision would ultimately reach a point when the progenitors of this assembly could not be called human. From that humble society, through the interaction of its members and the storing up of their best qualities, a better one emerged; from this again a better still; until at length, by the integration of infinitesimals through ages of amelioration, we came to be what we are to-day. We of this generation had no conscious share in the production of this grand and beneficent result. Any and every generation which preceded us had just as little share. The favoured organisms whose garnered excellence constitutes our present store owed their advantages, firstly, to what we in our ignorance are obliged to call "accidental variation;" and, secondly, to a law of heredity in the passing of which our suffrages were not collected. With characteristic felicity and precision Mr. Matthew Arnold lifts this question into the free air of poetry, but not out of the atmosphere of truth, when he ascribes the process of amelioration to "a power not ourselves which makes for righteousness." If, then, our organisms, with all their tendencies and capacities, are given to us without our being consulted; and if, while capable of acting within certain limits in accordance with our wishes, we are not masters of the circumstances in which motives and wishes originate; if, finally, our motives and wishes determine our actions—in what sense can these actions be said to be the result of free-will?

Here, again, we are confronted with the question of moral responsibility, which it is desirable to meet in its rudest form, and in the most uncompromising way. "If," says the robber, the ravisher, or the murderer, "I act because I must act, what right have you to

hold me responsible for my deeds?" The reply is, "The right of society to protect itself against aggressive and injurious forces, whether they be bond or free, forces of nature or forces of man." "Then," retorts the criminal, "you punish me for what I cannot help." "Granted," says society, "but had you known that the treadmill or the gallows was certainly in store for you, you might have 'helped.' Let us reason the matter fully and frankly out. We entertain no malice or hatred against you, but simply with a view to our own safety and purification we are determined that you and such as you shall not enjoy liberty of evil action in our midst. You, who have behaved as a wild beast, we claim the right to cage or kill as we should a wild beast. The public safety is a matter of more importance than the very limited chance of your moral renovation, while the knowledge that you have been hanged by the neck may furnish to others about to do as you have done the precise motive which will hold them back. If your act be such as to invoke a minor penalty, then not only others, but yourself, may profit by the punishment which we inflict. On the homely principle that 'a burnt child dreads the fire,' it will make you think twice before venturing on a repetition of your crime. Observe, finally, the consistency of our conduct. You offend, because you cannot help offending, to the public detriment. We punish, because we cannot help punishing, for the public good. Practically, then, as Bishop Butler predicted, we act as the world acted when it supposed the evil deeds of its criminals to be the products of free-will."

"What," I have heard it argued, "is the use of preaching about duty, if a man's predetermined position in the moral world renders him incapable of profiting by advice?" Who knows that he is incapable? The preacher's last word is a factor in the man's conduct; and it may be a most important factor, unlocking moral energies which might otherwise remain imprisoned and unused. If the preacher thoroughly feel that words of enlightenment, courage, and admonition enter into the list of forces employed by Nature herself for man's amelioration, since she gifted man with speech, he will suffer no paralysis to fall upon his tongue. Dung the fig-tree hopefully, and not until its barrenness has been demonstrated beyond a doubt let the sentence go forth, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?"

I remember when a youth in the town of Halifax, some two-and-thirty years ago, attending a lecture given by a young man to a small but select audience. The aspect of the lecturer was earnest and practical, and his voice soon rivetted attention. He spoke of duty, defining it as a debt owed, and there was a kindling vigour in his words which must have strengthened the sense of duty in the minds of those who heard him. No speculations regarding the

freedom of the will could alter the fact that the words of that young man did me good. His name was George Dawson. He also spoke, if you will allow me to allude to it, of a social subject much discussed at the time—the Chartist subject of "levelling." Suppose, he said, two men to be equal at night, and that one rises at six, while the other sleeps till nine next morning, what becomes of your levelling? And in so speaking he made himself the mouthpiece of Nature, which, as we have seen, secures advance, not by the reduction of all to a common level, but by the encouragement and conservation of what is best.

It may be urged that, in dealing as above with my hypothetical criminal, I am assuming a state of things brought about by the influence of religions which include the dogmas of theology and the belief in free will—a state namely in which a moral majority control and keep in awe an immoral minority. The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Withdraw, then, our theologic sanctions, including the belief in free-will, and the condition of the race will be typified by the samples of individual wickedness which have been adduced. We shall all, that is, become robbers, and ravishers, and murderers. From much that has been written of late it would seem that this astounding inference finds house-room in many minds. Possibly, the people who hold such views might be able to illustrate them by individual instances.

"The fear of hell's a hangman's whip,
To keep the wretch in order."

Remove the fear, and the wretch following his natural instinct may become disorderly; but I refuse to accept him as a sample of humanity. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die" is by no means the ethical consequence of a rejection of dogma. To many of you the name of George Jacob Holyoake is doubtless familiar, and you are probably aware that at no man in England has the term "atheist" been more frequently pelted. There are, moreover, really few who have more completely liberated themselves from theologic notions. Among working-class politicians Mr. Holyoake is a leader. Does he exhort his followers to "eat and drink, for to-morrow we die?" Not so. In the August number of the *XIXth Century* you will find these words from his pen: "The gospel of dirt is bad enough, but the gospel of mere material comfort is much worse." He contemptuously calls the Comtist championship of the working-man "the championship of the trencher." He would place "the leanest liberty which brought with it the dignity and power of self-help" higher than "any prospect of a full plate without it." Such is the moral doctrine taught by this "Atheistic" leader; and no Christian, I apprehend, need be ashamed of it.

Most heartily do I recognise and admire the spiritual radiance, if I may use the term, shed by religion on the minds and lives of many personally known to me. At the same time I cannot but observe how signally, as regards the production of anything beautiful, religion fails in other cases. Its professor and defender is sometimes at bottom a brawler and a clown. These differences depend upon primary distinctions of character which religion does not remove. It may comfort some to know that there are amongst us many whom the gladiators of the pulpit would call "atheists" and "materialists," whose lives, nevertheless, as tested by any accessible standard of morality, would contrast more than favourably with the lives of those who seek to stamp them with this offensive brand. When I say "offensive," I refer simply to the intention of those who use such terms, and not because atheism or materialism, when compared with many of the notions ventilated in the columns of religious newspapers, has any particular offensiveness for me. If I wished to find men who are scrupulous in their adherence to engagements, whose words are their bond, and to whom moral shiftiness of any kind is subjectively unknown; if I wanted a loving father, a faithful husband, an honourable neighbour, and a just citizen—I should seek him and find him among the band of "atheists" to which I refer. I have known some of the most pronounced among them not only in life but in death—seen them approaching with open eyes the inexorable goal, with no dread of a "hangman's whip," with no hope of a heavenly crown, and still as mindful of their duties, and as faithful in the discharge of them, as if their eternal future depended upon their latest deeds.

In letters addressed to myself, and in utterances addressed to the public, Faraday is often referred to as a sample of the association of religious faith with moral elevation. I was locally intimate with him for fourteen or fifteen years of my life, and had thus occasion to observe how nearly his character approached what might, without extravagance, be called perfection. He was strong but gentle, impetuous but self-restrained; a sweet and lofty courtesy marked his dealings with men and women; and though he sprung from the body of the people, a nature so fine might well have been distilled from the flower of antecedent chivalry. Not only in its broader sense was the Christian religion necessary to Faraday's spiritual peace, but in what many would call the narrow sense held by those described by Faraday himself as "a very small and despised sect of Christians, known, if known at all, as Sandemanians," it constituted the light and comfort of his days.

Were our experience confined to such cases, it would furnish an irresistible argument in favour of the association of dogmatic religion with moral purity and grace. But, as already intimated,

our experience is not thus confined. In further illustration of this point we may compare with Faraday a philosopher of equal magnitude, whose character, including gentleness and strength, candour and simplicity, intellectual power and moral elevation, singularly resembles that of the great Sandemanian, but who has neither shared the theologic views nor the religious emotions which formed so dominant a factor in Faraday's life. I allude to Mr. Charles Darwin, the Abraham of scientific men—a searcher as obedient to the command of truth as was the patriarch to the command of God. I cannot, therefore, as so many desire, look upon Faraday's religious belief as the exclusive source of qualities shared so conspicuously by one uninfluenced by that belief. To a deeper virtue belonging to reviled human nature in its purer forms I am disposed to refer the excellence of both.

Superstition may be defined as religion which has grown incongruous with intelligence. "Superstition," says Fichte, "has unquestionably constrained its subjects to abandon many pernicious practices and to adopt many useful ones." The real loss accompanying its decay at the present day has been thus clearly stated by the same philosopher: "In so far as these lamentations do not proceed from the priests themselves—whose grief at the loss of their dominion over the human mind we can well understand—but from the politicians, the whole matter resolves itself into this, that government has thereby become more difficult and expensive. The judge was spared the exercise of his own sagacity and penetration when, by threats of relentless damnation, he could compel the accused to make confession. The evil spirit formerly performed without reward services for which in later times judges and policemen have to be paid."

No man ever felt the need of a high and ennobling religion more thoroughly than this powerful and fervid teacher, who, by the way, did not escape the brand of "atheist." But Fichte asserted emphatically the power and sufficiency of morality in its own sphere. "Let us consider," he says, "the highest which man can possess in the absence of religion—I mean pure morality. The moral man obeys the law of duty in his breast absolutely, because it is a law unto him; and he does whatever reveals itself to him as his duty simply because it is duty. Let not the impudent assertion be repeated that such an obedience, without regard for consequences, and without desire for consequences, is in itself impossible and opposed to human nature." So much for Fichte. I would add that the muse of Tennyson never reached a higher strain than when it embodied the same sentiment in Œnone:—

> "And, because right is right, to follow right
> Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

Not in the way assumed by our dogmatic teachers has the morality of human nature been built up. The power which has moulded us thus far has worked with stern tools upon a very rigid stuff. What it has done cannot be so readily undone; and it has endowed us with moral constitutions which take pleasure in the noble, the beautiful, and the true, just as surely as it has endowed us with sentient organisms, which find aloes bitter and sugar sweet. That power did not work with delusions, nor will it stay its hand when such are removed. Facts, rather than dogmas, have been its ministers—hunger and thirst, heat and cold, pleasure and pain, fervour, sympathy, shame, pride, love, hate, terror, awe—such were the forces whose interaction and adjustment throughout an immeasurable past wove the triplex web of man's physical, intellectual, and moral nature, and such are the forces that will be effectual to the end.[1]

You may retort that even on my own showing "the power which makes for righteousness" *has* dealt in delusions; for it cannot be denied that the beliefs of religion, including the dogmas of theology and the freedom of the will, have had some effect in moulding the moral world. Granted; but I do not think that this goes to the root of the matter. Are you quite sure that those beliefs and dogmas are primary, and not derived?—that they are not the *products*, instead of being the *creators*, of man's moral nature? I think it is in one of the Latter-Day Pamphlets that Carlyle corrects a reasoner, who deduced the nobility of man from a belief in heaven, by telling him that he puts the cart before the horse, the real truth being that the belief in heaven is derived from the nobility of man. The bird's instinct to weave its nest is referred to by Emerson as typical of the force which built cathedrals, temples, and pyramids:—

"Knowest thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
Of leaves and feathers from her breast,
Or how the fish outbuilt its shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell,
Such and so grew these holy piles
While love and terror laid the tiles;
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone;
And Morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky
As on its friends with kindred eye;
For out of Thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air,

(1) My *Spectator* critic says that I give up *approbation* and *disapprobation;* but, as already indicated, the critic writes hastily. Each of them is a subsection of one or another of the influences mentioned above.

And nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat."

Surely, many utterances which have been accepted as descriptions ought to be interpreted as aspirations, or as having their roots in aspiration instead of in objective knowledge. Does the song of the herald angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill towards men," express the exaltation and the yearning of a human soul? or does it describe an optical and acoustical fact—a visible host and an audible song? If the former, the exaltation and the yearning are man's imperishable possession—a ferment long confined to individuals, but which may by-and-by become the leaven of the race. If the latter, then belief in the entire transaction is wrecked by non-fulfilment. Look to the East at the present moment as a comment on the promise of peace on earth and goodwill towards men. That promise is a dream ruined by the experience of eighteen centuries, and in that ruin is involved the claim of the "heavenly host" to prophetic vision. But though the mechanical theory proves untenable, the immortal song and the feelings it expresses are still ours, to be incorporated, let us hope, in purer and less shadowy forms in the poetry, philosophy, and practice of the future.

Thus, following the lead of physical science, we are brought without solution of continuity into the presence of problems which, as usually classified, lie entirely outside the domain of physics. To these problems thoughtful and penetrative minds are now applying those methods of research which in physical science have proved their truth by their fruit. There is on all hands a growing repugnance to invoke the supernatural in accounting for the phenomena of human life, and the thoughtful minds just referred to, finding no trace of evidence in favour of any other origin, are driven to seek in the interaction of social forces the genesis and development of man's moral nature. If they succeed in their search—and I think they are sure to succeed—social duty will be raised to a higher level of significance, and the deepening sense of social duty will, it is to be hoped, lessen, if not obliterate, the strifes and heartburnings which now beset and disfigure our social life. Towards this great end it behoves us one and all to work; and devoutly wishing its consummation, I have the honour, ladies and gentlemen, to bid you a friendly farewell.

JOHN TYNDALL.

THE VALUE TO THE UNITED KINGDOM OF THE FOREIGN DOMINIONS OF THE CROWN.

In ancient times the value of a territorial acquisition to the country that obtained it was a very simple affair. The colonies of Greece were considered by the parent state mainly in the light of outlets for the redundant population of a poor and mountainous country. The colonies of Rome were planted almost entirely for military purposes, and, if they answered these, nothing else was demanded from them. But as regards territories acquired by conquest or by cession the case was very different. After undergoing a spoliation more or less complete they settled down into a miserable and abject dependence, a tribute was wrung from them regulated rather by the greed of the exactors than by the ability of the tributaries, and the choicest of their youth were enrolled in the armies of their cruel and rapacious conquerors. The measure of the value of such an acquisition was just what could be wrung from it in men and money without destroying its power of further contribution. The Spaniards did not even observe this rule. In their greed for gold they exterminated the natives of Hispaniola in working the mines, and were thus driven to the humane suggestion of Las Casas, the importation of Africans to supply the race which they had murdered. The value of these acquisitions was therefore the realised property and the labour of the race, whether extorted from them in the character of slaves or tributaries. From this sum there was very little deduction for the expense of government. A few magistrates exercising indiscriminately executive and judicial functions without diligence and without appeal or revision, sufficed for the government of such a society, which may be best described as a state of collective slavery. Whatever may be thought of the morality of such a proceeding, we cannot wonder that the acquisition of a state to be held on such terms was regarded as a source of wealth to the conquerors. What we seek to discover is, what in the absence of all these cruel and unjust means of acquisition, and after allowing for the expense of a thoroughly efficient and good government, is the value to the paramount state of a foreign dependency. We are not aware that such an inquiry has ever been attempted, nor can we regard it as a mere matter of curiosity. Occasions are continually arising when it is of the utmost importance to know accurately the worth of the interests with which we have to deal, and the statesman can no more dispense with this knowledge than the trader can deal with wares of which he has not ascertained the value.

The foreign dominions of the Crown may be divided for the purposes of this inquiry into three parts. 1. Places which are held for purely naval and military purposes, such as Gibraltar and Malta. 2. Those which are more or less fitted to be the residence of English labour, such as Canada, the southern parts of Australia, the Cape, Tasmania, and New Zealand. 3. Those whose climate renders it impossible that they should ever become the residence of a labouring population composed of persons of European descent, such as India, the West Indian Islands, and the northern parts of Australia. The value of the first division is a matter purely for soldiers and sailors—our concern is with the two last alone. If this inquiry had been made a hundred years ago, there can be no doubt as to the answer that would have been given. In the absence of any actual experience on the subject, it was then universally believed that the loss of the American colonies was a fatal blow from which the nation could never recover. Of course this was in some degree owing to the mistaken views which were then entertained as to the value of the monopoly of the colonial trade. But even when allowance has been made for this exploded error, there still remains a great amount of terror and despondency which we now know to have been utterly groundless, and which can only be accounted for by a gross mistake of words for things. The Englishman of a hundred years ago believed, as we believe at the present day, that the elements which constitute the indispensable conditions of the greatness of a State are inhabitants, territory, and capital. He saw that the American Revolution deprived us, as far as America was concerned, of all three, and he looked no farther. Had he dived a little deeper into the matter, he would have seen that the value of all these things depends entirely on the degree in which they can be made useful to the State which is the nominal owner of them.

Now, as to the territory, it is quite clear that its loss is a very inconsiderable evil so long as it is (as is the case with all civilised nations) just as accessible to us as if it were our own. The United States, since their separation from us, have received far more British emigrants than our remaining colonies. Our people have settled and thriven on the land that they are said to have lost in North America.

Then as to the inhabitants. The English Crown lost three millions of thriving and industrious subjects; but then the question arises, Did the English Crown ever possess them in the sense which could make their loss a serious misfortune? Why are subjects a support to a State? Because the wealth which they possess is a fund from which the State can draw, and on which it can borrow for the supply of its necessities. Subjects are also a support to a State, because they are the natural defenders to whom it looks in war for protection. We venture to suggest that the reason why the loss of

the American colonies was so little felt by those who expected to feel it so deeply was, that the colonists of North America had never, or only in a very slight degree, felt or discharged either of these duties. They never assisted us in our wars in Europe or anywhere except where they themselves were concerned, and so little idea had they of aiding us with money, that they separated from us rather than contribute to our revenue. They never performed towards us the duties of full citizenship, and reason as well as experience shows that we could not be injured by the withdrawal of services which we never enjoyed. But this is not all. A country may incur very heavy liabilities on account of subjects who make her no return. Our Consuls in the East could tell us of the great relief which they would experience if the Maltese, for instance, were not as much entitled to the protection of the British power as the inhabitants of London. Subjects are not always a support, but they very often become a burden. We spent ten millions in order to rescue from captivity three or four British subjects detained in Abyssinia, and we did this mainly to keep up our influence in India, which did not give a man or a rupee for the service. We do not put forward these considerations as showing that there are not many advantages in a colonial empire such as we now hold, and may, we trust, long continue to hold. The close union that still exists between us and our present colonial dominions is highly honourable to both parties, and has an obvious tendency to promote trade and cement friendship. But it is idle to attempt to conceal from ourselves that this union is in its very nature temporary and precarious, and may, and probably will, be put an end to without any misconduct on either side.

In the first place the union is one-sided. In case of war we are bound to defend Canada and Australia just as much as we are bound to defend Great Britain and Ireland. But there is no reciprocal obligation. The colonies do all that we require, and more than we expect, if they defend themselves. The cause of war is almost sure to be one in which all, or at any rate many, of the colonies have no interest. They will naturally feel regret that they are exposed to loss and injury in a cause which is not theirs, and we ought not to blame them if they prefer their own interests to ours. The present is essentially a fair-weather plan. Like Don Quixote's Helmet, it has broken down once, and we shall do wisely not to be too confident in it for the future.

It is besides not likely that the colonies will ultimately be content without having a voice in those deliberations by which their welfare may be so seriously affected. To gratify this reasonable desire would amount to a remodelling of Parliament on a federal principle. To this there are two insuperable objections: one the impossibility of persuading England and Scotland, and perhaps even Ireland, to con-

sent to such a change; the other the difficulty which is sure to arise among the colonies themselves. We will not dwell on the first, but refer our readers to the masterly essays of Mr. Goldwin Smith in this Review, and Lord Blachford in the *Contemporary Review.* On the second point, which has hitherto escaped observation, we will offer a few remarks.

Every colony is, by the ties of Government, trade, and a certain degree of common interest, connected with the Imperial Government. The colony looks back to her origin and her history, inseparably intertwined with our own.

> "And Rome may bear the pride of him of whom herself is proud."

Much may and doubtless would be conceded to the mother-country which would be conceded to no one else; with her there is no spirit of rivalry. But of an assembly composed partly of representatives of the mother-country and partly of the representatives of other colonies, each colony would be utterly intolerant. They would say, and with some justice, that they recognise the right of England to a voice in matters affecting their welfare, but that they utterly deny the right of any one colony to exercise any influence over the affairs of another.

Every one whose lot it has been to be practically acquainted with the sentiments and aspirations of a colonial community, is well aware that one colony seldom errs on the side of over-estimating the advantages or good qualities of its neighbour. They are apt to regard each other more as rivals than as co-operators. The products of those that lie near each other are mostly similar, and they are competitors for custom in the London market. Many reasons may be given why it would be very much for the interest of the Australian colonies to form a confederacy somewhat on the pattern of the United States, or at least to join in a Zollverein, and thus save the expense and delay of inter-colonial custom-houses. But though no one can deny this in the abstract, these reasons have hitherto been urged in vain. There is but one really efficacious motive to draw them into a confederacy, and that motive is fear. Where that is present the thing may be forced upon the colonies, as in North America and South Africa; where this is wanting, as in Australia, minor inducements are tried in vain.

But if this repulsion exists so strongly between neighbouring colonies, what will it be between colonies separated from each other by the diameter of the earth? Will Canada accept laws from New Zealand? or Australia submit to the legislation of Jamaica? And yet the only conceivable scheme by which the colonies can possibly be admitted to share in imperial councils is an assembly in which the Crown and the colonies shall be alike represented.

Whenever, therefore, the time shall arrive for the colonies to claim a voice in the general policy of the empire, there is nothing for it but separation, since the only alternative that can be suggested is utterly unworkable. The result is that we shall act most wisely by looking the question fairly in the face, whenever the inevitable day shall arrive when our larger colonies shall make the claim to have a voice in imperial affairs, and solve the question by submitting patiently and graciously to the inevitable alternative of separation, instead of exaggerating the mischief by futile efforts to avert it. It is not natural that nations which are destined, probably in the lifetime of some persons now in existence, to become more numerous than our own, should submit to be for ever in a state of tutelage. Our wisdom is to defer the change as long as possible, and when it does come to throw no captious obstacles in the way, but to console ourselves by the reflection that the experience of a hundred years ago shows us that it is very easy to exaggerate the mischiefs that arise from such a separation; above all, we should be on our guard against such phrases as "the decline of the empire," the "setting of the sun of England," and other poetical and rhetorical expressions, which have really no application to a change that only marks an inevitable period in a singularly wise and beneficent policy of which we have every reason to be proud.

To those who view the probable separation of the colonies from the mother-country at some period more or less remote as a proof of our degeneracy as compared with those who founded them, it may be some consolation to observe that hardly any of these settlements at the present day are answering the purposes with which they were founded. The great object in founding a colony was undoubtedly to secure the monopoly of its trade, and so long as we confined ourselves to that the American Colonies were among the most loyal of our fellow-subjects. Australia was originally occupied as a penal settlement. The West India Islands were desired as fields for the employment of slave-labour; and India, as we shall see presently, was acquired for objects very different from those which are now assigned for its retention.

There remains for consideration the third and by far the most important part of our inquiry, the question, namely, of the amount of injury which we should sustain by the loss of those dominions of the Crown which, being situated within the tropics or in their vicinity, can never become the home of a laborious and quickly multiplying European population. Our sugar islands were acquired as labour-fields for slaves, and with emancipation they lost the greater part of their value. Nature is so bountiful and life so easy in these lovely isles, and indolence so irresistible, that we lose greatly instead of gaining by the change from slave labour to free. To add to the

depression in these once flourishing possessions, it pleases the Government of France, in addition to one hundred and nine millions which the nation has to pay for Government and the interest of debt, to raise another million, which is employed in bounties to enable the beetroot sugar of France to undersell the sugar of the tropics. No one, we think, will say that any considerable loss would be sustained if these islands were separated from the British dominions. There can, in fact, be no reason for retaining them except the honourable feeling that it would be disgraceful to England to allow some of the fairest spots of the earth to relapse into utter sloth, ignorance, and barbarism, after she has once taken them into her hands.

Only one other question remains for consideration according to the plan which we have laid down for ourselves, and that is to appreciate as fairly as we can the loss which we should suffer were we to be deprived of the dominion which we now exercise without contest or rivalry over a territory as large as all of Europe that is not Russia, inhabited by two hundred and fifty millions of the human race. So strong is the feeling on this subject, that the House of Commons, which can listen with patience and toleration to proposals for a virtual separation between England and Ireland, shows unmistakable symptoms of impatience and displeasure at the bare supposition that such a catastrophe is possible. There is, we fairly admit, in the possession of such a country as India everything that can gratify our vanity and excite our imagination: the language, whose history is lost in unfathomable antiquity, but which is so like our own that many words are almost identical, and the single fact that a company of English traders conquered a country which Alexander the Great was never permitted to reach, are alone sufficient to excite our interest and gratify a natural and excusable pride. We may well be pardoned if our eyes are dazzled and our heads a little turned by such an acquisition; especially when we remember how powerful was the attraction which the notion of the conquest of India exercised over the mind of Napoleon, and how he chafed at the check at Acre, which according to him changed the destiny of the world. Still the possession of India by England is a hard and prosaic reality, and the gain and loss ought to be weighed and measured with perfect fairness and accuracy, like any other public transaction. It is now nearly a hundred and twenty years since the battle of Plassey left us without a rival in India, and handed over to us the key of this enormous treasure-house, and we have before us the fullest means of judging of the value, the cost, and the probable durability of the wonderful acquisition.

No one can deny and no one can exaggerate the immense value which the ordinary Englishman attributes to the possession of India by this country. The feeling is not, we apprehend, founded

on any very careful study of the history of its acquisition, nor yet does it appear to spring from any very minute estimate of the advantages which we derive, compared with the price that we pay for them. But of its reality and intensity there can be no doubt. In the present struggle in the East, if there is any enthusiasm it certainly is not evoked on the side of the Russians. The public does cold justice to their merits, and unsparingly criticises their defects. One of the severest checks our arms ever underwent was our defeat in Affghanistan; a defeat caused mainly by what we now know to be an utterly groundless apprehension of a Russian invasion of India. The Russians are, perhaps, the only people in the world to whom we are not fair and just, whose faults we systematically exaggerate, and whose difficulties we persistently underrate. Unanswerable geography and incontrovertible demonstration are employed in vain. It is a sentiment, and therefore above or below argument, and the foundation of that sentiment is the fear of losing India.

We must concede to those who laid the foundation of our Indian dominion, that their views, at any rate, were not warped or disturbed by over-refinement or over-conscientiousness. Whatever they fought and plotted for, it certainly was neither the honour of England nor the well-being of the people of India. Their objects were less elevated and much more substantial. The agents of a trading Company, they had made the discovery that in the then state of India, more was to be made by the sword than by the pen. Countries were devastated, governments overthrown, plunder practised on the largest scale, the troops of England farmed out to do the work of hired banditti, inoffensive women plundered, all laws, human and divine, trampled under foot in the ursuit of wealth. There is not an article in the impeachment of Warren Hastings that is not supported by the most conclusive evidence. The success was as complete as the means by which it was obtained were cruel and disgraceful. The only praise that the founders of our Indian Empire are entitled to is that they thoroughly knew their own minds, and adapted the means to the ends with skill and unscrupulousness. The policy was cruel, rapacious, and wicked, but it was perfectly intelligible. If Clive or Hastings had been asked what was the object which he had in view in India, he would have had no difficulty in answering that his object was to enrich the East India Company, and, if in a candid humour, he might, perhaps, have added, "not wholly forgetting myself." The whole transaction had an antique air about it, and puts one more in mind of a Roman pro-consul or procurator than an English general or governor. But this was not to last. It was a rather gross anachronism; and, though Hastings was acquitted, the disclosures of the trial roused at last the conscience of

England. Step by step these gross iniquities were corrected, and the rule of equity and justice replaced the rule of violence and cruelty. The conquering Company first became virtually a department of the Government, and has ceased to exist for nearly twenty years. The Romans would have drawn thirty millions per annum from India, the English Government does not draw a single farthing. Nay, it may be doubted whether, if we take into account unpaid services which the English navy performs for India, we have not in fairness a right to demand a payment from India on this, and perhaps on other accounts. So far are we from treating India as a tributary, that, although India raises a revenue of fifty millions sterling annually, to which the rich contribute little or nothing, we not only raise private subscriptions to assist the Government of India in performing a duty (the relief of famine) which it has the means and the power to perform for itself, but we hear a good deal of a project to guarantee a loan to India for the purposes of the Famine, with the view of saving one or two per cent. in the interest, and something of a proposal to present her, on behalf of the English taxpayers, who support their own poor, with a round sum of five millions.

India has not only ceased to be plundered, oppressed, and trampled upon, we are in great danger of being plundered, if not by her, on her behalf. She has become our pet, our darling, our spoilt child. Not only is she destined to a state of perpetual tutelage, she is petted and subsidised, while the colonies of our own planting are left to go on their way without notice, aid, or sympathy.

Such being our disposition with regard to India, we may reasonably ask what are the peculiar advantages which we derive from the possession that justify our extreme sensitiveness and tenderness on this subject? One reason undoubtedly is, that, in our present dealings with India, we exhibit ourselves to the world in a thoroughly beneficent and unselfish attitude. In our present treatment of India we have certainly done all in our power to atone for the crimes of our forefathers. We may also justly be proud of the spectacle which we present to the world, of a small number of Europeans diffusing the benefits of peace, order, and good government among so many millions of the human race, and thus raising them to a position, moral, social, and intellectual, which they never could have attained for themselves, and which they could not retain for a year without our assistance. If there were a prize of virtue for nations, as there is at Paris for individuals, we might enter into the competition with considerable hopes of success. But our inquiry is of a humbler and more practical nature. We do not ask what is the degree of moral approbation which our attitude in India deserves, but what are the material advantages which we obtain from a position of which we are so proud and so tenacious?

One advantage which we derive from our possession of India is the patronage of a number of places of considerable dignity and value, which serve as the rewards of merit and good service for which there is no adequate distinction at home. Another and far more important benefit which we derive from India is the great stimulus which has been given to education, and the brilliant prize which is held out to industry and ability by throwing open the Indian service to competition. This great experiment has not only provided India with the best Civil Service in the world; it has also gone a great way towards solving the problem of the best way of promoting the highest education. The standard idea of promoting education which found favour with our ancestors, and which is not yet by any means obsolete among ourselves, was to erect an expensive building, and, if there was anything over after the building had been paid for, to devote it to the payment of teachers. But Indian experience has taught us that while costly buildings avail little, and salaries which are paid whether the teacher teach well or ill are rather hurtful than beneficial, prizes held out as the rewards of superior industry and ability will create without any further machinery all that is necessary to obtain them. The Indian experiment has created for us the best Civil Service in the world; it is the pattern on which our own Civil Service is being remodelled, with every prospect of a similar result; and, if the United States are really in earnest in their profession of a desire to rescue their country from the mischiefs of their Civil Service, they have nothing to do but to study the Indian model and copy it as closely as possible.

We cannot look upon Indian finance with unmixed satisfaction. It is disgraced by the cruel and unstatesmanlike salt tax, by the imposition of export duties, and by the almost absolute immunity of the rich from taxation. But these blots are the result rather of real or supposed necessity than of choice. On the other hand, we may fairly claim credit for having kept India free from those gross violations of sound economical principle which disgrace the tariffs of most of the leading States of Europe. We are also entitled to claim credit for keeping so large a portion of the human race in peace and order, and turning to industry and commerce energies which might have been wasted in mutual outrage and destruction. Something also we may perhaps hope that we have achieved towards setting up among nations not under our immediate control a higher standard of the duties of a government towards its subjects, and of those subjects towards each other, than has hitherto existed. Such is the catalogue which we have been able to draw up of the advantages which we derive from the possession and dominion over India. The picture is not, to our thinking, a very brilliant one, but we have not intentionally omitted anything. We will now proceed to state the other side

of the question—the price at which these advantages, such as they are, are purchased.

It may be, doubtless it is, in the opinion of many wise and excellent persons, a sagacious and far-sighted policy to have taken possession of India. All we can say is, that if it be so we owe it rather to fortune than to wisdom, and that for the simple reason that England found herself in the possession of that position which necessarily drew after it the possession of India without ever having been consulted on the subject. We have heard of great resolutions taken with very little deliberation, but here was a course in which the party principally interested—the Parliament and people of England—had no choice at all. Once established as a leading power in India, as was the case after the battle of Plassey, treaties as the result of wars and wars as the result of treaties became inevitable, till the whole fabric of native Indian Government crumbled into dust before our feet. We might have held aloof altogether, but to go to a certain point and to say we would go no farther was not in our power. It is no slight matter for a great nation to have drifted into such a situation as this. But what follows is still more formidable. The situation in India is one from which it is impossible to withdraw. It is perfectly clear that, after having taken upon ourselves the fearful responsibility of providing for so many millions of the human race a Government in the place of that which, for our own selfish ends, we have destroyed, we are not at liberty to change our minds, and to abandon them to the anarchy in which we had assisted to plunge them. Equally clear is it that there seems no probability, even in the most remote future, that a time will arrive when India will be able, with the least chance of success, to enter on the duties of self-government. The only possible termination of our connection with India will be rebellion from within or conquest from without. A wise State is slow to take a step which puts its future destiny out of its own power; and such a step we have undoubtedly taken, or has been taken on our behalf, with India.

The finances of India may also become the source of a peculiar embarrassment. Large sums have been lent on the credit of the Indian Government, and by an Act of Parliament trustees have been empowered to invest in these securities. Now suppose that the Indian Government should from any cause be unable to meet these payments. A claim would of course be made on the English Exchequer, which it would not be very easy to answer. It would be said that the money was borrowed by Ministers of the Crown directly responsible to Parliament, and that the faith of the Crown was pledged for its repayment.

Among the advantages which we reap, not exactly from the possession of India, but from the peace and order which we have

established there, and which, undoubtedly, would not exist without us, may fairly be included the large trade which we have with her. The interest of England as a manufacturing and trading nation is, that every country should be at peace, industrious, and thriving. But that interest rests entirely on the further assumption that we are able to provide them with something better and cheaper than they can find elsewhere. It is also very possible, in the opinion of very competent persons, that we may be raising up a very effective competition against ourselves. The Hindoo by his fine touch, his exquisite taste, and, above all, by the extreme cheapness of his labour, is a formidable antagonist. This is no reason for keeping India in barbarism, but it is, as far as it goes, an answer to the argument drawn from the trade which we derive by means of the peace which we enforce.

And now we approach the last and by far the most formidable consideration connected with this subject. What is the tenure by which we hold India? We do not speak of foreign invasion, for that, considering the vast distance and the enormous apparatus of modern warfare, is not at any rate a pressing consideration. But it is, we fear, only too true that all our well-meant endeavours to conciliate the good-will and obtain the affection of the inhabitants of India, do not relieve us from the necessity of maintaining our hold on the country by the presence on its burning plains of an army of some seventy thousand British troops. This is no temporary demand. No one conversant with the subject looks forward to the time when this force can be dispensed with or even seriously reduced. We cannot trust to native troops to defend India from foreign invasion or from native rebellion. The pay and maintenance of these English troops are reimbursed to the English Government from Indian funds, but this does not stop the drain to which we are exposed. The money which we spend can be repaid to us, but who shall give us back our men? Every one knows that the freedom of our constitution, which does not admit of conscription, places us at a terrible disadvantage with the great military powers of the Continent, who possess the power of impressment for military service. Nor is this all. Not only are we poor in men, but the great facility for finding employment at good wages, the inevitable result of our great industrial success, offers temptations to desertion which are only too often successful. We have everything in the world that is required for our defence except men, and this is exactly that of which India drains us. India does not, like Saturn, devour her own children, but she decimates her European conquerors at a rate which soon places the ravages of climate on a level with the waste of many bloody battles. Consider what happened in the mutiny of 1857. We had been engaged in a war in which our troops had seen some severe

service, which had much reduced their numbers. The number of our troops in India had been reduced by the ordinary causes, and not filled up. It is needless to dwell on the result. A fearful rebellion sprung up in India, and all the bravery and self-devotion of men as brave and devoted as ever supported a desperate and almost ruined cause were only just sufficient to prevent the extinction of the English name in India, by a massacre as complete as the Sicilian Vespers. Let no one suppose that this danger is past, never to return. Should another war arise, the same want of men is sure to be felt, the same danger will have to be encountered. No great power of imagination is demanded in order to picture to our minds what must have been the result had the Indian rebellion taken place one year earlier or the Crimean War lasted one year later. Our duty to our ally, our position in Europe, would have called loudly upon us to reinforce our wasted forces in the Crimea. The duty of succouring our small and hardly-pressed army in India, and saving with it the civilian European element and the helpless women and children, would have called as loudly for large reinforcements for India. Should we have been in the position to have succoured both? and if not, which were we to abandon to destruction? There is but one weak point in our cuirass, and of that we have no cause to be ashamed, for it is caused by the mildness and freedom of our institutions. But it exists, nevertheless, and this is entirely owing to the demands of India on our military resources.

We are now, therefore, in a position fairly to estimate the accuracy of the writers and orators who represent India as the brightest jewel in the British Crown, and hold that England deprived of this, her mainstay and support, must immediately sink into the condition of a third-rate power. To us it appears that the exact contrary is the truth, and that we have in India our greatest, perhaps our only serious danger. In dealing with the great nations of Europe, we have the experience of many generations to guide us. We, to a great degree, understand each other, and there is every year a greater similarity between us in views, motives, and objects. But what progress have we made towards fathoming and calculating the motives of such a country as India? We are told that it is the belief of the Mahometans of India that we are tributary (which is in one sense true) to and dependent on the Sublime Porte. The safety of India may at any time be compromised by causes just as trivial and ridiculous as the memorable episode of the greased cartridges, or the mutiny at Vellore, which arose out of the shape of a hat.

We now believe ourselves to be in a condition to answer the question which we proposed as to the value to the United Kingdom of the foreign dominions of the Crown other than military posts. The

answer seems to be that to over-estimate it is extremely easy, and to under-estimate it extremely difficult. Having considerable faith in the soundness of opinions which are very generally entertained, we have done our best to find some ground for the belief that the colonies are the mainstay of the empire, and that we have in India the secret of our greatness, our wealth, and our power. As will be seen, in this attempt we have utterly failed. The matter was extremely simple while we confined ourselves to vague generalities. As long as we limited our view to tables of imports and exports, to returns of population and numbers of square miles, the case seemed plain enough; but when we came to examine the relations in which the owners of these things stood to England, the scales fell from our eyes, and we saw that all these good things, which we are instructed to regard as elements of our strength, were really ours in words alone; and what we were instructed to rely on as our property turned out to be nothing better than a mere rhetorical flourish, in fact the property of others.

The question is not whether all these magnificent territories and swarming millions exist; nor yet whether they are set down in books of geography and gazetteers as forming part of the dominions of the British Crown; nor yet whether they are the objects of admiration to the nations of the earth. The question with which we as practical people are concerned is much simpler, and may be thus expressed. What is the relation in which the inhabitant of the British Isles stands to these possessions? Are they his in the same sense in which the wealth, the population, and the strength of the United Kingdom are his? The answer must be that they are not. And if the question be further pressed, in what respect do they differ? The answer must be: The difference is simply this, that while we are bound to defend these vast possessions beyond the United Kingdom to our last shilling and our last man, the persons to whom we are so bound recognise no corresponding obligation, and after enjoying the fruits of our power and prosperity are at liberty to part from us if they so think fit in the moment of danger and distress. And, further, the answer must be that these dominions, which we call ours, give us no strength in war, and no funds at any time towards the support of our Government, and have been in the past the fruitful causes of wars.

We look for a solid repast, and can find nothing but a banquet of the Barmecide.

ROBERT LOWE.

THE FUTURE OF OUR COMMONS.

THE question of the appropriation of the common land of England is one which is of great importance now, and which will be of increasing importance as time goes on. The matter is not simply one of providing a public park or common in the near neighbourhood of cities which are now large and rapidly increasing, nor of securing a cricket or recreation ground and an acre or two of cottage gardens to a few villagers.

The question before the country, and it is well we should realise its magnitude before important decisions are made, is whether, consistently with all private rights, there is still any land in England which can be preserved for the common good; and, secondly, in what way such land can best be used. Is it best to parcel it out amongst various owners and increase the building or corngrowing area? Is it best to let the largest possible amount of it in allotments to the poor? Is it well to devote any portion of it, in rural as well as suburban districts, to the public, to be by them enjoyed in common in the form of beautiful, wild, open space?

It must be observed that the nation, as a nation, is not held to possess the open, uncultivated, unappropriated land of England. True, generation after generation has passed over much of it freely, but it seems that the people are not thereby held to have acquired a right to do so. Perhaps this is because such right has no money value; for rights of way, rights of light, rights of possession of soil, even rights on these very open spaces of pasturing cattle, cutting furze, and of playing games, are recognised by law when they have been long enjoyed. Had the right to wander freely, and to enjoy the beauty of earth and sky, been felt to be a more distinct possession, it may be that these rights also would have been legally recognised; but it has not hitherto been so. It is therefore lords of manors and commoners who have mainly the control of such waste places. When, however, they come to Parliament to ask to have their respective rights settled, and to get leave to enclose, Parliament has, under the Enclosure Acts, distinctly a voice in deciding the appropriation of the land. What ought its decision to be, having in view the future life of the nation as well as the present one?

That æsthetic considerations govern individuals in the disposition of their own estates is clear. When a gentleman possesses an estate, he apportions it to various uses. He asks himself how much of it he will devote to arable land and kitchen garden;

some small part of it he may set aside for his children, that they may dig in it and plant it in their spare time; and a part of it he will devote probably to a flower-garden or a park; for he knows that the family has need of enjoyment and of rest, and that beauty sustains in them some higher life than the mere material one. Are we as a nation to have any flower-garden at all? Can we afford it? Do we care to set aside ground for it, or will we have beetroot and cabbages only? In other words, is all the land, so far as the people are concerned, from sea to sea, to be used for corn-growing and building over only? Are those who own estates to have their gardens, and the people to have none? Or if any, how many and how pretty may they be? Is there only land enough for exercise ground near the big city, or can we have any for beauty far away from it?

Surely we want some beauty in our lives; they cannot be all labour, they cannot be all feeding. When the work is done, when the eating is finished, the soul and spirit of men ask for rest; they want air, they want the sense of peace, they want the sense of space, they want the influence of beauty. Men seek it on the rocky seashore, on the peaks of the mountains, by the streams in the valleys, or on the heather-covered moorlands. Over-excited in the cities, over-strained by toil, they need, if it were but once in their lives, that wonderful sense of pause and peace which the near presence of the great creations of God gives. The silence brings them marvellous messages, the clouds seem their companions, the lights which pass over the heather-covered hills fill them with an immeasurable joy. Old cares seem so far away as hardly to be real; and in the great peace which surrounds them the whole spirit is brought into harmony with grander music, tuned to nobler imaginings, and nerved for mightier struggles. "Man does not live by bread alone." And the words God speaks to us on the moorlands proceed, indeed, from his mouth with audible power, and memories of them haunt us with ennobling and consoling thought in the bustle, the struggle, and the pain to which we must return. This as individuals we know. There are signs that as a Nation we are beginning to see it.

A very remarkable change with regard to the relative value of different uses of land has taken place in England during the last thirty years, as the course taken by the legislature sufficiently proves. Mr. Cross, in introducing the Commons Act of last year, laid stress upon this change. He pointed out that the Enclosure Act of 1845 was framed when the notion of statesmen was that England must depend, at any rate in case of war, wholly on herself for the wheat which her people needed. The Corn Laws were not then repealed; the country was not nearly so thickly populated;

space was far more abundant, and the production of wheat seemed the best possible use to which land could be devoted. It was far different now. Corn reached our shores untaxed; our population had so vastly increased that it necessarily depended largely on imported wheat; we had learned much more about the importance to health of fresh air and exercise, and we felt increasingly the value of space as well as food for our people. The needs of the nation in 1845 demanded enclosure for the purposes of cultivation, and the act of that year was accordingly specially drawn to facilitate it. But now the case was different, and Mr. Cross stated that his bill was specially intended to promote regulation to meet the growing need of open space.

Further proof of the change in public opinion is afforded by the course taken by Parliament with regard to the New Forest. In 1851 no public objection was raised to an act which was passed empowering the Crown to plant formal and monotonous plantations of fir-trees, valuable as timber, in such a manner as to cover eventually the whole expanse of forest; while in 1876 this act was repealed in favour of one which provided that the ancient trees and wild undergrowth should be left henceforward undisturbed; thus showing that the Nation is now willing to sacrifice the profits accruing from fast-growing timber in order to preserve forest glades and heathery slopes, valuable only for their beauty.

The advantages to the Nation of possessing unenclosed land in perpetuity in certain instances, as opposed to the advantage of cultivating every available acre, have thus been distinctly recognised. But the proportion and situation of such unenclosed land remains to be determined, and will be decided by Parliament in the course of the next year or two. Mr. Cross's act prescribes that the application for regulation or enclosure shall be made to the Enclosure Commissioners (who were appointed under the Act of 1845), the Commissioners are to hold a local inquiry, and then prepare a scheme, which is to be submitted to a committee of the House. The scheme when approved by the committee comes before the House for confirmation. It may prove unfortunate that agents originally selected to administer an act having for its main object *enclosure* (*i.e.* the dividing of the land among separate owners) should have been chosen to carry out one specially intended, as Mr. Cross explained, to facilitate *regulation*, *i.e.* the preserving of the land open for the use of all.

So great has been the tendency to enclose, that out of 414,000 acres available for allotments, recreative grounds, &c., under the Act of 1845, only 4,000 had actually been thus allotted; while in 1869, out of 6,916 acres proposed to be enclosed, such were the views of the Commissioners that they considered 9 acres to be adequate reservation for public purposes, viz. 3 for recreation and 6 for field gardens!

And the four schemes hitherto submitted to Parliament under the new act contained a provision for only 17 acres to be reserved for recreation and 65 for field gardens out of 6,000 to be enclosed. The lords of the manor subsequently offered two more in each case if opposition in committee were withdrawn. The offer was accepted by the committee, but the attempt to pass the bill at the fag end of the session was most fortunately frustrated.

There is yet time, therefore, for consideration whether regulation could not meet the requirements of these cases rather than enclosure; and in some of them, at least those parts of them which are commons or waste lands of manors strictly speaking, as distinguished from commonable lands, it would seem that if ever regulating schemes are to be adopted in rural districts these are cases most suitable for them.

One of the commons recommended for enclosure, Riccall Dam, is pasture land, and will never be available for growing corn, as it is subject to floods. It is close to the village, and is constantly used for cricket. The chief objection to its present condition is that the existing rights of turning out cattle upon it are improperly used, an evil which it is admitted could be remedied by regulation. If such an open space is to be enclosed, it is difficult to conceive what rural common would be, in the opinion of the Enclosure Commissioners, a fit subject for regulation.

The conviction is forced upon us, that unless the Enclosure Commissioners insist upon regulation whenever it is practicable, there will be little prospect of this part of the recent act having a fair trial. Those lords of the manors who are pecuniarily interested in the commons will, as a rule, prefer enclosure to regulation, and the bias of Commissioners will probably be in the same direction, and if the option rests only with them there is little doubt which course will be preferred.

It behoves, then, the Commissioners to carry out the intentions of Mr. Cross, and to refuse enclosure in any case where regulation may be applicable, and not to act only upon the instance and preferment of those interested. The failure so far of the regulating clauses of the Act of 1876 bears out the views of those who opposed the act, and who, while conceding the good intents of its promoters, pointed out that the regulating clauses were so hampered by the necessity of consents that they feared that few, if any, schemes would ever come before Parliament under this part of the act.

It has been shown that in all probability thirty-seven schemes for enclosure will come before Parliament next session. Many thousands of acres now open will be subjected to enclosure under these schemes, and they will form the precedent for dealing with others for the future. They will come before Parliament; but the evidence

in each case is heard only by a small committee; and there are but few outside that committee who will notice or care anything about each scheme as it successively comes forward. And yet, if the schemes are all carried out, England will have next year, from this cause alone, thirty-seven fewer open spaces than she has hitherto possessed. A great deal of this land might be saved, if public attention were aroused, and aroused in time. On the next two or three years the fate of our commons will mainly depend. For seven years past (pending legislation) it has been possible to resist all schemes for enclosure; but since the passing of the Act of 1876 postponement of action is no longer possible, and each scheme must be dealt with immediately and on its own merits.

There is danger lest, as the schemes may relate each to a small area, and may not come before the public simultaneously, the gravity of the issue may not be generally perceived. It is no less a one than what proportion of the soil of England, of its commons, charts and forests, its scours, falls and moorlands, shall be retained to be used in common by her people as open, unappropriated space, both now and in the time to come.

Such, however, has been the growth of public opinion, that we may assume that Parliament would not sanction the enclosure of a common in the near neighbourhood of any large and populous town. But there seems some danger lest our legislators and the public should not duly consider how rapid is the growth of many towns, and that some which are not large and closely packed now may in a few years become so, and may need commons in their vicinity; nor how in many places suburb stretches beyond suburb as year succeeds year, and thus the town approaches the commons which once were rural. Increased facilities of swift and inexpensive travelling, and the opening of new lines of railways, make many a common once out of reach of the dwellers in town practically easy of access.

And there is a reason why even the still more distant rural commons should if possible be saved from enclosure. Every year, in many country neighbourhoods, population is increasing, and houses for letting are being built; more and more the field-paths by the river-side are being closed, and the walks through the corn-fields or bright upland meadows are being shut. The hedge, through the many gaps of which it was easy once to step into the roadside wood and to gather primroses in thousands, is now stoutly repaired, and new boards are put up warning trespassers that they "will be prosecuted." In self-defence the landowners erect barriers and warn off the public wherever that public becomes numerous. The field shut up for hay in the remote country has so small a chance of being trampled on, that the farmer, hospitably or care-

lessly, leaves the gate unlocked; but as the neat little rows of lodging-houses come to be built near it, or as substantial villas multiply in the neighbourhood, and the buttercups tempt the more numerous little children to run in among the tall grass near the path, or the great boughs of may induce the big boys to make long trampled tracks beside the hedge, the farmer is obliged to lock his gate, put up his notices, or, if "right of way" exist, erect a fence which should leave the narrowest admissible pathway for the public. So it is, so it will be, year by year increasingly, with all private property. It is not only the artisan who on his day's holiday will depend more and more on the common or public park; the professional man, the shopkeeper who is able to take a house or lodgings for a few weeks in August or September for his family, will also depend more and more each year on finding some neighbourhood where there is a heath or forest or moor which is public. He does not take his wife and children away only to breathe fresher air, nor is the small lodging-house garden all they want to spend the day in. To walk merely along the roads, if these roads pass between parks or fields barricaded from entrance, frets the human love of freedom which makes us want to wander further, to escape the dusty prescribed track, to break away over the hills, or pause in the meadow by the pool of the river, or gather the flowers in the wood. The more these are and must be closed, the more intensely precious does the common or forest safe for ever from enclosure become. It is not only the suburban common, it is the rural also, which is of value to us as a people.

Nor does the allotment scheme (admirable as it is in giving the landless classes a share in our common soil) in the least degree meet the need for beauty. Under all the schemes for enclosing rural commons, it is probable that henceforward provision will be made for field gardens. This is excellent; but do not let it be supposed that such allotments compensate for the entire loss of all unappropriated land.

It is, moreover, possible that allotments might, as time goes on, be provided from quite other sources than our commons. The very considerable area held in trust for charitable purposes may well furnish ground for the purpose. Moreover, future changes which should facilitate the transfer of land, and should enable men to buy or rent it in small quantities, would meet the demand for allotments. Such changes might easily be effected when Englishmen come to the conclusion that small gardens are desirable for the people. If the allotments are not made now, we may still hope for them in the future; but if we lose our open spaces now, shall we ever recover them? Think of the cost of purchasing them back! Think of the compulsory powers to compel sale of contiguous plots! Think of

the impossibility of breaking them ever again into uneven surface of woodland, dingle, or old quarry, or getting the forest trees on them again, and pause before you barter them for a few cultivated gardens, rented at high rates to a small group of men—valuable as field-gardens in themselves may be.

Note, too, by the way, what is done in giving them. For allotments, working men will pay four or five times the agricultural value, and have done so, under the old Enclosure Acts. That proves them to be appreciated. Under the recent act the amount of payment is limited; but is it not strange to take away free enjoyment from many, and to offer in exchange, at any money payment, a privilege to the few?

We have mentioned the schemes of enclosure now coming before the legislature, but, besides these, there is another extensive process of enclosure going on for which the legislature is not responsible. It is that which is silently pursued by lords of manors without any distinct legal settlement of rights. They *may* be taking only their due. They may be taking more. In some cases they are offering to the commoners, or to the poor, where lands are left for their benefit, money or land or gifts of coals in lieu of their old rights of cutting fuel or turning out a cow. Perhaps the coals are quite equivalent to the value of the fuel to the individual cottager. But they depend often on the will of squire or lord, are administered by churchwardens to the needy, and become a form of dole instead of a birthright. Again, all land in England is increasing in value. Why should the ignorant agricultural labourer be induced by the gift of a few poles of land or of coals to part with the valuable inheritance of his descendants? Why should the lord absorb to himself alone the "unearned increment" of the land? It ought not to be left to any private person to make such terms with his tenants, still less ought he to be allowed to decide by high-handed erection of fence how much is his and how much is theirs. Yet there are numbers of such enclosures silently going on throughout England in districts where there is no one powerful enough, rich enough, or with knowledge enough to carry the matter into a court of law, or watch effectually that justice be done. Such suits are very costly. The law in such cases is often complicated, a large amount is needed to secure the plaintiff against loss should he not have costs awarded him; and landowners, knowing that these difficulties prevent their being opposed when they enclose the tempting ground adjoining their park, and give a little bit of it to all neighbours likely to be troublesome, too often exercise a power which there is no one at hand to prevent.

Even the metropolitan commons, which might have been thought to be already secured by the Metropolitan Commons Act of 1866,

are not absolutely safe. No one now would apply for leave to enclose one of these *in toto*, but there is hardly a company advocating a scheme for a reservoir, a sewage farm, sidings for a railway, or what not, that does not cast longing eyes on the cheap common-land, one little bit of which it is supposed will hardly be missed. Accordingly, application is made to Parliament for compulsory power to take a small portion. So our metropolitan commons even may be nibbled away, and polluted and spoiled by the proximity of objectionable buildings or works. No less than five such schemes came before the public in 1877, affecting Barnes, Mitcham, and Hampstead.

The reader will perceive from what has been said that three distinct dangers threaten our common-land:—

1st. That due use should not be made of the powers given by the act of last year to promote regulation rather than enclosure, and that in the separate schemes about to be presented to Parliament no weight whatever should be given to the growing importance of wild open spaces free to all.

2nd. That illegal enclosure should take place unnoticed or be unopposed for want of legal knowledge or money to organize resistance.

3rd. That the commons already protected by the Metropolitan Commons Act should be injured by the action of bodies applying for compulsory powers of purchase for small portions of them.

It remains only to consider what can be done to meet these three dangers.

First. Let the public take care that they thoroughly understand the bearings of every scheme submitted to Parliament. Let due notice be taken that the proportion of land allotted to the public be adequate, and that the situation of it be well selected. Much depends also on its character. To revert to the parallel of the disposition of land made by the owner of an estate, who certainly would not place his kitchen-garden in the loveliest part of his park, do not let the nation surrender forest or hill-side, but, preserving them intact, apportion for purposes of cultivation the less beautiful, flatter, and probably more productive ground. Let the public watch how many of the schemes brought forward relate to regulation, not enclosure. Mr. Cross announced, as we have said, that his bill was intended to promote regulation; let us watch that its intention is thoroughly fulfilled. The machinery of the act to regulate commons being now provided, it remains for those who care for open space to see that it is not used to promote enclosure.

Second. The high-handed enclosures for which no Parliamentary sanction is sought are more difficult to meet. The expense of opposing is considerable, the legal questions complicated. Few individuals can deal with the problem single-handed. Here again, however, happily, the machinery exists ready to our hands. The Commons

Preservation Society[1] was founded twelve years ago with the express object of watching over the interests of the public in the remaining commons of England in Parliament and in the courts of law. How much this was needed will be seen when we consider that about five million acres have been enclosed since the reign of Queen Anne, and that there remain only 1,524,648 acres of open land, according to Domesday Book, now left for all present and future needs. The Committee of this Society gives advice free from all cost to those who wish to consult them respecting the course to be adopted when open spaces in their neighbourhood are threatened with enclosure. If the neighbourhood is poor, and legal resistance is the only way to meet the difficulty, the Society will to the best of its means aid with money and influence.

It appears to me that the objects of this Society are so important and far-reaching that it ought to be a large national union, every one joining it as members and supporting it to the utmost of their power. It is not a question which ought longer to be left to a comparatively few zealous men, it ought to be supported and its machinery used by every one who cares to keep the common-land open. If legal decisions are to be arrived at, if landowners are to be made to feel that they will be called to account for any enclosures made by them, the matter cannot be left in the hands of individuals, and it is only by combination and under good legal advice that the undertakings can be rightly and wisely begun and brought to a successful issue.

To meet the third danger—that arising from attempts to obtain compulsory power to purchase small portions of the metropolitan commons supposed to be protected under the Act of 1866—it is important to watch (equally as in the case of rural commons) each scheme that may be brought forward, and thus to let Parliament see that the matter is one about which the nation cares. The schemes previously referred to relating to commons at Barnes, Mitcham, and Hampstead were only defeated by strenuous public opposition. Under these schemes it was actually proposed to take four acres of Barnes Common for a sewage farm and to widen the railway that crosses it by additional sidings and coal depôts; to cut up Mitcham Common with additional lines of railway and to take 100 acres of it for sewage purposes; and to surround and partly undermine Hampstead Heath with a railway provided with three or four stations situated on some of its prettiest spots!

One other point bearing on the question of metropolitan commons may be noted here. Whenever the question of their enclosure has come up before the courts of law to be tried, it has been hitherto found that the rights of commoners have been adjudged sufficient to

(1) Offices, 1, Great College Street, Westminster.

preserve them from enclosure. It is, therefore, deeply to be regretted that last session the Metropolitan Board of Works again resorted to their old practice of purchasing these rights. They gave £5,000 for Bostal Heath, near Woolwich. The purchase was clearly unnecessary in this case, for a decree of the Court of Chancery exists preventing the enclosure of the heath. The Board probably took this step from a dislike to the trouble of defending their scheme for regulation. Such a practice must heavily burden the ratepayers of London, already quite sufficiently taxed. And this is done in order to secure for them that which there seems no reason to suppose could not be secured without any such expenditure, open spaces having already been legally procured without purchase in the cases of Epping, Coulsdon, Berkhampstead, and others. It is an old idea of the Metropolitan Board, and not a harmless one. In 1865, the chairman and members of the Board proposed to make it the central authority to protect and preserve commons; they asked for large taxing powers in order to raise money sufficient to buy up all rights of the lords of the manors and commoners, and to sell parts of the metropolitan commons for building, in order in some degree to recoup the ratepayers. The committee of the House of Commons which was then considering the question rejected this scheme of the Metropolitan Board, holding that, the rights of commoners being amply sufficient to keep the commons open, purchase was unnecessary. This opinion has been since repeatedly confirmed by decisions in the law courts. There seems no reason to suppose that Hampstead Heath, for which the Metropolitan Board gave nearly £50,000, might not have been kept open without purchase had the matter been carried to an issue. The question is an important one as far the ratepayers are concerned; and it is also very important as a matter of precedent. The plan of operation of any body of men which (like the Commons Preservation Society) should examine the rights of the public and uphold them by law, is much to be preferred to the purchase scheme, though this may be more acceptable to large landowners, and have more appearance of magnificence.

To sum up. It is by watchful care that every scheme under the new act be well considered and wisely decided when it is brought before Parliament; it is by steady co-operation to bring to a legal issue every unauthorised enclosure that a share in our common-land can alone be preserved for the landless classes. Shortly—before, perhaps, as a nation we awake to its importance—will this great question be permanently decided.

In England there is a very small and continually decreasing number of landowners. We have no peasant proprietors, as in France; few tenants of small holdings, as in Ireland. Yet the love of being connected with the land is innate; it deepens a man's

attachment to his native country, and adds dignity and simplicity to his character. As no inaccessible mountain ranges exist for our people to learn to love, as in Switzerland, as each family cannot hope to own a small piece of cultivated land, as in France, it may be that in our common-land we are meant to learn an even deeper lesson—something of the value of those possessions in which each of a large community has a distinct share, yet which each enjoys only by virtue of the share the many have in it; in which separate right is subordinated to the good of all; each tiny bit of which would have no value if the surface were divided among the hundreds that use it, yet which, when owned together, and stretching away into loveliest space of heather or forest, becomes the common possession of the neighbourhood, or even of the country and nation. It will give a sense of a common possession to succeeding generations. It will give a share in his country to be inherited by the poorest citizen. It will be a link between the many and through the ages, binding with holy, happy recollections those who together have entered into the joys its beauty gives—men and women of different natures, different histories, and different anticipations—into one solemn, joyful fellowship, which neither time nor outward change can destroy—as people are bound together by any noble common memory, or common cause, or common hope.

OCTAVIA HILL.

CONVERSATIONS WITH M. THIERS.[1]

LONDON, *November 26th*, 1852.—M. Thiers arrived in London the day before yesterday. I sat with him this morning for an hour and a half before breakfast.

He looks with alarm on our free-trade legislation.

"It may do very well," he said, "during peace, but as soon as war comes you will regret your navigation laws and your corn-laws. You think that your tonnage has augmented, but the apparent increase arises from the change of form which has occasioned an unusual number of new ships to be built. The Swedes and Norwegians have already almost excluded you from the Baltic; they have even taken your place in the *cabotage* between England and France, a trade which nourished a set of seamen whose hardy habits and local knowledge of your coast and of ours were invaluable to you. You now depend for your food on your commerce, and for your commerce, at least in time of war, on your maritime supremacy. I believe that, notwithstanding the great progress that our military marine has made and is making, you could now beat us with ease. But united to the American navy, the most formidable in proportion to its size that exists, we should be a tough morsel. And your laws respecting nationality, impressment, and neutrals, laws which you obstinately retain after the rest of the world has abandoned them, will force you into a war with America six months after you have begun one with us."

"Do you think war probable?" I asked.

"I think it," he answered, "not only probable, but certain. Whether it will take place within one year, or within two years, I will not say; but I am convinced that it will not be delayed for three. My fears are excited partly by the character of Louis Napoleon, and partly by that of his subjects. Like all those whose reign is, or affects to be, a restoration, he is an imitator. He began by a Dixhuit Brumaire, and an appeal to the blindest and most dangerous of powers, universal suffrage. Now he is making himself Emperor. From a President, when he was the equal of your Queen or of Nicholas, he becomes an illegitimate King, and will rank among his brother sovereigns, if brother they will call him, after the Grand Duke of Baden. Is it probable that he will be satisfied with an Empire bounded by Belgium, Prussia, Hesse, and Bavaria? He has succeeded in reproducing the two first acts of his uncle's drama, and you may be sure that he intends to give us the third.

"Again, he is irritable, and all his neighbours are hostile. He

(1) See *Fortnightly Review* for October.

believes, not without reason, that they dread his power, and look on his person with a mixture of hate and contempt. Each party knows that the other is watching for an opportunity of attack, and some day one or the other will think that the opportunity has come; the current that hurries him on is irresistible. He *probably* will perish by war; he *certainly* would perish by peace: and he will prefer a remote, and perhaps a brilliant, fall to an immediate and a disgraceful one. I do not sympathize with your alarmists who, when the *Times* is brought in to them at breakfast, expect to read there that the French are in Kent or in Ireland. I do not fear that in full peace and without warning he will make a *pointe* upon London; but I feel certain that as soon as he finds us craving for a new excitement he will stop our mouths with a war. He will have no difficulty in getting one up; the constant difficulty is to avoid one. Ten times during the last thirty years there have been *casus belli*, which have been smoothed over merely because all parties were honestly anxious for peace. Only let him hint a wish for war, and his diplomatists or his cruisers will manage to get him forced into one in three months."

"And in what direction," I said, "will the storm burst—on Piedmont, on Belgium, or on England?"

"That," he answered, "will mainly depend upon *you*. If your preparations for defence are skilful and energetic, if you make a landing very dangerous, and the progress of the invaders, supposing them landed, more dangerous still, you may force him to turn his eyes from the Channel. But depend on it, it is *there* that they are now fixed. The temptation to punish you for Waterloo, not only to avenge Napoleon, but to eclipse him, to effect what the hero of this century did not venture to attempt, is one which his wild, irregular, presumptuous ambition will not resist unless *you* make success impossible.

"And supposing the attempt once made, even if it fail, it will be a deplorable calamity to you, as well as to us. A continental war is a short one. We shall be immediately victorious or, what is more probable, we shall immediately be beaten. In either case peace will follow. But our wars with England last for years. We hate you too much and admire you too much to acquiesce in your superiority. Unless we dictate a peace in London, we shall not accept one until, after years of exhaustion, some third power, perhaps America, perhaps Russia, steps in, and commands both parties to end a struggle which is disturbing the peace of the world."

Sunday, November 28th.—M. Thiers paid me a long visit this morning. We talked of the division on Friday, and I said that I was glad that Lord Palmerston had broken with the Radicals, who were his main supporters and his most dangerous flatterers. United to

the Tories he would be far less formidable; first, because much weaker; secondly, because under less mischievous influences.

"I like Lord Palmerston," said Thiers, "as a companion. Our social relations have always been agreeable. And it is not absolutely impossible that we may have again to discuss together public business. I do not wish, therefore, to be generally quoted as disapproving his public character. His nature is not one of those which it is safe to offend. But I cannot but think that he will be a most dangerous member of any cabinet whatever be its colour. He is short-sighted, he is narrow-minded, he sees only the details of a matter, not its broad outline, he is always aiming at petty successes and partial triumphs, instead of the large objects which are pursued by real statesmen.

"His presence in any Cabinet, whatever be his portfolio, will prevent any cordial union between the continental powers and England. M—— says cleverly, that there is a mythological Palmerston as well as a real one, and the attributes of the mythological hero are as much exaggerations of those of the mortal, as those of the Solomon of the Arabian Nights exceed those of the Solomon of Scripture. Now it is the mythological Palmerston that is believed in on the Continent. Austria is convinced that his emissaries swarm over Europe, that his whole soul is employed in machinations to drive them out of Italy and establish a constituent assembly in Vienna. The King of Naples fancies that Palmerston passes sleepless nights devising his ruin. Even Nicholas exempts him from his general proud indifference, and condescends to hate and even to fear him. If you have to fight on Blackheath for the existence of London, you will owe it to Palmerston; and if he is then in the Cabinet, you will have to fight single-handed.

"When the Quadruple alliance was first proposed I saw its dangers. I said to the King, 'An alliance is a serious thing and England is a serious nation. It will not be safe to take her up and drop her. If we accept her alliance, we must stand by it when it becomes inconvenient as well as while it is useful.' But he was not to be deterred. Don Miguel had taken Bourmont to command the expedition with which he invaded Portugal. The King saw behind Bourmont the Comte de Chambord and was resolved to have him got rid of at any cost, so the alliance was made, and France and England were mutually pledged to support the thrones of Maria and of Isabella.

"You did your work loyally; Donna Maria was maintained and Bourmont disappeared. Soon after came the invasion of Spain by Don Carlos. You summoned us to perform our part of the treaty and to drive out Don Carlos as you had driven out Don Miguel. The King did not like the trouble or the expense, and he thought, perhaps with reason, that Don Carlos might be more under French

influence than his niece. Nesselrode and Metternich, partly from sympathy with a pretender to absolutism and legitimacy, and still more from aversion to the alliance between France and England, used every effort to induce him to refuse, or at least to neglect, to perform the obligations of the treaty. What was much worse, they encouraged him in speaking slightingly, indeed offensively, of Lord Palmerston. The King's *mots* were very clever; he was a great master of sarcasm.

"Lord Granville, as wise and as honourable a minister as you ever had, repeated nothing that could be offensive, but Bulwer reported faithfully, or perhaps with additions, all the King's *mauvaises plaisanteries*. Palmerston became Louis Philippe's bitter personal enemy, and pursued him with constant annoyances, of which only the most prominent ones, such as the events of 1840, are publicly known. The King retaliated by the refusal to ratify the convention as to the right of search, by throwing perpetual obstacles in the way of all your negotiators, and at last by the Spanish marriages."

"On the 22nd of February there had been an *ébranlement* at the château. Meetings of the Royal Family were held, but nothing was said to the Ministers. In the morning of the 23rd two alarming events occurred. A body of the National Guard interposed between the troops of the line and the insurgents. It was the first time that such an event had occurred, and every one felt its enormous importance. The other was the march of a column of the National Guard towards the Palais Bourbon, with the avowed intention of requiring the deputies to address the King in favour of Parliamentary reform.

"Barrot and I went out and met them at the Bridge. It was the sort of exhibition that he liked. He made to them a long harangue on their duties. I abused them as *émeutiers*. Between us we got them to retire.

"Soon after Duchatel was summoned from the Chamber to the château. He found there the King and Queen both disturbed by the morning's news. 'The affair is very serious,' said the King. 'Does M. Guizot feel confident?' 'We have no fears,' answered Duchatel. 'Without doubt the affair is, comme dit le Roi, serious, but we have put down more formidable insurrections.'

"The Queen now interposed, in a state of much excitement. 'This is a time,' she said, 'to speak frankly. I do not think that M. Guizot *does* appreciate the gravity of the situation.' 'He had better,' said Duchatel; 'come and explain himself.' And he returned to the Chamber and carried Guizot out with him to the château. It was not without alarm that I saw Guizot going out. I knew his unpopularity, and that if the mob had him in their power they would tear him to pieces. I had been attacked myself that morn-

ing in the Place de la Concorde, and should have been massacred if some personal friends in the National Guard had not rescued me. But he probably knew the danger, and his carriage, instead of the direct road by the Place, took the Quais, which were lined with troops.

"I cannot state to you the details of what passed between the King and Guizot. On comparing what the King told to *me*, and what Guizot told to his friends, and they repeated to me, I believe that Guizot said, that one of two things must be done: that if the course adopted was resistance, the National Guard must be instantly dissolved; that if it was concession, there must be Parliamentary reform. That the King would not consent to the former, or Guizot to the latter; and that, it being evident to both parties that they must part, the rest of the conversation was a sort of fencing match, in which the King tried to be deserted, and Guizot to be dismissed. The King maintains that he succeeded, that is to say, he maintains that Guizot resigned; Guizot asserts that he was dismissed. The King had then to decide whom he should send for. It lay between Molé and me.

"Guizot inclined the balance towards Molé. This was about one o'clock. It was four before Molé could be found and brought to the chateau. Three precious hours were thus lost.

"Molé accepted, and asked if he might take me for his colleague. 'What,' answered the King, 'will Europe say? What will the Bourse say, when it hears that we have such a *mauvaise tête* at the Tuileries?' Molé insisted, and the King yielded, probably with an *arrière pensée* of soon getting rid of me.

"Molé sent me word that he would call on me. This kept me useless in my house for some hours waiting for him. When he came and opened his business I instantly refused. 'I never,' I said, 'will sit in a Cabinet of which I am not the head.' 'But,' he said, 'will you give me your friends, will you give me Rémusat and Duvergier de Hauranne?' 'By all means,' I said, 'if they will give themselves; and I will assist you to the utmost of my power. I will be everything except your colleague.' He went on to look for other colleagues, met with repulses from some, and could not persuade the King to accept others; and at last, after spending unprofitably five or six irrevocable hours, returned his powers to the King. All the rest you know."

"Were your relations with the King," I asked, "when you were his Minister, agreeable?"

"I cannot say," answered Thiers, "that we were in all respects well suited, and yet we liked one another. I enjoyed his *finesse*, his knowledge, his sagacity, and the charm of his manner. He liked my frankness, and, perhaps, did not dislike my petulance. With me he was thoroughly at ease, not so with Guizot. But the King

and I were each of us too fond of having his own way to tolerate long the relation of King and Minister. He wanted to see all my dispatches. I let him look at the long and formal ones, on the condition that he would not attempt to alter them; but the shorter ones, the confidential notes, written while the courier was standing by in his boots, I would not show to him. There was not time; I had to give the last *mot*. It would not have done to waste an hour or two in sending these to the Tuileries. [1]

"It was about two in the morning of the 24th February, 1848, that I received the King's summons by one of his aides-de-camp, General de Ponthais. To get from my house in the Place de St. Georges to the Tuileries was not very easy—indeed not very safe. The messenger and I had to cross hundreds of barricades, and to answer the challenges of hundreds of sentinels, all excited and many of them drunk. Montalivet and the Princes Nemours and Montpensier, whom I found in the anteroom, said to me, 'Surtout ménagez le Roi,' as if that was a time for personal considerations.

"He was always fond of me. 'Quand je ne l'aimais plus,' he said, 'toujours il me plaisait.' This time, however, he received me coldly. 'Eh bien,' he said, 'have you made me a ministry?' 'Made a ministry!' I answered. 'Sire, why I have only just received your Majesty's commands.' 'Ah!' he replied, 'vous ne voulez pas servir dans le règne.' This was an allusion to an old speech of mine. I really had said that I would not serve again during his reign. I became angry, and said, 'Non, sire, je ne veux pas servir dans votre règne.' My ill temper calmed his. 'Well,' he said, 'we must talk reasonably. Whom can you have for colleagues?' 'Odillon Barrot,' I answered. 'Bon,' replied the King. 'M. de Rémusat.' 'Passe pour lui.' 'Duvergier de Hauranne.' 'I will not hear of him.' 'Lamoricière.' 'À la bonne heure. Now,' he continued, 'allons aux choses.' 'We must have parliamentary reform,' I said. 'Nonsense!' he answered. 'You would produce a chamber that would give us bad laws, and perhaps war.' 'I do not ask,' I replied, 'more than fifty or a hundred thousand new electors, and that is not a great concession. And the present chamber must be dissolved.' 'Impossible,' said the King; 'I cannot part with my majority.' 'But,' I said, 'if you refuse both the objects that I propose, and the instruments with whom I am to work, how can I serve you?' 'You shall have Bugeaud,' said the King, 'for your commander-in-chief. He will put down the émeute, et apres ça nous verrons.' 'Bugeaud,' I said, 'will add to the irritation.' 'No,' answered the King, 'he will inspire terror, and terror is what we want.' 'Terror,' I replied, 'is useful when it is supported

(1) What follows is Mr. Senior's note of a conversation with M. Thiers in the spring of 1852, on the subject of the revolution of February, 1848.

by sufficient force. Have we that force?' 'Go, mon cher,' said the King, 'to Bugeaud, talk to him, collect your ministers, come back to me at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, et nous verrons.' 'We are not ministers yet,' I said. 'No,' answered the King, 'you are engaged to nothing, nor am I. But whatever be the arrangement you must be the chief.' 'That suits me,' I replied, 'for I have resolved never again to enter a cabinet of which I am not the head.' It fell in also with my engagements to Barrot: we had agreed that neither of us should be minister without the other, and that I should preside.

"'Now,' said the King, 'we must insert in the *Moniteur* that you and Barrot are my ministers.' 'But,' I answered, 'we are not; we may never be.' 'Never mind,' said the King, 'I must have your names.' 'Mine,' I replied, 'is at your Majesty's service, but I cannot dispose of Barrot's.' 'We will not say,' he answered, 'that you have accepted, but that the duty of forming a cabinet has been imposed on you.'

"I was going to write the paragraph. 'No,' said the King, taking the pen from me, 'I will be your secretary.' And he wrote a notice announcing that MM. Thiers and Odillon Barrot etaient chargés par le Roi de former un nouveau cabinet.

"I inferred from this conversation that the King did not suspect the extent of the danger; that when he perceived the gravity of his situation we should have little difficulty in overcoming his objections either to men or to measures; and that as soon as we had extricated him from his present embarrassment, he would throw us over without scruple.

"From him I went to Bugeaud, whose head-quarters were close by, on the south side of the Place du Carrousel. I found him excited and anxious. It was now about three in the morning. 'I have not been appointed,' he said, 'two hours. I scarcely know with whom I am to act, or what are my means; but as far as I can ascertain they are very small. I have not sixteen thousand men; they are fatigued and demoralised; they have been kept for two days with their knapsacks on their backs, standing in half-frozen mud. The cavalry horses are knocked up; there is no corn for them, and the men have been two days on their backs.'

"I then went to look for my colleagues. Barrot, Rémusat, Duvergier de Hauranne, and Lamoricière behaved well. Though with little confidence in the stability of the throne, they agreed to enter the ministry. Passy refused—so did Dufaure. Barrot, however, protested against Bugeaud. 'If we are to conciliate the people,' he said, 'let us not encumber ourselves with the most unpopular man in Paris.' I stood up for him. 'We shall probably,' I said, 'have a furious battle, let us not deprive ourselves of the services of the first soldier in Europe.' This discussion took

place at my house. It was now nearly seven, and we set out for the Tuileries. On our road I received a note from Bugeaud, in which he repeated his complaints of the weakness and of the fatigue of his troops, and added, what was news to me, that, with the exception of Bedeau's division, the troops had only ten cartridges a piece."

"How many," I said, "would have been necessary?"

"An old soldier," he answered, "and on a field of battle, seldom uses more than ten. We did not spend ten at Austerlitz. "Prince Czartoriski once described well to me the decisive part of that battle. 'We were on our horses,' he said, 'on the hill of Pratzen with the bulk of our army below us looking for the French, when we saw them emerge from the wood below. We opened on them a tremendous fire which they did not return—but formed their line and advanced with shouldered arms regardless of our fire, only closing their ranks as men fell under it. At length they were within pistol shot, and then, with one discharge, each man aiming at the adversary to his left, they destroyed a whole line.' But only a veteran can do this. Young troops, even in the field, fire as soon as they see the enemy, and waste a whole cartouche box in an hour; and all troops, young and old, do the same in street fighting. In June we burnt three millions of cartridges.

"During the latter part of the reign," he continued, "the universal opinion of the bourgeoisie was that the bases of the King's character were obstinacy and *fourberie*. As to the first they were right —not quite so as to the second: he was *fin* and *rusé*, but not *fourbe*.[1] They believed him, however, to be as false as Louis XI. The fusillade at the Affaires Etrangères was supposed to have been a treacherous massacre, the nomination of Bugeaud an act of open hostility. Along our whole road, at every barricade and wherever a crowd was collected, we assured the people that the ministry was changed, that all that was right would be done; but we were met by cries of 'Le Roi vous trompe. On va nous égorger. On va nous mitrailler.' 'Non,' we said, 'on ne va pas vous mitrailler. Voyez Barrot, voyez Thiers. Nous sommes ministres. Nous ne sommes pas des Égorgeurs.' 'Mais Bugeaud, mais Bugeaud.' 'Bugeaud,' I said, 'will do you no harm. Pull down the barricades and all will be well.' And in many cases the barricades were pulled down.

(1) This passage is referred to in the following extract from a subsequent conversation. "I called on M. Thiers this morning. Lady Ashburton had read to him in French the beginning of my report of our conversations in the spring. He admitted its general accuracy. 'There are,' he said, 'some few things that require correction, not because they are important in themselves, but because, the report having passed through my hands, I become responsible for what I am made to say, and inaccuracies in slight points, which would be immaterial if you alone had to answer for them, ought not to be passed over by me. . . . Thus you make me call Louis Philippe *fin et rusé*. So he was, but those words, without explanation, convey the idea of falsehood, and false he was not. He had a strong will and fixed plans, and though the means which he used to effect those plans were often indirect, they were not treacherous.' "

"All this, however, produced a strong effect on Barrot. By the time that we arrived at the Rue St. Anne, he had returned to his old feelings against Bugeaud. 'Bugeaud,' he kept repeating, 'va bien avec Guizot, mais pas avec nous. Let Guizot and Bugeaud beat down the resistance. C'est leur métier. Our business is to conciliate.' It was at the Rue St. Anne that we found the first fighting. The troops and the people were firing at one another from the street and the windows. I stopped the fire of the troops, and we ran through that of the people without an accident. A man came afterwards and asked me for a place on the merit of having run by my side and covered me.

"In the Cour des Tuileries we found the Ducs de Nemours and Montpensier with Bugeaud. I abused them all with little *ménagement*. 'Here,' I said to the Princes, 'you have been for a couple of days on the brink of a battle, and you have no ammunition.' 'We have sent,' they answered 'to Vincennes.' 'To Vincennes!' I said, 'and how?' 'By a regiment of Chasseurs d'Orléans, and by the shortest road.' 'And so,' I said, 'you have deprived us of one of our best regiments, and in three hours the regiment and the ammunition will be both in the hands of the insurgents. And this when you had the Seine by your side, when you might have sent to Vincennes artillerymen disguised as peasants in boats full of wood or straw under which the ammunition would have been concealed, and in two hours we should have had it in the Louvre.'

"So it is to have to deal with Princes. They trust to others; they do not know, what we administrators have learnt by sad experience, that men are naturally cowards, liars, and sluggards; they trust to what is told them, and they are ruined.

"The King and the Princes believed Duchatel and Guizot. Duchatel and Guizot believed that there were thirty thousand men in Paris, when there were not sixteen thousand; they believed that they had food and ammunition, and they had neither.

"'Cher ami,' I said, turning to Bugeaud, 'do you wish your wants to be known to the enemy? If I am killed I shall be instantly stripped, and the contents of your note will spread like wild-fire over the insurrection. If *you* fall, your body will be respected; take your unhappy note and relieve me from it.'"

"Do you mean," I said, "that the bodies of those who fall in the Paris *émeutes* are stripped?"

"Not stripped," he said, "of their clothes, but of all that is in their pockets. It is a *droit de la guerre* which, from the number of Parisians who have served, we have imported into our civil combats.

"In war, when a man falls, those next to him are his heirs. A man stands by his officer, covers him, protects him, but if he is killed instantly rifles him. I have heard of a man employing one hand to fire, and the other to seize the watch of his dying comrade.

But a general's body is protected. His men fight for it more fiercely than even for their colours.

"We now went into the King's cabinet. He was just up. He looked suspiciously at Duvergier; however, he made an effort and said, 'Je les accepte tous. Venons aux choses.' 'We must have a dissolution,' I said. 'Impossible!' said the King. 'I cannot part with a majority which so well understands my policy.' 'We must have reform.' 'Nous verrons,' replies the King, 'when this crisis is over. But these eventualities are not the things that I want to talk to you about. What is to be done to-day? What is to be done this instant?' 'We are not your ministers, sire,' I answered, 'and if we were, we are not ministers of repression. M. Guizot is still minister; he and Bugeaud are the persons to put down the *émeute*. I have no right to give advice.'

"'Ne parlez pas,' said the King, 'des bêtises constitutionelles. You know that Guizot is out of the question—that I trust no one but you—what am I to do?'

"'In the first place,' I replied, 'I think that Lamoricière would be a more popular commander of the National Guard than Bugeaud. By all means keep Bugeaud as Commander-in-Chief of the whole force, but give the National Guard to Lamoricière.' 'But,' said the King, 'will General Lamoricière like to serve under Bugeaud?' 'With all my heart,' said Lamoricière. 'I have served under him all my life.'

"'In the second place,' I said, 'I find that we have scarcely any ammunition. We should not, I think, take the offensive until we see what we can obtain from Vincennes. And lastly, our small force appears to me to be too scattered. We have not above seven battalions at headquarters, and I am told that they are not five hundred strong. It seems to me that Bedeau and the other detachments ought to be recalled, and the whole concentrated in and about the Tuileries.'

"'What you say,' said the King, 'seems quite right; go and talk to Bugeaud.' And to him we went. He received Lamoricière admirably. 'You could not,' he said, 'have given me a better second,' and he took from an officer near him a military cloak, and threw it over Lamoricière to conceal his plain clothes.

"'We think,' I added, 'that until the ammunition comes, perhaps, indeed, until we know the effect of the change of ministry, offensive operations should be suspended; and further, that the troops had better be concentrated in and near the château.' 'I perfectly agree with you,' said Bugeaud; 'in fact, I have already taken the first step, and I will immediately order the troops to fall back on the Tuileries.' And accordingly he dictated an order to Bedeau to retire by the Boulevards and the Rue de la Paix, and orders to the other detachments to fall back on the Tuileries.

"Soon after a messenger from Delessert, who reached us through many dangers, announced that the Prefecture of Police was surrounded, and that he wished the communication between him and the château to be kept open. About two hundred National Guards, and two hundred troops of the line, with St. Arnaud at their head, were sent from the Louvre along the Quais for this purpose; the barricades on their road were deserted as they approached, but we had scarcely seen the last of their bayonets disappear under the entrance of the Prefecture when the barricades were re-manned, and the only result was that we lost four hundred out of our small garrison. When the population is with you, a barricade taken is kept; with a hostile population it is immediately lost again.

"Bugeaud's orders were given in a hurry, and ill-framed. That addressed to Bedeau directed him to march along the long circuitous road of the Boulevards, instead of the shorter cut of the Rue Montmartre, or the Rue Richelieu. The other orders specified no routes whatever. The consequence was that the movement was from the beginning a retreat, almost a flight. Bedeau's division, which was the most distant, moved in a long file, instead of a compact column. The anarchical party, which was now mustering strong, and advancing from the Eastern Faubourgs, broke through the line, cut off the artillery, and so demoralised the men that whole battalions mirent la crosse en l'air as a signal that they would no longer resist the insurrection.

"It was now proposed that Odillon Barrot, Lamoricière, and I should leave the Tuileries, and go to the people on the Boulevards and the Rue St. Honoré, and announce to them the change of ministry and of system. Bugeaud kept me back. 'Let them go,' he said, 'and try and tell their story. I want *you* here. We shall soon be attacked. Je tuerai beaucoup de monde—but there is no saying how it may end. All Paris seems to be coming upon us, and it would require fifty thousand men to make me confident of success.'

"It was now past ten.

"I went back to the King. As I entered his cabinet Guizot went out of it. Where he spent that night I do not know, but he had passed the morning in the private apartments of the royal family, and in all my conversations with the King I found traces of his influence and of his opposition.

"It was now that I used an expression which has since been quoted, though incorrectly as to its occasion, 'La marée monte—monte—dans deux heures peut-être nous serons tous engloutis.' I proposed to the King to retire from Paris. He assented, and suggested Vincennes. 'Vincennes,' I said, 'is a prison. Let it be St. Cloud. St. Cloud is a military position. By to-morrow Bugeaud and I will assemble there sixty thousand men. The day after to-morrow we will be at the Hôtel de Ville. The Hôtel de Ville, perhaps, will

be destroyed; nous aurons le pied dans le sang; both, or one of us, may be destroyed, but *you* will not be with us, you will not have been active in the battle, and you will have saved the monarchy.' The King went back to his private apartments to consult the Queen, and in fact to consult Guizot. When he returned he did not recur to my scheme of leaving Paris, but said that he would show himself to the troops. We went out accordingly into the Cour des Tuileries. He was well received by the posts within the iron rails, which separate it from the Place du Carrousel. But when he had passed through the Arc de Triomphe, and found himself on the outside of the rails in the Place du Carrousel in presence of the National Guards, they raised a cry of Vive la Réforme. Many of them ran forward from their ranks, pressed on his horse, and raised over him a sort of arch of bayonets. I was walking at his horse's head, and threw aside the bayonets with my stick, and tried to remonstrate with them. The King cried out rather sharply, 'Elle est accordée! Elle est accordée!' but he was disappointed and alarmed. His confidence reposed chiefly in the National Guards. These were the best disposed of them, or they would not have been there, and it was evident that his influence over them was gone. He suddenly stopped the review, and returned to the château.

"I now saw that the time for the King's retreat was come, and urged Bugeaud to post troops to keep open the communication between the Tuileries and the Quai de Passy. He objected, and talked of resistance, but at last consented. Had not this been done, the mob, which half an hour afterwards broke into the Tuileries, would probably have massacred the Royal family.

"While I was talking to Bugeaud, a fire was opened on us from the windows of the buildings which then covered a large part of the Place du Carrousel. Bugeaud now for the first time ordered his little army, which was ranged from the north to the south of the Place, just beyond the railing, to fire. The picturesque effect of this discharge, as it gradually ran from one end to the other of this long line, was very striking. It cleared the windows, but it did little else. 'There,' said Bugeaud, 'goes one of our ten cartridges—but there are nine left, et avec ça on peut pas mal tuer.'

"I went back to the King. Seven or eight members of the Chamber were there, but, with the exception of Piscatory, they were all members of the Opposition—such as Duvergier, Dufaure, Rémusat, de Lasteyrie, Gustave de Beaumont, and I. Suddenly Crémieux came. 'I have traversed,' he said, 'a great part of Paris. All is not lost. The people, indeed, will not accept Bugeaud or Thiers; but an Odillon Barrot ministry, his colleagues all taken from the Left, and Gérard for Commander-in-Chief, will be received with acclamation.' 'For heaven's sake,' I said, 'sire, try this experiment.' 'No;' answered the King, 'you are the only person in

whom I confide.' 'We must not think,' I replied, 'about our feelings and wishes at such a moment. Nominate Barrot.' 'But who,' said the King, 'is to countersign it?' 'Guizot,' said somebody; 'he is still minister.' 'No,' I said, 'we must keep that name out of sight.' General Trezel was at hand, and signed the nomination of Barrot as President of the Council. Who signed that of Gérard, as Commander-in-Chief, instead of Bugeaud, I do not recollect. 'At least,' said the King to me, 'you and your intended colleagues remain with me—I never wanted friends more.'

"Soon after M. de Reims entered the cabinet. He brought me news of my family, of whom, since I left them before daybreak, I knew nothing except that they were in the heart of the insurrection. All my servants, he said, except two were on the barricades. A party had entered my house, were received with great tact and politeness by Mdme. d'Osne, and took nothing except our firearms. His account of the state of public feeling was frightful: the Republican party was becoming the master—cries against the Royal family were increasing; it was probable that in half an hour the Tuileries would be attacked by one hundred thousand insurgents. One resource only seemed left—abdication in favour of the Comte de Paris. The Duc de Nemours was watching our conversation, and beckoned to me. 'What is the news,' he said, 'that you are hearing?' 'About the safety,' I answered, 'of my own family.' 'What about the people?' 'Nothing good,' I replied. 'Can your informant be depended on?' 'Perfectly.' 'Then I must talk to him,'—and the Prince drew M. de Reims into a window. 'I fear,' said M. de Reims, 'that there is only one chance left—the people is perfectly mad.' 'I guess,' said the Prince, 'what that chance is.' 'I believe,' said M. de Reims, 'that the throne of the Comte de Paris may possibly be preserved—I am sure the King's cannot.' 'What say *you*, M. Thiers?' said the Prince. 'I cannot venture,' I said, 'I cannot bear, to talk on such a matter.'

"The Prince took the arm of the Duc de Montpensier, and they both approached the King. He was perfectly calm—the only person who was so. 'We are told, sire,' said the Duc de Nemours, 'that a terrible sacrifice is necessary.' 'Is it my abdication? I am perfectly ready to hand you over the government.' 'I fear,' said the Duc de Nemours, 'that one sacrifice is not enough. I am more unpopular than your Majesty. The Duchess of Orleans must be the Regent.' 'Et toi aussi,' said the King. Then, turning to me, he said, 'Cher ami, que dites vous?' I would not, indeed I could not, speak. He discussed the matter for a few minutes with the two princes, and seemed quite ready to follow their advice—but, before deciding, went through his bedroom to the Queen's sitting-room, which opened into the bedroom. As the doors are arranged to form a vista, we could see as they were

opened, into the Queen's apartment. The Queen, the Duchess of Orleans, the Duchesses of Nemours and Montpensier, their children and *dames d'honneur*, and the Princess Clementine were all there—and also Guizot and Broglie. Whenever, during this long night and morning, the King went into that room he came back irresolute. The door closed, but we could hear weeping and sobbing, and loud voices. There was a *scène de famille* that lasted perhaps for ten minutes. Then the King returned, bringing with him all this female *entourage*. As he sat down the Duchess of Orleans threw herself before him with the children, exclaiming, 'Sire, n'abdiquez pas. La couronne est trop lourde pour nous, vous seul pouvez la supporter.' The Queen bent over him and embraced him. Cries of 'L'abdication, l'abdication,' were now heard from the ante-room. The Queen's grief was mixed with anger. 'You do not deserve,' she said, 'so good a King.' La scène était touchante, meme dechirante, mais il y manquait la dignité; elle ne resiste pas aux émotions fortes. I could not stay any longer.

"Abdication at this instant may have been prudent, but I could not bear to see it imposed on the King by a crowd. I am naturally absolute; it is with difficulty that I can tolerate the opposition of my colleagues; but of all things that which I can least support is the dictation of a mob. I went back to the Cour des Tuileries, where I might find vent for my rage and anguish in the battle of which it seemed likely to be the scene. I was walking up and down with Bugeaud, listening to the approach of the firing and of the cries, and from time to time to a ball breaking the glass of some window above us, when M. de Cercey ran to me from the château, crying 'Come back! Come back! We want your advice for the King.' I went back, but could not penetrate much farther than the door. Through a vista of heads I could see the King sitting at his table, slowly writing his abdication. He gave it to those near him, who passed it on to Lamoricière. I went back to tell Bugeaud. 'We should have been beaten,' he said, 'we should have been écrasés. Mais au moins j'aurais tué quelques milliers de ces coquins là [he used a much coarser word] et c'est ce qui m'enrage.'

"Immediately afterwards we saw the crowd pouring from the Royal apartments under the Pavillon de l'Horloge towards the garden. M. d'Assoline, the Duchess of Orleans' secretary, came to us and told us that orders had been sent to the stables in the Louvre for the carriages to meet the Royal family in the Place de la Concorde, at the gate of the subterraneous passage which runs from the Tuileries under the Terrace du Bord de l'Eau. Bugeaud and I followed the crowd through the gardens to the Place de la Concorde in the hope of meeting the King at this gate. Before we arrived the Royal family were already there, waiting for the carriages.

"To bring them had been a matter of difficulty and danger. One coachman was shot on his box, and only two broughams not bearing any arms, and mistaken for *citadines*, reached the Place.

"The necessity of the precaution suggested by me an hour before of occupying the Place de la Concorde by a sufficient force now appeared. The furious mob, some of whom had now burst into the château, and others were trying to rush into the Place, would have spared no one who appeared to form part of the Court. But while some troops of the line, assisted by the heroic defence of the Château d'Eau, kept good the entrances into the Place from the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, a regiment of cuirassiers received in a square the Royal family, protected them while they were thrown into the two carriages, and went off with them at a gallop along the Quay below Passy.

"'We have nothing more to do,' said Bugeaud. 'I shall go home. No one will touch me in this marshal's dress, but you had better take an escort. Your black coat will not be respected.' 'An escort,' I said, 'would be of little use against a hundred thousand insurgents. I shall find my way as I can.' And so we parted.

"In a few minutes I was recognised and pressed on. If I had fallen, or if I had resisted, my life was gone. Nothing is more good-natured, more kind, than a Parisian mob unless its destructive passions are roused, but the slightest accident will rouse them. They put me in mind of a couple of greyhounds which a friend of mine bred up with a hare. All three were the best friends possible. Once, in sport, the hare ran from the dogs; they pursued her, the dormant instinct was roused, and they killed her. A battalion of the National Guard saved me, and carried me across the bridge to the Palais Bourbon. I went into the *Salle des Pas Perdus* which served as an ante-room to the Chamber, and found it full of deputies. They urged me to go into the Chamber. 'No,' I said, 'I will have nothing more to do with you. Your venality, your subservience, your selfishness, your opposition to reform, your determination to monopolize for yourselves and for your handful of electors all the honours and profits of the government, have dethroned the monarch, and perhaps destroyed the constitution. I will never enter again that den of infamy and corruption.' And I left them in order to get back, as well as I could, by the Quai de Passy and the Boulevard *extérieur* to my own house.

"At that instant the Duchess of Orleans was in the Chamber. Neither Bugeaud nor I had been told that she was going there. M. d'Asseline, her secretary, never mentioned to us her plans; we took for granted that she was with the rest of the Royal family on the road to St. Cloud. Had we known the truth, we should of course

have made our way into the Chamber, and it is possible that the result of that last sitting might have been different."

"What became," I said, "of the abdication?"

"Lamoricière," answered Thiers, "accompanied by La Grange, went to read it at the first barricade in the Rue de Rivoli—he was received by a fire which killed his horse. As he fell he gave the paper to La Grange, who, I believe, really tried to publish it—but it was too late. We were now in the hands of the Rouges—Lamoricière's life was saved by two men in the mob who had served under him in Africa. I will not bore you with my adventures on my way to the Place de St. Georges. After some narrow escapes I got to my house, and found my family safe."

"Beginning," I said, "by your first interview with the King, and looking back at the different acts of this tragedy, do you see any means by which the catastrophe could have been altered?"

"I doubt," he answered, "whether at two o'clock on the morning of the 24th of February it was still possible, with our small, fatigued, and ill-provided force, to resist such an insurrection as that which actually attacked us. If the news of the change of ministry and of the change of system could have been published and believed, the insurrection would never have swelled to the dimensions which it ultimately reached. But neither was then possible: the office of the *Moniteur* was surrounded by barricades, the announcement of the change was not circulated: of those who heard it the greater part discredited it. But our defeat might have been far less disgraceful. If Bedeau had formed his troops into a column instead of a file two miles long; if his artillery had been in the centre instead of at the end; if he himself had been in the midst of his troops, overlooking all, instead of being at the Porte St. Martin when his rear was in the Place de la Bastille; if he had taken the direct road to the Tuileries instead of, in fact, marching round them, he might have brought us a reinforcement of six thousand men, well provided with ammunition. As it was, the people seduced his soldiers in detail: they broke into their ranks, they shook them by the hand, they kissed them, they entreated them not to fire on the people, they promised to take care of their artillery for them—in short, they made them worse than useless. In an *émeute* the troops are lost if they allow the mob to come in contact with them. The only wise order is to fire if they approach.

"Our concentrated force would have amounted to ten or twelve thousand men. No mob can stop such a force in the broad, straight avenue which leads from the Tuileries to St. Cloud. We should have marched thither with the Royal Family in our centre. By the 25th we should have collected there sixty thousand men; on the 26th Bugeaud and I should have been ready to march on Paris.

"We should have left the King with a mere guard of five thousand

men at St. Cloud, taken post with twenty thousand men at the Arc de Triomphe, and twenty thousand more at the Barriere du Trone on the opposite side, and sent twenty-four pieces of cannon and two columns each of ten thousand picked men to meet at the Hôtel de Ville. Those who advanced from the Arc de Triomphe, who alone would have had the cannon, would have encountered no resistance—the Champs Elysées and the Quais are indefensible. Those who marched by the Faubourg St. Antoine would have had to cross barricades, but they would have taken them from the rear; and the *bourgeoisie*, after having been two days in the hands of the Republicans, would have been our devoted friends. We should have had to destroy the Hôtel de Ville—that was the object for which I should have sent the cannon—but under its ashes would have been the ashes of the Republicans; and I would destroy ten such buildings to put down a revolution."

"Bugeaud," I said, "in his letter, says that there were not more than ten caissons of cartridges in Vincennes."

"Bugeaud's letter," answered Thiers, "is a tissue of falsehoods. There were at Vincennes cartridges enough, and *matériel* of every kind enough, to fight ten great battles. The military *matériel* of France is larger than that of England and Russia, and Austria and Prussia—indeed, than that of all Europe put together.

"When I was minister I had a register, entitled *Divers*, which was kept secret, and contained an account of all the military *matériel* which I had accumulated for unforeseen, or, rather, for unarrived occasions. Among that reserve was the equipment of two hundred and fifty thousand men and an artillery of four hundred pieces, which I destined to arm th revolutionists of Italy. We have a provision for five years of war."

March 24th.—This morning we had our ninth conversation.

"Our last conversation," he began, "brought us to my return to the Place de St. Georges.

"I was advised to change my residence, or, at least, to sleep out, but I resolved to die, if I was to die, at home. I never was seriously molested, though for some days my rooms were full of persons who came to ask for advice. The counsel which I gave to them all was not to emigrate *au dehors ou en dedans*—either beyond the frontier or into the provinces.

"When the Constituent Assembly was convoked I offered myself for the Bouches du Rhone, which I had represented for twenty years, but they had not courage to elect me.

"Soon after it had met I was returned by one of the departments in which there had been a double nomination, but I lost the 15th of May, almost the only great event of the last twenty years that I have missed."

BOOKS AND CRITICS.[1]

Before advancing any statements which may appear to you doubtful, I will bespeak your favourable attention by saying something which cannot be contradicted.

A man should not talk about what he does not know. That is a proposition which must be granted me. I will go on to say further—it is not the same thing—a man should speak of what he knows. When it was proposed to me to say something to you this evening, I wished that what I said should be about something I knew.

I think I do know something about the *use* of books. Not the contents of books, but the value and use of them. All men have read some books. Many have read much. There are many men who have read more books than I have. Few in this busy, energetic island in which we live can say, what I have to confess of myself, that my whole life has been passed in handling books.

The books of which we are going to speak to-night are the books of our day—modern literature, or what are commonly called "new books."

So various are the contents of the many coloured volumes which solicit our attention month after month for at least nine months of the year, that it may seem an impossible thing to render any account of so many-sided a phenomenon in the short space of one lecture. But I am not proposing to pass in review book by book, or writer by writer—that would be endless. I am not proposing to you to speak of individuals at all, I want you to take a comprehensive point of view, to consider our books *en masse*, as a collective phenomenon—say from such a point of view as is indicated by the questions, "Who write them? Who read them? Why do they write or read them? What is the educational or social value of the labour so expended in reading or writing?

Literature is a commodity, and as such it is subject to economic law. Books, like any other commodity, can only be produced by the combination of labour and capital—the labour of the author, the capital of the publisher. They would not be written unless the author laboured to write them. They could not be printed unless there was somebody ready to advance money for the paper and the work of the printing-press. The publisher, the capitalist, risks his money on a book, because he expects to turn it over with a trade profit—say 12 per cent—on it. On the capitalist side the pro-

(1) A Lecture, delivered Oct. 29, 1877.

duction is purely a commercial transaction; but on the labour side, *i.e.* on the part of the author, it is not equally easy to state the case as one of labour motived by wages. Certainly authorship is a profession. There are authors, who are authors and nothing more—men who live by their pen, as a counsel lives by giving opinions, or a physician by prescribing for patients. But this is only partially the case with our literature. A large part of it is not paid for; the author's labour is not set in motion by wages. Many other motives come in, inducing men to address the public in print, besides the motive of wages. Disinterested enthusiasm; youthful ardour of conviction; egotism in some one of its many forms, of ambition, vanity, the desire to teach, to preach, to be listened to; mere restlessness of temperament; even the having nothing else to do—these things will make a man write a book quite irrespective of being paid for doing so. Did you ever hear of Catherinot? No! Well Catherinot was a French antiquary of the seventeenth century; a very learned one, if learning means to have read many books without understanding. Catherinot printed, whether at his own cost or another's I can't say, a vast number of dissertations on matters of antiquity. David Clément, the curious bibliographer, has collected the titles of one hundred and eighty-two of those dissertations, and adds there were more of them which he had not been able to find. Nobody wanted these dissertations of Catherinot. He wrote them and printed them for his own gratification. As the public would not take his *paperasses*, as Valesius called them, he had recourse to a device to force a circulation for them. There was then no penny post, so he could not, like Herman Heinfetter, post his lucubrations to all likely addresses, but he used to go round the *quais* in Paris, where the old bookstalls are, and, while pretending to be looking over the books, slip some of his dissertations between the volumes of the *bouquinier*. In this way the one hundred and eighty-two or more have come down to us. Catherinot is a bye-word, the typical case of scribbleomania, —of the *insanabile scribendi cacoethes*—but the malady is not unknown to our time, and accounts for some of our many reams of print. And even if pure scribbleomania is not a common complaint, there are very many other motives to writing besides the avowed and legitimate motive of earning an income by the pen. Why do men make speeches to public meetings, or give lectures in public institutions? It is a great deal of trouble to do so. The motives of the labour are very various. Whatever they are, the same variety of motives urges men to write books.

Notwithstanding these exceptions, the number and importance of which must not be lost sight of in our inquiry, the general rule will still hold that books, being a commodity, are subject to the same economic laws as all commodities. That one which is of importance for us is the law of demand and supply; the law which says that

demand creates supply, and prescribes its quantity and quality. You see at once how vital to literature must be the establishment of this commercial principle as its regulator, and how radical must have been the revolution in the relation between writer and reader which was brought about when it was established. In the times when the writer was the exponent of universally received first principles, what he said might be true or might be false, might be ill or well received, but at all events he delivered his message; he spoke as one having authority, and did not shape his thoughts so as to offer what should be acceptable to his auditory. Authorship was not a trade; books were not a commodity; demand did not dictate the quality of the article supplied. In England, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the transformation of the writer from the prophet into the trading author was pretty well complete. As we trace back our civilisation to the cave man, so it is worth while casting a glance at the ancestral authorape from whom is descended the accomplished and highly-paid leader-writer of 1877, who sits for a county, and the "honour of whose company" dukes solicit. The professional author of Queen Anne's time has been delineated to us, by the master-hand of Pope, as a disreputable being, starving in a garret "high in Drury-lane," on an occasional five guineas thrown to him by the grudging charity of one of the wealthy publishers, Tonson or Lintot, or more likely Curll, "turning a Persian tale for half-a-crown," that he might not go to bed supperless and swearing. He was a brainless dunce without education, a sneaking scoundrel without a conscience. But you will notice that in this his mean estate, now become a hireling scribbler, he continued for long to keep up the fiction that the author was a gentleman who wrote because it pleased him so to do. When he had finished his pamphlet in defence of the present administration, a pamphlet for which he was to get Sir Robert's shabby pay, he pretended, in his preface, that he had taken up his pen for the amusement of his leisure hours. When he had turned into rhyme Ovid's De Arte Amandi for Curll's Chaste Press, he said he was going to oblige the town with a poetical trifle. You all remember Pope's couplet—

> "Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
> Obliged by hunger and request of friends."

The second line ought to be read thus—

> "Obliged by hunger and—request of friends,"

hunger being the real cause of the hurried publication; "request of friends" the cause assigned, suppose on the title-page. The transformation of the teacher into the paid author was complete; but the professional author, though compelled to supply the article which was in demand, still gave himself the airs of an independent gentleman, and affected to be controlling taste instead of ministering to it.

In our own day, notwithstanding the exceptions to which I have alluded, it is now the rule that the character of general literature is determined by the taste of the reading public. It is true that any man may write what he likes, and may print it. But if he cannot get the public to buy it, his book can hardly be said to be published. At any rate, books that are not read count for nothing in that literature of the day which is the subject before us.

Let us first inquire what literature is as to its mass, before we look into its composition. And here it will simplify our subject if we divide books into two classes—literature strictly so called, and the books which are not literature.

Literature does *not* mean all printed matter. Blue-books and Acts of Parliament, Mrs. Beeton's Household Management, Timbs's Yearbook of Facts, Fresenius's Chemical Analysis—these are not literature. The word is not applicable to all the books in our libraries. Most books are didactic—*i.e.* they are intended to convey information on special subjects. Treatises on agriculture, astronomy, a dictionary of commerce, are not literary works. They are books—useful, necessary for those who are studying agriculture, astronomy, commerce—but they do not come under the head of literature. There are books which the publishers are pleased to advertise as "gift-books," the object of whose existence is that they may be "given"—no doubt they answer their purpose, they are "given"—and there is an end of them. I have seen an American advertising column headed "swift-selling books," the object of which books, I presume, was that they might be "sold," like Peter Pindar's razors. When we have excluded all books which teach special subjects, all gift-books, all swift-selling books, all religious books, history and politics, those which remain are "literature."

I am unable to give a definition of literature. I have not met with a satisfactory one. Mr. Stopford Brooke, in a little book which I can cordially recommend to beginners—it is called A Primer of English Literature—has felt this difficulty at the outset. He says in his first page, "By literature we mean the written thoughts and feelings of intelligent men and women arranged in a way which will give pleasure to the reader." It would be easy to show the defects of this definition; but, till I am prepared to propose a better, we may let this pass. Of what books the class literature consists may be better understood by setting the class in opposition to special books than by a description. Catalogues of classified libraries use the term "belles lettres" for this class of book.

When we have thus reduced the comprehension of the term "literature" to its narrowest limits, the mass of reading soliciting our notice is still enormous — overwhelming. First come the periodicals, and of periodicals first the dailies. The daily newspaper is political or commercial, mainly; but even the daily

paper now, which pretends to any standing, must have its column of literature. The weekly papers are literary in a large proportion to their bulk. Our old friend the *Saturday Review* is literary as to a full half of its contents, and, having worked off the froth and frivolity of its froward youth, offers you for sixpence a co-operative store of literary opinion of a highly instructive character, and always worth attention. There are the exclusively literary weeklies—the *Academy*, the *Athenæum*, the *Literary World*—all necessary to be looked at as being integral parts of current opinion. We come to the monthlies. It is characteristic of the eager haste of our modern Athenians to hear "some new thing," that we cannot now wait for quarter-day. Those venerable old wooden three-deckers, the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Quarterly Review*, still put out to sea under the command, I believe, of the Ancient Mariner, but the active warfare of opinion is conducted by the three new iron monitors, the *Fortnightly*, the *Contemporary*, and the *Nineteenth Century*. In these monthlies the best writers of the day vie with each other in soliciting our jaded appetites on every conceivable subject. Indeed, the monthly periodical seems destined to supersede books altogether. Books now are largely made up of republished review articles. Even when this is not the case, the substance of the ideas expanded in the octavo volume will generally be found to have been first put out in the magazine article of thirty pages. Hence the monthlies cannot be disposed of by slightly looking into them; they form at this moment the most characteristic and pithy part of our literary produce. It has been calculated that the insect life upon our globe, if piled in one mass, would exceed in magnitude the heap which would be made by bringing together all the beasts and birds. For though each insect be individually minute, their collective number is enormous. So a single number of a periodical seems little compared with a book; but then there are so many of them, and they are reproduced so fast! A newspaper seems less than it is on account of the spread of the sheet. One number of the *Times*, a double sheet containing 16 pages, or 96 columns, contains a quantity of printing equal to 384 pages 8vo, or an average-sized 8vo volume. Even a hard reader might find it difficult within thirty days to overtake the periodical output of the month; and then on the first he would have to begin all over again.

So much for periodicals; we come now to the books.

The total number of new books, not including new editions and reprints, published in Great Britain in 1876, was 2,920. In accordance with the construction I have put on the term literature, we must subtract from this total all religious, political, legal, commercial, medical, juvenile books, and all pamphlets. There will remain somewhere about 1,620 books of literature, taking the word in its widest extent. I may say, by the way, that these figures can only

be regarded as approximative. Cataloguing in this country is disgracefully careless. Many books published are every year omitted from the London catalogue. For example, out of 267 works published in the two counties of Lancashire and Chesire, only 31 are found entered in the last London catalogue. But I will take no account of omissions. I will even strike off the odd 120 from my total of 1,620, and say that English literature grows only at the rate of 1,500 works per annum. At this rate in ten years our literary product amounts to 15,000 books. Put the duration of a man's reading life at forty years. If he had to read everything that came out, to keep pace with the teeming press, he would have had in his forty years 60,000 works of contemporary literature to wade through. This in books only, over and above his periodical work, which we calculated would require pretty well all his time.

But as yet we have got only Great Britain. But England is not all the world, as Mr. Matthew Arnold reminds us (Essays, p. 43). By the very nature of things, much of the best that is known and thought in the world cannot be of English growth, must be foreign; in a survey of literature we cannot afford to ignore what is being said and written in the countries near us, any more than in politics we can afford to ignore what is being done by them. At present Germany and France are the two countries with whom we are most closely connected, and whose sayings are the most influential sayings in the world.

Germany is the country of books, and its output of books is enormous. The average annual number of books printed in that language is about 12,000. However, only a fraction of this total of German books deserves to rank as literature. Mere book-making is carried in Germany to a frightful pitch. The bad tobacco and the falsified wines of Mayence and Hamburg find their counterpart in the book wares of Leipsic. The German language is one of the most powerful instruments for the expression of thought and feeling to which human invention has ever given birth. The average German literary style of the present day is a barbarous jargon, wrapping up an attenuated and cloudy sense in bales of high-sounding words. The fatigue which this style of utterance inflicts upon the mind is as great as that which their Gothic letter, a relic of the fifteenth century, inflicts upon the eye, blackening and smearing all the page. An examination of the boys in the Johannenen of Hamburg elicited the fact that sixty-one per cent. of the upper class were short-sighted. A large part of German books is not significant of anything—mere sound without meaning.

Putting aside, however, the meaningless, there remains not a little in German publication which requires the attention of one who makes it his business to know the thoughts of his age. The

residuum of these 12,000 annual volumes has to be sifted out of the lumber of the book-shops, for it embodies the thoughts and the moral ideal of a great country and a great people. Poor as Germany is in literature, it is rich in *learning*. As compilers of dictionaries, as accumulators of facts, the German bookmaker is unrivalled. The Germans are the hewers of wood and drawers of water for a literature which they have not got. All the rest of the European nations put together do not do so much for the illustration of the Greek and Latin classics as the Germans alone do—classics by whose form and spirit they have profited so little. It is one of the paradoxes of literary history that in this very country—Germany—which is the world's schoolmaster in learning the Greek and Latin languages, so little of the style and beauty of those immortal models passes into its daily literature.

If style and form alone were what gave value to literature, the first literature now produced in the world would be the French. All that the Germans have not the French have. Form, method, measure, proportion, classical elegance, refinement, the cultivated taste, the stamp of good society—these traits belong not only to the first class of French books, but even to their second and third rate books. No writer in France of whatever calibre can hope for acceptance who violates good taste or is ignorant of polite address. German literature is not written by gentlemen—mind, I speak of literature, not of works of erudition—but by a touzle-headed, unkempt, unwashed professional bookmaker, ignorant alike of manners and the world. In France a writer cannot gain a hearing unless he stands upon the platform of the man of the world, who lives in society, and accepts its prescription before he undertakes to instruct it. French books are written by men of the world for the world. This is the merit of the French. The weak point of French books is their deficiency of fact, their emptiness of information. The self-complacent ignorance of the French writer is astonishing. Their books are too often style and nothing more. The French language has been wrought up to be the perfect vehicle of wit and wisdom—the wisdom of the serpent—the incisive medium of the practical intelligence. But the French mind has polished the French language to this perfection at a great cost—at the cost of total ignorance of all that is not written in French. Few educated Frenchmen know any language but their own. They travel little, and, when they do travel, their ignorance of the speech of the country cuts them off from getting to know what the people are like. We must credit the French with knowing their own affairs; of the affairs even of their nearest neighbours in Europe they are as ignorant as a Chinese. Their newspapers are dependent for their foreign intelligence on the telegrams of the *Times*. Hence their foreign

policy has been a series of blunders. Had the merits of the case been known to it, could Republican France, in 1849, have sent out an expedition to Rome to set up again the miserable ecclesiastical government which the Romans had thrown off? I was reading in the *Figaro* not long ago a paragraph giving an accouut of the visit of a French gentleman in England. On some occasion he had to make a speech; and he made it in English, acquitting himsely very creditably. "M. Blanc," says the *Figaro*, "being a Breton, spoke English like a native Englishman, on account of the close affinity between the two languages, Breton and English." The *Figaro* is one of the most widely circulated newspapers in France. England is a country with which the French are in close and constant communication, and yet they have not discovered that the English tongue does not belong to the Keltic family of languages. That Germany is as little known to them as England I might instance in the most popular tourist's book of the day. Victor Tissot's "Voyage aux pays des Milliards" has reached something approaching to fifty editions. It is nothing but a tissue of epigrams and witty exaggerations, a farce disguised as fact, and taken by the French nation as a serious description of German life.

It is an error to say, as is sometimes said, that French literature is a mere literature of style. This finished expression embalms much worldly wisdom, the life experience of the most social of modern men and women; but it is an experience whose horizon is limited by the limits of France. It is a strictly national literature. It is, in this respect, the counterpart of the literature of ancient Athens. *We*, all the rest of us, are to the Frenchman barbarians in our speech and manners. He will not trouble himself about us. By this exclusiveness he gains something and loses much. He preserves the purity of his style. The clearness of his vision and the precision of his judgment, from his national point of view, are unimpaired. He loses the cosmopolitan breadth—the comparative standpoint. But the comparative standpoint is the great conquest of our century, which has revolutionised history and created social science and the science of language.

He who aims at comprehending modern literature must keep himself well acquainted with the contemporary course of French and German books, as well as of his own language; and these two are enough. A Spanish literature of to-day can hardly be said to exist, and the Italians are too much occupied at present in reproduction and imitation to have much that is original to contribute to the general stock of Europe.

English, French, German: the periodical and the volume publication in these three languages, year by year: you will say the quantity is prodigious—overwhelming, if it were to be supposed that any reader must read it all. But this is not the case: what

the publisher's table offers is a choice—something for all tastes: one reads one book, another another. As I divided books into two classes, books of special information and books of general literature, so readers must now be divided into two classes—the general public and the professional literary man: the author, or critic, let us call him. I am not proposing that the general public should read, or look at, all this mass of current literature. It would be preposterous to think of it. You must read by selection; but for your selection you will be guided—you are so in fact—by the opinion of those whom I must now speak of as a class, by the name of critics.

Criticism is a profession, and, as you will have gathered from what has been said, an arduous profession; the responsibility great, the labour heavy. Literature is not your profession—I speak to you as the general public—it is at most a solace of your leisure hours; but the critic, he who sits on the judgment-seat of letters, and has to acquit or condemn, to examine how each writer has executed his task, to guide the reading community by distinguishing the good and censuring the bad—he really holds an educational office which is above that of any professor or doctor, inasmuch as the doctor of laws or of divinity is authorised to speak to his own faculty, whereas the critic speaks to the whole republic of letters. What is recreation to you is business to the critic, and his business is to keep himself acquainted with the course of publication in at least these three languages. Looking, then, at the mass and volume of printed matter to be thus daily and hourly sifted, you cannot think that the profession of critic is a sinecure.

And before he can be qualified to take his seat on the bench and dispense the law, consider what a lengthened course of professional training must have been gone through by our critic or judicial reader. When he has once entered upon his functions, his whole time will be consumed, and his powers of attention strained to the utmost, in the effort to keep abreast of that contemporary literature which he is to watch and report upon. But no one can have any pretension to judge of the literature of the day who has not had a thorough training in the literature of the past. The critic must have been apprenticed to his profession.

It has been calculated that in a very advanced and ramified science, *e.g.* chemistry, fourteen years are required by the student to overtake knowledge as it now stands. That is to say, that to learn what is known, before you can proceed to institute new experiments, fourteen years are necessary—twice the time which the old law exacted of an apprentice bound to any trade. The 5th of Elizabeth, which used to be known as the statute of apprenticeship, enacted that no person should for the future exercise any trade, craft, or mystery, unless he had previously served to it an apprenticeship of seven years at least. This enactment of 1563 was but the legisla-

tive sanction of what had been for centuries the bye-law of the trade guilds. This bye-law had ruled, not in England only, but over all the civilised countries of Europe. It was a bye-law that had not been confined to trades. It had extended over the arts and over the liberal professions. University degrees are nothing more than the application of this bye-law to the learned professions. It required study for twenty-eight academical terms, *i.e.*, seven years, to qualify for the degree of M.A. in the universities. Rather, I would say, that the line was not then drawn between the mechanical and the liberal branches of human endeavour; both were alike designated "Arts;" and the term "universitas," now restricted to the bodies which profess theoretical science, was then the common appellation of all corporations and trade guilds, as well as the so-called universities of Paris and Bologna.

Regarding literature as a separate art, we might ask, How long would it require to go through the whole of it to become a master of this art? Even taking the narrowest definition of literature, it seems a vast surface to travel over, from Homer down to our own day! I say the surface, because no one supposes it necessary to read every line of every book which can call itself literature. Remember that in studying the literature of the past, other countries than France and Germany come in. I have dispensed our critic from occupying himself with the Italian and Spanish books of to-day. But with the books of the past it is different. Italy, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was the most civilised and literary country in Europe. And Spain has its classical writers. Their mere mass is prodigious. Life in Italy was rich and varied, and consequently so were the materials for that true narrative which is stranger than fiction. Villari has computed that the Italian republics of the Middle Ages enjoyed a total of 7,200 revolutions, and recreated themselves with 700 grand massacres. The longest single poem, I believe, extant, is an Italian poem, the Adone of Marini, who lived in the time of our James I. It contains 45,000 lines. As for Spain, one single author of the seventeenth century, Lopes de Vega, wrote 1,800 plays; his works altogether fill forty-seven quarto volumes. Alonso Tostado, a Spanish bishop of the fifteenth century, wrote nearly forty folios, having covered with print three times as many leaves as he had lived days. To come to England. Our William Prynne wrote 200 different works. Chalmers's collected edition of the English poets only comes down to Cowper, who died in 1800, and it fills twenty-one volumes royal 8vo, double columns, small type. The volumes average 700 pages. This gives a total of 14,700 pages, or 29,400 columns. Now it takes—I have made the experiment—four minutes to read a column with fair attention. Here is a good year's work in reading over, only once, a selection from the English poets. The amount of reading which a student can get through in

a given time hardly admits of being measured by the ell. The rate of reading varies with the subject, the rapid glance with which we skim the columns of a newspaper being at one end of the scale, and the slow sap which is required for a page of, say, Kant's Critique of Pure Reason being at the other. Still, just to get something to go upon, make a calculation in this way: Suppose a man to be able to read eight hours a day. No one can really sustain receptive or critical attention to written matter for eight hours. But take eight hours as the outside possibility. Thirty pages 8vo is an average hour's read, taking one book with another. This would make 240 pages per day, 1,680 per week, and 87,360 pages in the year. Taking the average thickness of an 8vo volume as 400 pages only, the quantity of reading which a diligent student can get over in a year is no more than an amount equal to about 220 volumes 8vo. Of course this is a merely mechanical computation, by which we cannot pretend to gauge mental processes. But it may be worth while knowing that the merely mechanical limit of study is some 220 volumes 8vo per annum.

It would be clearly impossible, even for an industrious reader to read, even once, every line of the world's stock of poetry, much less every line of all that can be called literature. In no branch of study is mere mechanical application of much avail. In the study of literature, as in art, mechanical attention, the mere perusal of the printed page, is wholly useless. The student, therefore, has to overcome the brute mass of the material on which he works by artificial expedients. Of these expedients the most helpful is that of selection. As he cannot look into every book, he must select the best. And selection must not be arbitrary. In the literary creations of the ideal world, as in the living organisms of the material world, natural selection has saved us the difficulty of choice. The best books are already found and determined for us by the verdict of time. Life of books is as life of nations. In the battle for existence the best survive, the weaker sink below the surface, and are heard of no more. In each generation since the invention of printing many thousand works have issued from the press. Out of all this mass of print a few hundred are read by the generation which succeeds; at the end of the century a score or so may be still in vogue. Every language has its classics, and it is by this process of natural selection that the classics of any given country are distinguished from the weltering mass of abandoned books.

It is a great assistance to the student that the classics of each language are already found for him by the hand of time. But our accomplished critic cannot confine his reading to the classics in each language; his education is not complete till he has in his mind a conception of the successive phases of thought and feeling from the beginning of letters. Though he need not read every book, he

must have surveyed literature in its totality. Partial knowledge of literature is no knowledge. It is only by the comparative method that a founded judgment can be reached. And the comparative method implies a complete survey of the phenomena. It is recorded of Auguste Comte that after he had acquired what he considered a sufficient stock of material, he abstained scrupulously from all reading, except two or three poets (of whom one was Dante) and the Imitatio Christi of Thomas à Kempis. This abstinence from reading Comte called his "hygiène cérébrale," healthy treatment of his brain. The citizens of his Utopia are to be prohibited from reading any books but those which had happened to fall in Comte's way before he gave up reading. It is, I think, the case that our student has now to read more than is compatible with perfect equilibrium of faculty. On the other hand, the consequences of cutting off contact with the thoughts of others, as Comte resolutely did, may be seen in the unhealthy egotism and puerile self-complacency which deform his writings, his perpetual 'mistake as to the relative value of his own things and the things of others.' (Arnold's Essays.)

We require of our thoroughly furnished critic that he should have prepared himself for his profession by a comprehensive study of all that human thought, experience, and imagination have stored up for us. When we have used all the short cuts to this goal which art and nature have provided, how many years will such an apprenticeship require? The data are wanting on which to found a calculation. Can the work be got through in seven years, in twice seven, or in three times seven? I do not know. Archbishop Usher at twenty began to read the Fathers, Greek and Latin, with the resolution of reading them through. The task was achieved in nineteen years. Hammond, at Oxford, read thirteen hours a day (Life of Usher. Life of Hammond, by Fell). Milton's 'industrious and select reading,' in preparation for the great work to which he dedicated a whole life, long choosing, and late beginning, are as well-known, as the thirty years spent by Edward Gibbon in preparing for and in composing his history.

Of course in this, as in other trades, a man learns while he practises. Buffon told a friend that, after passing fifty years at his desk, he was every day learning to write. The critic's judgment matures by many failures. Without these three elements—time, industry, arduous endeavour—no man can attain to be a supreme judge of literary worth. Perhaps you have been accustomed to set before yourselves quite another ideal of the literary life. You have thought the business of reviewing a lazy profession, the resource of men who wanted industry or talent, who were, in short, fit for nothing better, a profession largely adopted by briefless barristers, by incompetent poeta[s], by green youths fresh from college examinations, and gene-

rally by men who shirk hard work—in fact an easy-chair and slipper business. You have, perhaps, supposed that anybody can write a review, that essay writing is as easy as talking, that it is only a matter of cheek and fluency. You have imagined that a quarterly or a weekly reviewer merely got his knowledge of the subject in hand out of the book he had under review; that he, thereupon, dishonestly assumes to have known all about it, and with voluble impertinence goes on to retail this newly acquired information as if it were his own, seasoning it with sneers and sarcasms at the author from whom he is stealing. I know these things are said. I have heard even respectable reviews and magazines accused of paying for this sort of thing by the column, *i.e.* giving a pecuniary inducement to fill out paper with words—to make copy, or padding, as it is called. I don't know if these things are done in practice. If they are, they are fraudulent, and must, I should think, come within the act against adulteration. What I have set before you in the above outline is the honest critic who gives to his calling the devotion of a life, prepares himself by antecedent study, and continues through the whole of his career to make daily new acquisitions and to cultivate his susceptibility to new impressions.

Such are the qualifications of the teacher, of the writer of books. I turn now from the author to the reader, from the producer to the consumer. You to whom I now speak are a portion of the public; you represent the consumer. And first, what is the mechanism by which the consumer is provided with his article? The English are not a book-storing people. Each family has not, as a rule, its own library. In great country houses, it is true, there is always the library. Many treasures are in these old repositories—the accumulated store of half-a-dozen generations. They often go back to Queen Anne, the great book-diffusing period of our annals; sometimes, but more rarely, to the seventeenth century. The family history may be read in the successive strata, superimposed, like geological strata, one on the other. The learned literature of the seventeenth century, largely composed in Latin, its Elzevirs, and its Variorum classics, will often be found relegated to a garret. These books have come to be regarded as lumber. They are only not cleared out and despatched to Sotheby's, because the cost of removal would exceed their produce at the auction. This, though hoisted up to the garret by an upheaval, is in point of time the earliest stratum. Upon this will be found a bed of theological pamphlets mostly in small quarto, in which lurk the ashes of passion, once fired by the revolution of 1688, the non-juring pamphlets, the Dr. Sacheverell pamphlets, the Bangorian controversy. In the great library on the ground-floor we shall find the earliest stratum to consist of the splendid quartos, on thick paper with wide margin, of Queen Anne's

time. The *Spectator*, the *Tattler*, Pope's Homer, a subscription copy; the folios of Carte and Echard, and so down the century over Junius and Chesterfield's Letters to the first editions of Sir Walter Scott's poems. The mere titles of such a collection, or accretion, form a history of literature. But it is only in our old country houses that such a treat is to be enjoyed, and the number of these diminishes in each generation. Cultivation and intellectual tastes seem to be dying out among the English aristocracy. It has been said (New Republic) the fop of Charles II.'s time at least affected to be a wit and a scholar, the fop of our times aims at being a fool and a dunce.

In the house of a middle-class family you will also find a few books—chiefly religious books or specialty books—little literature, and that casual, showing no selection, no acquaintance with the movement of letters. There will be nothing that can be called a library. The intellectual barrenness of these middle-class homes is appalling. The dearth of books is only the outward and visible sign of the mental torpor which reigns in those destitute regions. Even in priest-ridden France, where the confessor has all the women and half the men under his thumb, there is more of that cultivation which desiderates the possession of books. In many a French family of no great means is a bookcase of some five hundred volumes, not presents, but chosen, and in which the *chefs-d'œuvre* of French literature will be included. They will be in half-morocco, with gilt edges; binding not sumptuous, but elegant, and perfectly clean, neither thumbed nor grease-stained, nor gas-shrivelled—a sign, you will say, that they are not much used. Not so. A Frenchman cannot endure a dirty book. It is an error to suppose that the dirt on the cover and pages of a book is a sign of its studious employment. Those who use books to most purpose handle them with loving care. The dirt on English books is a sign of neglect, not of work. It is disrespectful and ignorant handling. If you have a select cabinet of books, with which you live habitually as friends and companions, you would not choose to have them repulsive in dress and outward appearance.

How insignificant an item of household expenditure is the bookseller's bill in a middle-class family! A man who is making £1,000 a year will not think of spending £1 per week on books. If you descend to a lower grade of income, the purchase of a book at all is an exceptional occurrence, and then it will rarely be a book of pure literature. The total population of the United Kingdom is more than thirty-three millions. The aggregate wealth of this population is manifold more than it was one hundred and fifty years ago, but the circle of book-buyers, of the lovers of literature, is certainly not larger, if it be not absolutely smaller.

One reason which may be assigned for the book dearth among

families of small means is want of space. Room in this country is now become very costly. A family of £1,000 a year in a town probably pays out £100 a year as rent. A heavy tax! And what do you get for it? A hutch in which you can scarce put up your family or breathe yourself. You have literally no room for books. This, I grant, is a too true description of the town dwelling. But it is not altogether an account of why you are without a library. A set of shelves, thirteen feet by ten feet, and six inches deep, placed against a wall, will accommodate nearly one thousand volumes 8vo. Cheap as books now are, a well-selected library of English classics could be compressed into less room than this, was the companionship of books felt by you to be among the necessaries of life.

If narrow income and cramped premises will not let us have a private library, we may meet our wants in some measure by public libraries. The co-operative store as applied to groceries is a discovery of our generation. But the principle of co-operation was applied to libraries long before. The book-club is an old institution which flourished in the last century, but is nearly extinct now. There were some twelve hundred of these clubs scattered over England, and their disappearance has had a marked effect on the character of our book-market. Each country club naturally fell under the control of the one or two best-informed men of the neighbourhood. The books ordered were thus of a superior class, and publishers could venture upon publishing such books because they knew they could look to the country clubs to absorb one edition. Now the supply of new books has passed away from the local clubs, and into the hands of two great central houses. Smith and Mudie, of course, look only to what is most asked for. And as even among readers the ignorant, the indolent, and the vulgar are in a large majority, it is the ignorant, the indolent, and the vulgar who now create that demand which the publisher has to meet. Universal suffrage in the choice of books has taken the place of a number of independent centres which the aristocracy of intellect could influence.

It may prove some compensation for the destruction of the country book-clubs, that the great towns are beginning to bestir themselves to look after their book supply. The earliest common libraries were, as we should expect, in universities and colleges, often remote from populous centres, such as the Sharp library in Bamburgh Castle. It is only quite recently that the trading and manufacturing towns have begun to feel the want of books. And the desire is still feeble, and has spread but a little way. Some eighty or ninety cities and towns, I believe, in all Great Britain, have adopted, in whole or in part, Mr. Ewart's Act. There is still a very large number of towns with a population over three thousand

who have not yet felt the want of a public library. Your city, always forward where enterprise can go, and where educational matters are in question, stands first, or only second to Manchester in apprehending the public importance of a complete outfit of books.

So much on the book supply. I go on to the question, What is the stimulus which makes men ask for books? Why do English men and women of the present day read?

There are people, I believe, who read books that they may be able to talk about them. Reading from *any* motive is better than satisfied ignorance, but surely *this* motive is both morally and intellectually unsound. Morally, it is an ostentation, an affectation of an interest you do not feel. Intellectually it is on a par with cram; it is no more knowledge than what is got up for the purpose of an examination is knowledge. What is read for the sake of reproducing in talk has neither gone to the head nor the heart. When any one says to me in company, "Have you read so-and-so?" I always feel an inclination to answer, "No, I never read anything," for I know the next question will be, "Did you like it?" and there an end. Those who most read books don't want to talk about them. The conversation of the man who reads to any purpose will be flavoured by his reading; but it will not be about his reading. The people who read in order to talk about it, are people who read the books of the season because they are the fashion—books which come in with the season and go out with it. "When a new book comes out I read an old one," said the poet Rogers. And Lord Dudley—the great Lord Dudley, not the present possessor of the title—writes to the Bishop of Llandaff: "I read new publications unwillingly. In literature I am fond of confining myself to the best company, which consists chiefly of my old acquaintance with whom I am desirous of becoming more intimate. I suspect that nine times out of ten it is more profitable, if not more agreeable, to read an old book over again than to read a new one for the first time. . . . . Is it not better to try to elevate and endow one's mind by the constant study and contemplation of the great models, than merely to know of one's own knowledge that such a book a'nt worth reading?"—(*Lord Dudley's Letters.*) We wear clothes of a particular cut because other people are wearing them. That is so. For to differ markedly in dress and behaviour from other people is a sign of a desire to attract attention to yourself, and is bad taste. Dress is social, but intellect is individual: it has special wants at special moments. The tendency of education through books is to sharpen individuality, and to cultivate independence of mind, to make a man cease to be "the contented servant of the things that perish."

Dr. Halley used to recommend reading on medical grounds. He

said close study prolonged life by keeping a man out of harm's way. But I never met with any one who acted upon Dr. Halley's advice, and chose to read hard that he might live long. And is there not truth in the opposite doctrine, which Mortimer Collins (Secret of Long Life, p. 136) inculcates, that "the laziest men live longest"?

I have not, remember, raised the question, Why *should* we read? This is the most important question of all those which can be raised about books. But I am not to-night presuming to advise you as to what you *should* do. I am only observing our ways with books—recording facts, not exhorting to repentance. Why *do* men read? What is the motive power which causes the flow of that constant supply of new books which flows over at those literary drinking-fountains, Smith's book-stalls?

Making exception of the specialty books—those which we get in order to learn some special subject—there is one, and one only, motive of all this reading—the desire of entertainment. Books are in our day the resource of our leisure; we turn to them in default of better amusement. Of course you will think immediately of the many exceptions which there are to this general statement. But, as I said before, the character of the books offered in the book-market is determined by the nature of the *general* demand. And it is the character of the general literature of the day which fixes our attention at this moment.

In taking the Smith and Mudie counter as the standard of the literature consumed by the English public, I do so because the class of book they supply is the best average class of book going—of "new book." I do not forget how small a fraction after all of the thirty-four millions of Britons the consumers of books of this class are. We sometimes speak of the readers of this class of book as "the reading public." But I do not forget that there exists a wider "reading public," which is below the Smith and Mudie level. Enter a book-shop in a small town in a remote province, and you will find on its counter and shelves a class of literature of a grade so mean that a Smith's book-stall instantly rises fifty per cent. in your imagination. Ask for Thackeray's Vanity Fair. The well-dressed young person who attends to the shop never heard of Thackeray. The few books she can offer are mostly children's books—grown people don't seem to read in country places—or they are books of a denominational cast, books which perhaps are called religious, but which are, strictly speaking, about nothing at all, and made up of strings of conventional phraseology. Some of these books, unknown as they are to the reviews, have a circulation which far surpasses anything ever reached by one of our "new books" which has been ushered into the world by complimentary notices in all the papers. In estimating the intellectual pabulum most relished by my countrymen, I

do not forget that Zadkiel's Almanac had a circulation of 200,000. Commander Morrison, R.N., who only died as lately as 1874, was perhaps the most successful author of the day, and a great authority on astrology. He wrote, among other books, one entitled "The Solar System as it is, and not as it is represented by the Newtonians." He brought an action against Sir Edward Belcher, who had called him in print an impostor. It was tried before Chief Justice Cockburn, and Commander Morrison, who retained Serjeant Ballantine, obtained damages. The Court of Queen's Bench decided that Zadkiel was not an impostor. The tastes of this widest circle of readers—the 200,000 *abonnés* of Zadkiel—are not now under our consideration. We are speaking of the "reading public" in the narrower sense, and of what are called new books. And I was saying that this public reads for amusement, and that this fact decides the character of the books which are written for us.

As amusement I do not think reading can rank very high. When the brain has been strained by some hours' attention to business some form of open-air recreation is what would be hygienically best for it. An interesting game which can be played in the fresh air is the healthiest restorative of the jaded senses. It is a national misfortune that as our great towns have grown up in England there has been no reserve of ground in the public interest. The rich have their fox-hunting and their shooting, their deer-forests and their salmon-rivers. But these are only for the wealthy. Besides, they are pastimes turned into pursuits. What is wanted, in the interest of the humbler classes, is public places of considerable extent, easily accessible, where recreation for an hour or two can be always at hand. After manual labour rest and a book, after desk-work active exercise and a game, are what nature and reason prescribe. As every village should have its village green, so every town should have its one or more recreation grounds, where cricket, fives, tennis, croquet, bowls, can be got at a moment's notice in a wholesome atmosphere, not impregnated by gas, not poisoned by chemical fumes. Our towns are sadly behind in the supply of pleasant places of public resort. The co-operative principle has yet to be applied to open-air amusements. It is surely bad economy of life that in one of our wealth-producing centres a game of fives should be almost as difficult to get as a salmon-river.

Still, even if these things were to be had, instead of being as they are unprocurable, in the long winter of our northern climate there are may months in the year during which our amusement must be sought indoors. Here come in the social amusements—theatres, concerts, dances, dinners, and the varied forms of social gathering.

It is when all these fail us, and because they do so often fail us, that we have recourse to the final resource of all—reading. Of indoor entertainment the truest and most human is that of conver-

sation. But this social amusement is not, in all circumstances, to be got, and when it is to be had we are not always fit for it. The art of conversation is so little cultivated among us, the tongue is so little refined, the play of wit and the flow of fancy so little encouraged or esteemed, that our social gatherings are terribly stupid and wearisome. Count Pozzo di Borgo, miserable amid the luxurious appliances of an English country house—it is Lord Houghton tells the story (*Monographs*, p. 212)—"drew some newly arrived foreigner into a corner with the eager request, '*Viens donc causer, je n'ai pas causé pour quinze jours.*' Neither our language nor our temperament favours that sympathetic intercourse, where the feature and the gesture are as active as the voice, and in which the pleasure does not so much consist in the thing communicated as in the act of communication, and still less are we inclined to cultivate that true art of conversation, that rapid counterplay and vivid exercise of combined intelligences, which presupposes long and due preparation of the imagination and the intellect."

Instead of stimulating, we bore each other to the death. It is that we may escape from the terrible ennui of society that we have recourse to a book. We go to read not from craving for excitement, but as a refuge from the *tædium vitæ*, the irksomeness of herding with uninteresting fellow mortals. The man who is engaged all the morning, and has his faculties stimulated, his intellect edged to keenness by the details of business, cannot, on his return to his fireside, subside into vacuity. He must have something to whittle at. He reads his newspaper as long as he can, and when the newspaper at last gives out, he falls back upon a book. The native of a southern climate who has no business, and whose mind is never roused to exertion, has no such craving. The Italian noble does without books. He passes his day in listless indolence, content without ideas. There is no vacuity, and therefore no supply of books to fill it.

Here is the key to the character of the literature of our age. Books are a response to a demand. And the demand is a demand for recreation by minds roused to intelligence but not to intellectual activity. The mind of the English reader is not, as in the southern man, torpid, non-existent; it is alive and restless. But it is not animated by a curiosity to inquire, it is not awake to the charm of ideas, it is only passively recipient of images. An idea is an excitant, comes from mind, and calls forth mind. An image is a sedative.

The books, then, which are produced have to meet this mental condition of the reader. They have to occupy his attention without making any call upon his vigilance. There must be no reflex mental action. Meditation is pain. Fresh images must flow as a continuous douche of tepid water over the mind of the reader, which must

remain pleased but passive. Books must be so contrived as to produce and sustain this beatific self-forgetfulness. That is called by publishers a successful book which just hits this mental level. To express all I have tried to say in one epithet—a book must be readable. If a book has this quality it does not much matter what it is about. Any subject will answer the purpose if the treatment be agreeable. The book must be so written that it can be read without any force being put upon the attention. It must not require thought or memory. Nor must there be any learned rubbish about. A Latin quotation may be ventured only by an established favourite. Ouida did once hazard "facilis descensus Avernus;" but it was ill-taken by the critics.

Under these conditions of the public demand, it is not surprising that the species of composition which is most in favour should be prose fiction. In every other style of literary art, prose or poetical, our age looks back to bygone ages for models which it is ever endeavouring to approach, but dare not hope to surpass. In the novel, our age, but especially our own country, may justly boast to have attained a development of inventive power unequalled in the annals of all literature. It is not only that this is the most prolific species of book, more than one novel per working day being given to the world every year, but it is that the most accomplished talent which is at work for the book-market is devoted to this class of production. If, as I laid down at the commencement of this lecture, supply is governed by demand, it is clear that this result must be so. Entertainment without mental effort being our requirement, we must have our politics, our history, our travels presented in an entertaining way. But fiction, if taken from every-day life, and not calling upon us for that effort of imagination which is necessary to enable us to realise a past age, is entertainment pure, without admixture of mental strain or hitch of any kind.

For our modern reader it is as necessary that the book should be new as that it should be bound in coloured cloth. Your confirmed novel-reader has a holy horror of second perusals, and would rather read any trash for the first time than Pendennis or Pride and Prejudice for the second. The book must be written in the dialect and grammar of to-day. No word, no construction, no phrase which is not current in the newspaper must be used. A racy and idiomatic style, fed by the habitual reading of our old English literature, would choke the young man who does the literature for the *Daily Telegraph*, and he would issue in "the largest circulation in the world" a complaint that Mr. —— seems to write strange English! Our modern reader requires his author's book, as he does his newspaper leader or his clergyman's sermon, to be the echo of his own sentiments. If Lady Flora were to ask me to

recommend her a book to read, and I were to suggest Johnson's Lives of the Poets, do you think she would ever ask my advice again? Or, if I were to mention Trevelyan's Life of Lord Macaulay, the best biography written since Lockhart's Life of Scott, she would say, "We had that long ago" (it came out in 1876); "I mean a *new* book."

To a veteran like myself, who have watched the books of forty seasons, there is nothing so old as a new book. An astonishing sameness and want of individuality pervades modern books. You would think they were all written by the same man. The ideas they contain do not seem to have passed through the mind of the writer. They have not even that originality—the only originality which John Mill in his modesty would claim for himself—"which every thoughtful mind gives to its own mode of conceiving and expressing truths which are common property"—(*Autobiography*, p. 119). When you are in London step into the reading-room of the British Museum. There is the great manufactory out of which we turn the books of the season. We are all there at work for Smith and Mudie. It was so before there was any British Museum. It was so in Chaucer's time—

> "For out of the olde fieldes, as men saythe,
> Cometh all this newe corn fro yere to yere,
> And out of olde bookes in good faithe
> Cometh all this newe science that men lere."

It continued to be so in Cervantes' day. "There are," says Cervantes in Don Quixote (32), "men who will make you books and turn them loose in the world with as much despatch as they would do a dish of fritters."

It is not, then, any wonder that De Quincey should account it (Life of De Quincey, i. 385) "one of the misfortunes of life that one must read thousands of books only to discover that one need not have read them," or that Mrs. Browning should say, "The *ne plus ultra* of intellectual indolence is this reading of books. It comes next to what the Americans call whittling." And I cannot doubt that Bishop Butler had observed the same phenomenon which has been my subject to-night when he wrote, in 1729, a century and a half ago (Preface to Sermons, p. 4): "The great number of books of amusement which daily come in one's way, have in part occasioned this idle way of considering things. By this means time, even in solitude, is happily got rid of without the pain of attention; neither is any part of it more put to the account of idleness, one can scarce forbear saying is spent with less thought, than great part of that which is spent in reading."

MARK PATTISON.

DR. NEWMAN'S THEORY OF BELIEF.

SOME persons, it is said, still cherish the pleasant illusion that to write a history of thought is not on the face of it a chimerical undertaking. Their opinion implies the assumption that all contemporary thought has certain common characteristics, and that the various prophets inspired by the spirit of our own as of every age utter complementary rather than contradictory doctrines. Could we attain the vantage-ground which will be occupied by our posterity, we might of course detect an underlying unity of purpose in the perplexing labyrinth of divergent intellectual parts. And yet, making all allowance for the distortions due to mental perspective when the objects of vision are too close to our eyes, it is difficult to see how two of the most conspicuous teachers of modern Englishmen are to be forced into neighbouring compartments of the same logical framework. Dr. Newman and J. S. Mill were nearly contemporaries; they were probably the two greatest masters of philosophical English in recent times, and the mind of the same generation will bear the combined impress of their speculation. And yet they move in spheres of thought so different that a critic, judging purely from internal evidence, might be inclined to assign them to entirely different periods. The distance from Oxford to Westminster would seem to be measurable rather in centuries than in miles. Oxford, as Dr. Newman says, was, in his time, a "mediæval university." The roar of modern controversies was heard dimly, as in a dream. Only the vague rumours of portentous phantoms of German or English origin—Pantheism and materialism and rationalism—might occasionally reach the quiet cloisters where Aristotelian logic still reigned supreme. To turn from Dr. Newman's Apologia to Mill's Autobiography is, in the slang of modern science, to plunge the organism in a totally different environment. With Dr. Newman we are kneedeep in the dust of the ancient fathers, poring over the histories of Eutychians, Monophysites, or Arians, comparing the teaching of Luther and Melancthon with that of Augustine; and from such dry bones extracting—not the materials of antiquarian discussions or philosophical histories—but living and effective light for our own guidance. The terminal limit of our inquiries is fixed by Butler's Analogy. Dr. Newman ends where Mill began. It was precisely the study of Butler's book which was the turning-point in the mental development of the elder Mill, and the cause of his son's education in entire ignorance of all

that is generally called religion. The foundation-stone of Mill's creed is to Dr. Newman the great rock of offence; the atmosphere habitually breathed by the free-thinker was to the theologian as a mephitic vapour in which all that is pure and holy inevitably droops and dies. But, for the most part, Dr. Newman would rather ignore than directly encounter this insidious evil. He will not reason with such, but pass them by with an averted glance. "Why," he asks, "should we vex ourselves to find out whether our deductions are philosophical or no, provided they are religious?"[1]

That free play of the pure intellect, which with Mill is the necessary and sufficient guarantee of all improvement of the race, forms, according to Newman, the inlet for an "all-corroding and all-dissolving" scepticism, the very poison of the soul; for the intellect when not subordinated to the conscience and enlightened by authority is doomed to a perpetuity of fruitless wandering. The shibboleths of Mill's creed are mentioned by Dr. Newman—if mentioned at all—with unmixed aversion. Liberalism, foreshadowed by the apostate Julian, "is now Satan's chief instrument in deluding the nations;" and even toleration, though one fancies that here Dr. Newman is glad to find an expedient for reconciling his feelings to the logic which had once prompted him to less tolerant utterances, is a principle "conceived in the spirit of unbelief," though "providentially overruled" for the triumph of Catholicism.

For the most part, as I have said, the two writers are too far apart to have even the relation of direct antagonism. But as both are profoundly interested in the bearing of their teaching upon conduct, they necessarily come into collision upon some vital questions. The contrast is instructive. Mill tells us that the study of Dumont's redaction of Bentham made him a different being. It was the dropping of the keystone into the arch of previously fragmentary belief. It gave him "a creed, a doctrine, a philosophy; in one among the best senses of the word, a religion; the inculcation and diffusion of which would be made the principal outward purpose of a life." The progress of the race would be henceforward his aim; and the belief that such progress was a law of nature could supply him with hope and animation. Here we have the characteristic divergence between the modes of thought native to science and theology. Utilitarianism, when Dr. Newman happens to mention it,[2] is, of course, mentioned as equivalent to materialism—the preference of temporal comfort to spiritual welfare. It prescribes as the ultimate end of all legislation the pursuit of "whatever tends to produce wealth."[3] From Dr. Newman's point of view it is less "a religion" than the antithesis of a religion, for the end which it proposes to men is

(1) "Theory of Religious Belief," p. 351. (2) *e.g.* "University Sermons," p. 184.
(3) "Subjects of the Day," p. 98.

briefly the sum-total of all the seductions by which the world attracts men from their allegiance to the Church. To emphasise and enforce this distinction, to show that the Christiam morality tramples under foot and rejects as worthless all that the secular philosopher values as most precious, is the purpose of his subtlest logic and keenest rhetoric. The contrast between the prosperous self-satisfied denizen of this world and the genuine Christianity set forth in the types of the "humble monk, and the holy nun," is ever before him. In their "calm faces, and sweet plaintive voices, and spare frames, and gentle manners, and hearts weaned from the world," he sees the embodiment of the one true ideal.

What common ground can there be between such Christianity and the religion of progress? "Our race's progress and perfectibility," he says, "is a dream, because revelation contradicts it." And even if there were no explicit contradiction, how could the two ideas coalesce? The "foundation of all true doctrine as to the way of salvation" is the "great truth" of the corruption of man. His present nature is evil, not good, and produces evil things, not good things. His improvement, then, if he improves, must be supernatural and miraculous, not the spontaneous working of his natural tendencies. The very basis of a rational hope of progress is therefore struck away. The enthusiasm which that hope generates in such a mind as Mill's is therefore mere folly—it is an empty exultation over a process which, when it really exists, involves the more effectual weaning of the world from God. In his sermons, Dr. Newman aims his sharpest taunts at the superficial optimism of the disciples of progress. The popular religion of the day forgets the "darker, deeper views" (darker as deeper) "of man's condition and prospects." Conscience, the fundamental religious faculty, is a "stern, gloomy principle," and therefore systematically ignored by worldly and shallow souls. A phrase, quoted in the Apologia, with some implied apology for its vehemence, is but a vivid expression of one phase of this sentiment. It was his "firm conviction that it would be a gain to this country, were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion, than at present it shows itself to be." The great instrument of his opponents is as objectionable as their end is futile and their temper shallow. The lovers of progress found their hopes on the influence of illumination in dispelling superstition. Superstition, replies Dr. Newman, is better than your so-called illumination. Superstition, in fact, differs from religion not in the temper and disposition of mind which it indicates, but in the authority which it accepts; it is the blind man groping after the guiding hand vouchsafed to him in revelation. The world, when trying to turn to its Maker, has "ever professed a gloomy religion

in spite of itself." Its sacrifices, its bodily tortures, its fierce delight in self-tormenting, testify to its sense of guilt and corruption. These "dark and desperate struggles" are superstition when set beside Christianity; but such superstition "is man's purest and best religion before the gospel shines on him." To be gloomy, to see ourselves with horror, "to wait naked and shivering among the trees of the garden" . . . "in a word, to be superstitious is nature's best offering, her most acceptable service, her most matured and enlarged wisdom, in presence of a holy and offended God."[1]

The contrast is drawn out most systematically in two of the most powerful of the lectures on Anglican Difficulties (Nos. VIII. and IX.). They contain some of the passages which most vexed the soul of poor Mr. Kingsley, to whom the theory was but partly intelligible and altogether abhorrent. They are answers to the ordinary objections that Catholicism is hostile to progress and favourable to superstition. Dr. Newman meets the objections—not by traversing the statements, but by denying their relevancy. Catholic countries are perhaps less civilised than Protestant; what then? The office of the Church is to save souls, not to promote civilisation. As he had said whilst still a Protestant (for this is no theory framed under pressure of argumentative necessity, but a primitive and settled conviction), the Church does not seek to make men good subjects, good citizens, good members of society, not, in short, to secure any of the advantages supposed to secure "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," but to make them members of the New Jerusalem. The two objects are so far from identical that they may be incompatible; nay, it is doubtful whether "Christianity has at any time been of any great spiritual advantage to the world at large."[2] It has saved individuals, not reformed society. Intellectual enlightenment is beyond its scope, and often hurtful to its influence. So says the Protestant, and fancies that he has aimed a blow at its authority. Dr. Newman again accepts his statement without hesitation. In truth, Catholicism often generates mere superstition, and allies itself with falsehood, vice, and profanity. What if it does? It addresses the conscience first, and the reason through the conscience. Superstition proves that the conscience is still alive. If divine faith is found in alliance, not merely with gross conceptions, but with fraud and cruelty, that proves not, as the Protestant would urge, that good Catholicism may sanction vice, but that even vice cannot destroy Catholicism. Faith lays so powerful a grasp upon the soul, that it survives even in the midst of moral and mental degradation, where the less vigorous creed of the

(1) "Theory of Religious Belief," pp. 105—6. The sermon is reprinted as No. VI. of the "University Sermons." See pp. 116, &c.

(2) "University Sermons," p. 40.

Protestant would be asphyxiated. If the power of saving souls be the true test of the utility of a religion, that is not the genuine creed which makes men most decorous, but that which stimulates the keenest sensibility to the influences of the unseen world. The hope of ultimate pardon may possibly make murder more frequent, but it gives a better chance of saving the murderer's soul at the very foot of the gallows.

Applying so different a standard, Dr. Newman comes to results shocking to those who would deny the possibility of thus separating natural virtue from religion. Such, for example, is the contrast between the pattern statesman, honourable, generous, and conscientious by nature, and the lazy, slatternly, lying beggarwoman who has got a better chance of heaven, because in her may dwell a seed of supernatural faith;[1] or the admiring picture of the poor nun who "points to God's wounds as imprinted on her hands and feet and side, though she herself has been instrumental in their formation."[2] She is a liar or a hysterical patient, says blunt English common-sense, echoed by Mr. Kingsley; but Dr. Newman condones her offence in consideration of the lively faith from which it sprang. On his version, the contrast is one between the world and the Church, between care for the external and transitory, and care for the spiritual and eternal. "We," he says, "come to poor human nature as the angels of God; you as policemen. Nature lies, like Lazarus, at your gate, full of sores. You see it gasping and panting with privations and penalties; and you sing to it, you dance to it, you show it your picture-books, you let off your fireworks, you open your menageries. Shallow philosophers! Is this mode of going on so winning and persuasive, that we should imitate it?"[3] We, in short, are the physicians of the soul; you, at best, the nurses of the body.

Dr. Newman, so far, is the antithesis of Mill. He accepts that version of Christianity which is most diametrically opposed to the tendency of what is called modern thought. The *Zeitgeist* is a deluding spirit; he is an incarnation of the world, the flesh, and the devil. That two eminent thinkers should differ radically in their estimate of the world and its value, that the church of one man's worship should be the prison of another man's reason, is not surprising. Temperament and circumstance, not logic, make the difference between a pessimist and optimist, and social conditions have a more powerful influence than speculation in giving colour to the creeds of the day. Yet we may fairly ask for an explanation of the fact, that one leader of men should express his conceptions by symbols which have lost all meaning for his contemporary. The doctrine which, to Mr. Mill, seemed hopelessly obsolete, had still

(1) "Anglican Difficulties," p. 207. (2) Ibid., p. 37.
(3) Ibid., p. 210.

enough vitality in the mind of Dr. Newman to throw out fresh shoots of extraordinary vigour of growth. To account for such phenomena by calling one system reactionary is to make the facts explain themselves. The stream is now flowing east because it was before flowing west. Such a reason can only satisfy those who regard all speculation as consisting in a helpless and endless oscillation between antagonist creeds. To attempt any adequate explanation, however, would be nothing less than to write the mental history of the last half-century. A more limited problem may be briefly discussed. What, we may ask, is the logic by which, in the last resort, Dr. Newman would justify his conclusions? The reasoning upon which he relies may be cause or effect; it may have prompted or been prompted by the ostensible conclusions; but, in any case, it may show us upon what points he comes into contact with other teachers. No one can quite cut himself loose from the conditions of the time; and it must be possible to find some point of intersection between the two lines of thought, however widely they may diverge.

The task is the easier because Mill is not separated from Dr. Newman as he was separated from Coleridge or Maurice, by radical differences of intellectual temperament. Dr. Newman is like Mill, a lover of the broad daylight; of clear, definite, tangible statements. There is no danger with him of losing ourselves in that mystical haze which the ordinary common-sense of mankind irritates and bewilders. From the age of fifteen, he tells us, dogma has been the fundamental principle of his religion.[1] Upon this point he has nothing to retract or to repent. "Liberalism" was his enemy, because by liberalism he meant the anti-dogmatic principle; the principle which would convert religion into a sentiment, and therefore for him into a dream and a mockery. No one, of course, could be more sensitive to the mysterious element of theology; but in his view that dogma is not the less definite for being mysterious. If, on one side, it leads us to the abysses where the highest reason faints, yet, on the other, it may serve as a basis for truths as clear-cut and as peremptory as those of the physical sciences.

The resemblance might be extended to another point. Dr. Newman has a scepticism of his own, which sometimes coincides with and sometimes exceeds the scepticism of Mill. He exceeds it, for he sometimes sanctions that dangerous mode of apology which would destroy the validity of the reasoning process itself in order to evade reasonable conclusions. Such, for example, is the remarkable passage in which he meets the objection from the incompatible assertions of Scripture and science as to the motion of the sun, by saying that till we know what motion is we may suppose both the

(1) "Apologia," p. 120.

contradictory assertions to be true.[1] So, again, in the "Grammar of Assent," our belief in the uniformity of nature is regarded as an illogical conclusion of the imagination,[2] a doctrine which he shares with the purely empirical school, but pushes to a practical application which they would regard as unauthorised. Here, as in so many cases, the typical dogmatist is more sceptical than the typical sceptic.

It is more noteworthy that Dr. Newman frequently insists upon the doctrine that physical science is consistent with atheism. "It is a great question," he says, "whether atheism is not as philosophically consistent with the phenomena of the physical world as the doctrine of a creative and governing power." And, therefore, he admits Hume's argument against miracles to be valid from a purely scientific aspect of things.[3] Elsewhere he admits the argument from design (though not the argument from order) to be inconclusive.[4] The statement, however qualified, falls in with the common assertion that a logical mind must embrace either atheism or Catholicism.[5] The powerful passage which opens the General Answer to Mr. Kingsley in the Apologia, admits not only that it is hard to state the argument for theism with precise logical shape, but that a contemplation of the world would lead to "atheism, pantheism, or polytheism," were it not for the divine voice which is uttered through the conscience. Either there is no God, or he is separated from his creatures. The world is "out of joint with the purposes of its Creator." Hume would infer that we cannot argue to a God from the world; Dr. Newman, that as we know of a God, we must postulate a mysterious separation.

Although Dr. Newman is as certain of God's existence as his own, it is plain that much of this falls in with the argument, for example, of Mill's essay on Theism. His conviction is founded on a voice to which atheists are deaf; but in the interpretation of the testimony open to both parties, the divergence is only one of degree. There is, however, a characteristic difference in the mode of approaching the problem. Though Dr. Newman's writings abound in acute logical discussions, they deal very little with the purely philoso-

(1) "Theory of Religious Belief," p. 350. This sentence, says the author of the "Nemesis of Faith," finally destroyed his faith in Dr. Newman.—*Nemesis of Faith*, p. 158 (second edition).

(2) "Grammar of Assent," pp. 78, 355.

(3) "University Sermons," p. 194; also in "Theory of Religious Belief," pp. 186-7.

(4) "University Sermons," p. 70. It is right to add Dr. Newman's qualification of this statement: "*Physical* phenomena *taken by themselves*, that is, apart from psychological phenomena, apart from moral considerations, apart from the moral principles by which they must be interpreted, and apart from the idea of God, which wakes up in the mind under the stimulus of intellectual training. The question is whether physical phenomena logically *teach* us, or, on the other hand, logically remind us of the being of a God."—Note to *University Sermons*, p. 194.

(5) "Apologia," p. 323.

phical question. There is no direct argument, for example, as to the various metaphysical reasonings upon which theism has been defended or impugned. Such arguments have, of course, presented themselves to his mind; but they have not sunk into it, and modified the structure of his thought. He denounces pantheism, atheism, and other forms of unbelief, but is not interested in their origin or logical meaning. He takes for granted that his hearers think of them with horror, and that possibly he feels himself that there would be irreverence in the open discussion of such sacred topics.

His scepticism is of the historical variety. It implies the profound conviction that, although a reality as well as a show of demonstration is producible to duly prepared minds for the central doctrine of the faith, yet, as a matter of plain undeniable fact, no system of independent demonstrative theology, such as philosophers have dreamed, has ever established itself in the world. Theology cannot assume a place amongst the sciences which rest on their own basis, and require no adventitious aids to commend themselves to the unassisted intellect. Perhaps men ought to be, but they are not in fact, convinced by the whole array of theological argument.

Some such scepticism is implied in that historical method which in one shape or other is the great innovating instrument of modern thinkers. Mill's weak side is perhaps his inadequate appreciation of its efficacy and applicability. The school, on the other hand, of which Dr. Newman is the chief leader, owes what philosophical interest it possesses chiefly to its sense of the continuity of history, and consequently of the importance of a historical mode of approaching religious and other problems. Doctrines of evolution, development, and so on, from which the historical method is a corollary, imply that further light is to be sought by a more systematic interrogation of a wider experience, and, consequently, fall in with, if they do not rest upon, the belief that the attempts to settle the plan of the universe by direct inspection of ideas existing ready made in our own minds are doomed to inevitable failure. It is needless to speak of the potency of the new method, which has for the first time rendered possible an approach to a scientific treatment of religious, ethical and political problems. Perhaps it is more to the purpose to note briefly that it is a natural but mischievous illusion to infer that such methods can dispense with philosophy. The logic of facts does not lie on the surface, to be picked up by the first observer who comes by, but requires a collateral process of preparing and testing, and a corresponding logical apparatus. Dr. Newman's writings seem to afford many curious illustrations of the consequences of this erroneous application of a sound method, and the fallacies into which the subtlest thinker may fall when his mind is not carefully guarded against the prepossessions which make historical arguments illusory.

Certain significant tendencies reveal themselves in his earlier writings. Virtually ignoring infidelity, he recognises his chief adversary in popular Protestantism. "Their great and deadly foe," he says, speaking of his former allies after his own conversion, "their scorn and their laughing-stock, was that imbecile, inconsistent thing called Protestantism."[1] The special ground of this scorn may be gathered from the Lectures on Justification. They are, indeed, by no means easy reading, for every page indicates the nature of the author's intellectual food. Extinct controversies are resuscitated; we plod through weary scholastic distinctions and refinements derived from our outworn metaphysical systems; and when reason, perplexed by these subtleties, fails to discriminate the blended elements of grace and nature, we are ordered to prostrate ourselves before long chains of texts, where criticism would be profanity. We are expressly warned, indeed, against "philosophizing" or trying to reach "general views," instead of entering the "strait and lowly gate of the Holy Jerusalem" with bowed heads and eyes bent to the earth. Had Dr. Newman never emerged from this region of theological special pleading, the eloquence which occasionally animates the logic would not have saved his works from the moths.

The essence, however, of his criticism is clear and to the purpose. He argues that the Protestant doctrine of faith is an unfounded theory, and that hence the whole theology reared upon it is "shadowy and unreal;" whilst the creed is a dry heap of technical jargon, the practical tendency is to reduce religion to a mere sentiment. As the Lutheran leaven spread, he says elsewhere, faith became severed from truth and knowledge, and religion degenerated into a sentimental pietism. Luther tried (that is the summary of his historical view in the lectures on Justification)[2] to save men from the bondage to works and observances by his doctrine of faith; but he left them in bondage to their feelings. He introduced a more subtle shape of self-reliance by dispensing with the ordinances of the Church in favour of certain personal emotions.

Whatever the force of this criticism as against Luther or modern Protestants, it simply ignores the philosophical difficulty. Luther's attack upon "works and observances," had logical consequences which he did not contemplate. The assertion that man can have no merit as towards his Creator, fits into a philosophy which is radically destructive, not only of the abuses of an ecclesiastical system, but of the very groundwork of all such systems. It is blasphemous, says the Protestant, to suppose that the performance of an outward rite can alter the position of a man in the eyes of God, and that dipping a child in water can affect its spiritual condition. Man must be judged by his intrinsic nature, not by the accidents of his

(1) "Anglican Difficulties," p. 120. (2) "Justification," p. 389.

position. But, if so, his works can be valuable only as the fruit of his nature; and since he did not make his own nature, he cannot be responsible for it. Reciprocal claims between the pots and the potter are radically absurd. Thus, attacking the supernatural claim of the Church, you are inevitably gliding into Pantheism; for you are, in fact, substituting the philosophical conception of a first cause, for the anthropomorphic conception implied in the whole ecclesiastical system.

The tendency of their own logic was concealed from Protestants by their use of the old phraseology. Such doctrines as that of imputed merit really meant the denial of all real merit, along with affectation of preserving it as a mere legal fiction. The Protestants of later times preserved the mask whilst they lost the living force beneath. Their serious arguments fell to the rationalists, whilst they clung to the set of phrases under which the meaning had been covered. And, thus, Dr. Newman, ignoring throughout the philosophical objection, has a cheap victory over the feeble deposit of barren technicality which had been left behind. He can tear to pieces with leonine vigour the mere suits of clothes when the man has stepped out of them. Protestantism, in fact, was an unstable compound of elements which refused to enter into permanent combination. The rationalism and the inherited superstition had decomposed, giving rise in the process to all manner of heterogeneous products, each containing in itself a principle of antagonism and decay.

Here, then, we have the implicit application of a course of criticism which became, as we shall see, the leading principle of Dr. Newman's method. Any student of his controversial writings, such as the Prophetical Office of the Church and the Essay on Development, which mark successive stages of his opinions, must be struck by one remark. The man, he will say, is an Anglican, or has become a Catholic. Why does he not defend himself by proving his creed to be true? Let him apply an *à priori* or an *à posteriori* test, as he pleases; exhibit its philosophical foundation, or accept any straightforward mode of confronting it with facts. But, instead of this apparently most natural method, we are involved in a laborious indirect process. Instead of examining, with an earlier school of apologists, the evidence external or internal of the position, our attention is invited at length to apparently superficial analogies, such as the relation between Anglicans and semi-Arians, or to the question of the internal consistency of the creed, instead of its correspondence to facts. A false theory, it is obvious to say, may within in its own limits be as consistent as a true one; the Ptolemaic as the Copernican astronomy; and we test their merits by seeking for facts compatible with one alone of the rival doctrines. Why not apply the same method to theological controversy?

The answer has been already virtually suggested. Some such method is necessary when approaching the problem from the historical side. The historical scepticism assumes that direct methods of proof are practically inconclusive in such matters. History seems to show on a first inspection that all philosophies have been defended with equal plausibility and generate endless and internecine controversy. But it suggests at the same time another kind of test. For questions as to the logical validity, we may substitute questions as to the practical vitality of creeds. If we assume that creeds live in proportion to the amount of truth which they contain, the plainest facts written on the very surface of history will tell us which are the truest. Dr. Newman's theory of development has a real analogy to the scientific theories which use the same name. The development of a system of belief may be compared to the development of a species under natural selection. Amongst the varieties of belief which are constantly generated, some have and some have not the vital force necessary to secure their permanence. Some creeds, again, survive for a period, though their principle of life is rather artificial than natural. They are analogous to the breeds of animals which are maintained by cultivation, that is, by being kept by external force under a special set of conditions. They live in our gardens, but would perish or revert to the original type if transplanted to the woods. As the gardener manages to preserve a hybrid plant in his hot-houses, the statesman preserves the artificial equilibrium of a body which, left to itself, would split into its natural elements. There could not be a better commentary upon this theory than in the opening lectures upon Anglican Difficulties. There are, he says, various kinds of life. "The life of a plant is not the same as the life of an animated being; and the life of the body is not the same as the life of the intellect; nor is the life of the intellect the same in kind as the life of grace; nor is the life of the Church the same as the life of the State." And he proceeds to argue with admirable vigour that the life of the Church of England is something quite different from the life of the Catholic Church. The difference is briefly that the Church of England is analogous to an artificial rather than a natural product. It is Erastian in principle; it is held together by Acts of Parliament, and is an engine created of statesmen in aid of the policeman. It is not the incarnation of a system of thought, possessing an independent vitality, and moulding the society which it animates.

So soon as Dr. Newman had fairly grasped his method, such a conclusion was so obvious, that one rather wonders that he should not have reached it sooner. The Lectures on the Prophetical Office of the Church represent the most coherent phase of his Anglican teaching. He still inclines to the view that Rome is Antichrist;

but assigns as a main reason of this theory that very fact of the extreme plausibility, soon to become the conclusive logical force, of its pretensions. The book, thrice rewritten, and the product of three years' labour, shows by its tentative and hesitating tone, and even by the eagerness with which some Romanist dogmas are assailed, the uncertainty of its author's position. The ground under his feet has a hollow sound. The method is significant of the principles already indicated. Protestantism, he says in the introduction, has shown by its history that it tends to infidelity. And the reason is clear. Controversies with Protestants are "easy to handle, but interminable, being disputes about opinions; but those with Romanists arduous, but instructive as relating rather to matters of fact." In other words, philosophizing tends to hopeless scepticism; and the remedy is the appeal to history. Private judgment, as he argues at length, is liable to so many illusions that it cannot lead to agreement. We must, therefore, turn to the old Catholic test of Vincentius, and try to discover what is that doctrine which has been held "always, everywhere, and by all." To apply this test is to show historically that the Church of England may be legitimately affiliated to that primitive Church, whose unity was a visible and palpable phenomenon, not a matter of careful inference and accommodation. The difficulties of such a task are candidly admitted in the introduction, and are obvious in the very structure of the book. For, in the first place, we are led to so complex a theory as to the mode of combining the authority of Scripture, antiquity, and Catholicity, and confining within due limits the exercise of private judgment, that we are evidently in presence of an artificial, and therefore easily destructible theory. And, in the next place, whatever may be said for the *via media*, which results from this eclectic method, and however clearly it may be traced to the great English divines of the seventeenth century, it is open to the conclusive objection that it has "never existed except on paper." Dr. Newman candidly puts this difficulty in its full force, and admits that its advocates may seem to be "mere antiquarians and pedants, amusing themselves with illusions or learned subtleties, and unable to grapple with things as they are. We tender no proofs to show that our view is not self-contradictory, and, if set in motion, would not fall to pieces, or start off in different directions at once." Admitting that there is force in these objections, he still thinks the experiment of forming such a creed worth trying, and urges some historical considerations to show that Anglicanism has really enjoyed some independent vitality. It is not, however, by a doctrine thus hesitatingly announced, criticised so freely by its teacher, and openly admitted to be in some sense an experiment, that serious thinkers are to be attracted or the creeds of the mass moulded and

dominated. The vital inconsistency which underlies the whole could not be expressed more vigorously than by its author at a later period. Turning unsparingly upon those who had stopped at the point from which he advanced, he asks them some unanswerable questions. Their religion, he says, is eclectic and original, and yet they claim the authority of Catholic prescription. "Say you go by any authority whatever, and I shall know where to find you. . . . . But do not come to me with the latest phase of opinion which the world has seen, and protest to me that it is the oldest." The Anglo-Catholic admits that he has begun by doubting the authority of some creed in which he was bred. Then he read the Fathers, and determined which of their works were genuine; "which of them apply to all times, and which are occasional; what opinions are private, what authoritative; what they only seem to hold, what they ought to hold; what are fundamental, what ornamental. Having thus measured, and cut, and put together my creed by my own proper intellect, by my own lucubrations, and differing from the whole world in my results, I distinctly bid you, I solemnly warn you, not to do as I have done, but to take what I have found, to revere it, to use it, to believe it, for it is the teaching of the old Fathers, and of your mother, the Church of England." The end of such a creed holds, it is clear, no proportion with the beginning. You claim for a mere arbitrary patchwork the authority due to an organic system of ideas which can prove its vitality by the "active unity and integrating virtue" of the Church of which it has been the animating principle.

Dr. Newman, then, had been on a false scent. He had been really in search of a creed which might claim to have been the soul of a flourishing and vigorous organism. He had found only a creed which, if it had ever been a working force, might have justified the claim of the Church which held it to be the most legitimate offshoot of such an organism. To recognise the fact that he had been put off with vacant chaff in place of grain, and taken a mechanism for a vital growth, was with him to become a Catholic; and the essay on Development shows the form in which the final solution presented itself to his mind.

The years following the composition of the Prophetical Office were devoted to various works, historical and speculative, which had more or less bearing upon the *via media* theory. That theory suddenly and totally collapsed, and the blow came from a remarkable quarter. The first doubt was suggested by the history of the Monophysite controversy. The final catastrophe was brought about by the affair of the Jerusalem bishopric. Dr. Newman himself has a quiet smile at the apparent oddity of a conversion occasioned by the study of that *delirus senex* "old Eutyches," and by so futile a project as the Jerusalem scheme. One may remark in passing that

whilst Dr. Newman was thus occupied with ecclesiastical history, Mill was working into shape his theory of induction. The same years saw the incubation of the system of Logic and the theory of Development. The importance attached by Dr. Newman to apparently trifling points is a natural consequence of his point of view. The great discoveries of science may depend upon the careful examination of some insignificant phenomenon. And if we contemplate Catholicism, in a similar way, as one of the greatest facts in the world's history, we may find the most unequivocal manifestation of its laws of growth in some apparently trifling series of events. Renouncing the attempt to judge of its doctrine by direct tests, we have to consider how the organism behaves itself under given conditions. It is not the magnitude of the event, but its fitness to test the assumed principle which is important in this relation. The history of the Monophysites controversy served as the record of an experiment judiciously devised to lay bare certain principles whose bearing might afterwards be verified on a larger scale.

The purpose of the theory of Development is to exhibit by historical facts what he elsewhere calls the "active unity and integrating virtue of the see of Peter." It records the process by which Dr. Newman convinced himself that the Catholic faith differs from the doctrine of Anglicanism as a living organism from a dead mechanism. The method, once more, implies the old scepticism. Dr. Newman does not say that there are no "eternal truths . . . . which all acknowledge in private," but that there are "none sufficiently commanding to be the basis of public union and action. The only general persuasive in matters of conduct is authority ; that is, when truth is in question, a judgment which we consider superior to our own."[1] We must not, therefore, prove the doctrine, but discover the authority, for authority is, in a sense, self-evidencing. Its historical manifestation, its demonstrable unity, efficacy, and persistency will establish its claims upon our allegiance. Dr. Newman's method is, therefore, to trace these attributes in the history of the Church. In his language, this is to prove that Catholic theology is a legitimate development, instead of a corruption, of the primitive faith. The tests which he applies, though they do not affect to be discriminated with logical accuracy, indicate the result sufficiently.

The first test of a true development is the obvious one of the preservation of the type. A corruption destroys, as a development preserves, the essential idea of a system. The second is the continuity of principles. Doctrines expand according to the peculiarities of the receiving mind and society ; but, so long as they are true to their law, they have a certain character or genius, which can be felt when it cannot be explained. In fact, a breach of continuity

(1) "Development," p. 128.

would be marked by a discord corresponding to some hidden inconsistency in the theory. Thirdly, as, in the physical world, life implies growth, so doctrines, like organisms, must have a power of assimilation; and the more vigorous the growth, the greater the power. Fourthly, a true development implies anticipations, for we shall often detect the rudimentary germs of the principles which are afterwards fully incorporated. Fifthly, true development implies logical sequence. Ideas grow in the mind of a man or of society by a spontaneous and silent process, not by direct conscious reasoning. But when they have thus grown, they are, if legitimate, capable of being analyzed and methodized by the logical faculty. The process is not carried on systematically, but the logical character of the result reached by spontaneous co-operation of many minds is a test that it has been "a true development, not a perversion or corruption, from its evident naturalness."[1] Their growth has been moulded, one *may* say, by an implicit logic, which comes to light when the whole is complete. Sixthly, a true development implies that the added doctrines are preservative of the original creed. They corroborate and illustrate, instead of contradicting or arresting. And, seventhly, we have the test of chronic continuance. A heresy includes a principle of inconsistency, and therefore dies out in a comparatively short period. It has not the true vital principle, but is an unstable amalgam of truth with error.

Supposing that Dr. Newman is accurate in the application of his tests, the cogency of the argument is undeniable. The only complaint, indeed, is that it is not pushed far enough. He has called attention to a most important method; and though he is naturally anxious to disclaim originality, it may be presumed that the principle had at least never been stated with any approach to the same fulness and vigour. The historical test, thus understood, supplies us with a stringent method for philosophical investigations. The facts that a creed will "work," that a certain intellectual harmony exists amongst its adherents which enables them unconsciously to arrive at logically coherent results, that it can assimilate beneficial and eject hurtful materials, that it can be regarded as a whole in such a sense that we can trace the rise of component doctrines from their earliest germs to their fullest expression, that it has a vitality denied to its occasional offshoots, prove undoubtedly that it is a real creed and not a mere sham and mechanical contrivance. Every one who feels the utter impossibility of attaining to a true philosophy by his own unaided exertions, who realises the extent to which the individual must depend upon the race for his doctrines as well as his material wants, must feel that the only alternative to complete scepticism is, as Dr. Newman urges, the affiliation of his own beliefs to some such system of belief. Truth can only be definitively established when it

(1) "Development," p. 82.

has been exposed to, and fully answered, the application of such tests in the widest possible sense. Verification by an individual is not comparable to verification by ages or generations. The voice of mankind must override the opinion of the acutest solitary thinker. And, further, the argument as against Anglicanism and *via media* contrivances, might well appear conclusive. If truth and the whole truth is to be found in either system, it must certainly be in the living system, and not in the accidental aggregate of dogmas put together by statesmen and eclectic reasoners.

Dr. Newman naturally contemplated nothing wider than this contrast. Protestantism he rejected because he held—and surely with justice—that history proved it to be the half-way house to infidelity. The choice thus lay between Anglicanism and Catholicism. But suppose that we do not shrink from the rationalist solution, the argument loses its cogency. For, in the first place, it is obvious to remark that the harmony and vitality of Catholicism implies a relative, not an absolute, value. It shows that the creed was consistent, not that it was true; that it was fitted for a certain stage of development, not that it represents the final stage. In fact, it is clear that a similar harmony may be obtained from Fetichist, or Polytheist, or Pantheist points of view. It shows that certain fundamental conceptions underlie every application of the theory, and produce harmonious results, not that those conceptions are incapable of modification or destruction. The creed flourishes so long as they are alive. But are they immortal? The logical superiority challenged for Catholicism over Protestantism exists in this sense, that Catholicism is a consistent development of ideas natural and universal at certain stages of thought, whereas Protestantism combines ideas characteristic of different stages. Hence, the Protestant is constantly reopening questions which the Catholic begs once for all. His creed is less coherent, but it does not even tend to follow that the part of it which he derives from the Catholic is the solid part. If Atheism and Catholicism are both logically coherent, and if, we may add, the same may be said for every form of religion which has satisfied Dr. Newman's test of vitality, we are evidently only at the threshold of our inquiry. We have lessened the number of candidates; we have reduced possible religions to a certain number of types; but we have still to choose between them.

And, secondly, it is obvious that in seeking to defend Catholicism, Dr. Newman has really explained it. He has incidentally observed (in a passage just quoted) that a development is legitimate *because* natural. That is precisely the point of the whole. The imposing unity of the Catholic Church is the ground upon which its advocates have always relied; and their ordinary arguments tend to imply that such consistency implies supernatural guidance. That is, of course, Dr. Newman's own view. But what he has really proved, by

exhibiting and analyzing so skilfully the sense in which such consistency can be predicated of the Church, is precisely this: that it is the work of natural laws. The consistency is the result of the spontaneous co-operation of many minds, guided by that implicit and unconscious logic which results from a unity of fundamental conceptions. The logic has been felt before it has been proved. This comes out curiously in various passages. Thus, for example, he illustrates the development of Jewish policy by asking, "Can any history wear a more human appearance than that of the rise and growth of the chosen people?" That which had been predetermined in the Divine counsels is "afterwards represented as the growth of an idea under successive emergencies." Unbelievers hold, as he says, that the Messianic idea was gradually developed in the minds of the Jews, and grew to full proportions by "a mere human process;" and his theory partly confirms this doctrine. It is significant, again, that he fairly admits that analogy tells "in one point of view" against all revelation, and therefore against the continued existence of an external authority. And his answer appears to be simply that, if we admit any revelation, we may admit a permanent and infallible guide. But for that guidance we should fall into permanent scepticism. From the infidel point of view, it is, indeed, clear that an historical argument cannot be fairly applied to the support of an authority which, by its very nature, contradicts all the necessary causes of historical inquiry. The existence of a Church, such as he postulates, becomes part of the explanation of the phenomenon. The advantages of a vast and highly organized religious society are so obvious as to explain why it arose and how it helped to give consistency and permanence to the creed which it embodied. Every proof of its utility is an explanation of its origin; and history fairly treated would prove that the Church, like its creed, owes its power to the completeness with which it satisfied the needs of a certain stage of social development. The more he demonstrates its utility, the greater the presumption that it was strictly a natural growth.

And here comes in the final difficulty. The creed and the Church are to be tested by their working power. This is the meaning of that phrase which so profoundly affected him—*securus judicat orbis terrarum*.[1] The ultimate test of a belief is its vitality—it proves its right by exercising its power. That is true which will work. By all means. But, then, how do you come to translate *orbis terrarum* by that small part of the world which has for a certain period accepted the Catholic creed? Why exclude the countless religions which have dominated different ages and races? Dr. Newman tells us elsewhere[2] briefly that the superior continuity and perfection of

(1) "Apologia," p. 211. (2) "Idea of a University," p. 250.

the civilisation of those races of Western Europe entitle them to be called by this imposing name. Then apply your test fairly. The Catholic religion is the true one, because it approved itself to those civilised races. If it approved itself more as they became more civilised, the argument would be a powerful one. But the obvious and, indeed, loudly proclaimed fact, is that a large part, and that the most civilised part, of this very *orbis terrarum*, has rejected Catholicism avowedly or virtually. It has ceased to dominate men in proportion as they have become more civilised. If, then, their acceptance of the creed is the proof of its truth, their rejection must surely be a proof of its error. Doubtless it contained truth, or it could not have flourished. It must have contained error, or it would not have pined.

This is, indeed, the conclusive and culminating proof with many and most serious minds. They have judged Catholicism by its fruits, and reject it not on particular arguments, but because the whole course of history proves it to be incompatible with intellectual and social progress beyond a certain stage. It no longer satisfies Dr. Newman's tests; it has lost its power of assimilation and of growth, and is fast becoming a dead system of extinct formulæ. That is the contention. How does Dr. Newman meet it? By rejecting, as we have seen, the testimony of civilisation; by asserting that modern philosophy implies a deadening of the conscience; by declaring that even superstition is better than modern illumination, and setting the testimony of the savage against the testimony of the philosopher. If his reasoning be sound, it is yet in any case an abandonment of his test. In fact, he is retreating from the historical method precisely because, as a theologian, he can only half accept a doctrine of development whilst retaining a belief in the arbitrary intervention of supernatural forces. His method is a corollary from the doctrine of evolution; but logically followed out, that method would destroy his conclusions. He escapes, therefore, by denying the truth of the doctrine which gives to his own teaching all its plausibility.

Dr. Newman, however, is too good a logician not to feel the need of some further logical bases. To confront the world and modern thought he must have a less ambiguous standing-ground. He must show cause for rejecting the testimony which apparently makes against him. And we shall see that he has in fact worked out an elaborate theory calculated to justify his method. In its less coherent shape, it occurs in many of his earlier writings, but is first fully elaborated in the Grammar of Assent, and I shall therefore proceed to discuss it in a future article on the basis of that most remarkable book.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

A SPECULATION ON EVOLUTION.

Ever since there has been speculation on the subject of varieties of opinion, this fact must have been obvious, that a man's beliefs are very much the results of antecedents and surroundings with which they have no proper logical connection. That the sons of Christians are much more often Christians, and the sons of Mahommedans much more often Mahommedans, that a man more commonly holds the opinions of those with whom he lives, and more commonly trusts the policy of the party with whom he acts, than on the theory of probability could happen supposing that conviction was in all cases the result of an impartial comparison of evidence, must always have been plain to the most careless observer. In other words, it must always have been known that there were causes of belief which were not reasons.

The progress of knowledge has not led us to increase, but rather to diminish, our estimate of the part which reasons as opposed to other causes have played in the formation of creeds; for it has shown us that these reasons are themselves the result of non-rational antecedents, so that even when a man attempts to form opinions only according to evidence, *what he shall regard as evidence* is settled for him by causes over which he has no more control than he has over the natural forces by which a particular flora is produced at any particular place and time.

The scientific evidence for this truth is various and overwhelming. It is justified *à posteriori* with regard to individuals by common observation, with regard to races by every improvement in our historic method and every addition to our historic knowledge. Physiology shows it *à priori* by demonstrating the dependence of thought on the organism, and of the organism on inheritance and environment, while finally the general theory of evolution binds up these detached lines of proof into an imposing and organic whole. Now so long as we apply this theory—that beliefs are the result of non-rational antecedents and surroundings—to savages, or to those who profess creeds which we do not happen to hold, it is not without its charm; but this begins, I think, to diminish when we apply it to ourselves, and to those who think with us. Unfortunately there does not appear to be any clear principle according to which exceptions can be made. The existence of Comtism is explained by it not less than that of fetichism, it accounts for theories of evolution not less than for Hindoo cosmogonies, and the man of science is as certainly under its control as was the Indian whose superstitions he is making the subject of analysis and classification. Whether a

theory, however, is or is not pleasant is a matter of small moment. What it is important for us to know is the evidence on which it rests, how far it is clear and how far it is consistent. The first of these points I have already touched on, and there is no necessity here to develop it more fully. The second requires no elucidation. On the subject of consistency, however, I have some remarks to make, as it seems to me that difficulties arise under this head which have not hitherto been noticed, and which are not altogether easy of solution.

The case may be stated thus:—Since all beliefs are caused, it follows that those fundamental beliefs are also caused which lie at the root of all other beliefs, and which are the rational ground on which we hold them. These fundamental beliefs being the ultimate premisses of all knowledge, are themselves, of course, incapable of proof. So that while they resemble other beliefs in being caused, they differ from them in this, that the causes by which they are produced are of necessity, and from the very nature of the case, always non-rational. In ordinary life, when we perceive a non-rational cause for any opinion, as for instance party feeling, or self-interest, or special education, it makes us examine such reasons as there may be for it with more jealous minuteness. In contrast to this it is curious and interesting to note that the only beliefs of which, according to received scientific theories, we may say with certainty that they *can* have no reason, but *must* have non-rational causes, are those on which the certitude of all other beliefs finally rests. The upholders, however, of the current theory of evolution are so far from finding any difficulty here, that they even refer triumphantly to this theory of non-rational causation as supplying a basis of philosophic certitude to these fundamental beliefs. They hold that, though all opinion is the product of natural forces, the general tendency of those forces is gradually to make opinion approximate to truth; that in particular those opinions which are commonly regarded as "self-evident" and "known by intuition" are really the result of reiterated and uncontradicted experience acting on successive generations; and that this theory of their origin gives a philosophic justification for believing them to be true.

Now such a line of reasoning involves a manifest argument in a circle. It cannot be that this interaction between organism and environment is a reason for believing any proposition to be true which is required to prove that interaction. Or (to put it more generally) no argument in favour of a system of beliefs can be drawn from the fact that, according to that system, its fundamental beliefs would be true.

From evolution, then, no argument can be drawn in favour of any scientific axiom. It remains to be seen whether that theory has any less negative bearing on subjects of philosophic interest.

Now the theory asserts this—All phenomena whatever are evolved by regular laws and groups of laws from the phenomena next preceding them in time. Among other phenomena, beliefs; among other beliefs, fundamental beliefs. All beliefs whatever being caused, the question arises, Is there anything in the nature of the laws according to which they are caused which should make them true? To which an evolutionist would probably reply that there *is*, and he would mention those causes to which allusion has already been made, whose tendency is generally to make belief correspond with fact. Then (we may further ask) are these causes of such a nature as to make *all* beliefs true?

This question must undoubtedly be answered in the negative. If any result of "observation and experiment" is certain, this one is so—that many erroneous beliefs have existed and do exist in the world; so that whatever causes there may be in operation by which true beliefs are promoted, they must be either limited in their operation or be counteracted by other causes of an opposite tendency. Have we then any reason to suppose that fundamental beliefs are specially subject to these truth-producing influences, or specially exempt from causes of error? This question, I apprehend, must be answered in the negative. At first sight, indeed, it would seem as if those beliefs were specially protected from error which are the results of legitimate reasoning. But legitimate reasoning is only a protection against error if it proceeds from true premisses, and it is clear that this particular protection the premisses of all reasoning never can possess. Have they, then, any other? Except the "tendency" above-mentioned, I must confess myself unable to see that they have; so that our position (as evolutionists) is this—From certain ultimate beliefs we infer that an order of things exists by which all beliefs, and therefore all ultimate beliefs, are produced, but according to which any particular belief, and therefore any particular ultimate belief, must be doubtful: a position which is self-destructive, for it is clear that no system of beliefs, giving an account of the origin of fundamental beliefs, is self-consistent, unless those fundamental beliefs are as certain when they are regarded as the result of antecedent causes as they are when regarded as the ground of our belief in the existence and operation of those causes. It does not follow (as I pointed out by implication above) that, if according to the account of their origin given by the system, those fundamental beliefs are true, *that therefore they are true;* for the truth of the system is an inference from these beliefs, and cannot therefore prove them. What *does* follow is that the system has one of the negative conditions of truth, in being (so far at least as this matter is concerned) consistent with itself.

The difficulty, it may be observed, only arises when we are considering *our own* beliefs. If I am considering the opinion of another

person, say of some mediæval divine, there is no reason why I should regard his beliefs as anything but the results of his time and circumstances. I observe that he lived in such a country, fell under the influence of such and such teachers, came across such and such incidents, and then I infer with much self-contentment that his opinions could not have been other than they were. I may even go the length of pointing out that his beliefs form a necessary step in the general evolution of humanity. But when I apply the same process to myself I am immediately landed in a contradiction: for I perceive that the same belief must have a different value when it is considered as a premiss from which I deduce the fact that there is such a thing as evolution, from what it has when I regard it as a necessary step in that evolution. So that if it follows from our fundamental beliefs that they are caused, and also that they are not caused in such a manner as to make them certain, they must always be less certain when regarded as products than when regarded as premisses, whatever their value as premisses might happen to be. So that if having ascertained their value as products we turn back and substituted it for their value as premisses, we might make a new inference according to which their value as products would be still further diminished. And this process might be carried on indefinitely, the certainty of our fundamental beliefs turning out to be less and less at every repetition.

The difficulty I am attempting to point out will perhaps be more clear if, instead of being put in this its most abstract and general form, a concrete example of it is taken.

We may suppose, then, a conversation between an Evolutionist and an Inquirer, in which, when the former has explained in the usual ways how human beliefs, after passing through infinite gradations of diminishing error, have at length reached the highest development they are now capable of in the opinions that he himself professes, the Inquirer continues the dialogue by asking—

Inq.—Do you suppose that this development of beliefs has now reached its limits, or do you anticipate as great a change in the future as has occurred in the past?

Evol. (with modesty.)—However great the superiority of my views may be over those of my remote ancestors, or indeed over those of my contemporaries who are still under the influence of worn-out tradition, there is every reason to suppose that the causes which have produced this superiority are still in operation, and that we may look forward to a time when the opinion of mankind will bear the same relation to ours as ours bear to those of primitive man.

Inq.—A glorious hope! One, nevertheless, which would seem to imply that many of our present views are either entirely wrong or will require profound modification.

Evol.—Doubtless.

Inq.—It would be interesting to know *which* of our opinions, or which class of them, is likely to be improved in this way off the face of the earth. For example, is the opinion you have just expressed, that beliefs are developed according to law—is that opinion likely to be destroyed by development?

Evol.—To answer your question in the affirmative would obviously involve a contradiction. If (as we assume) development is truthwards, it is impossible that development should produce a disbelief in development.

Inq.—I understand you to hold, then, that a belief in development is true, and therefore indestructible, and that in this it differs from many of our other beliefs, of which we cannot, unfortunately, say the same. It would be important to know the grounds of this distinction in order that we might see how far it was capable of general application.

Evol.—Evolution is a theory arrived at by established scientific methods. Doubtless all the results of which the same may be said are equally true, and will be equally permanent.

Inq.—You talk of scientific methods—but a method must proceed on a principle or principles. How do you get at these?

Evol.—The principles you speak of are, of course, the assumptions which every one must start from who expects to make any progress in knowledge.

Inq.—These assumptions, as I understand you, are what render a scientific method possible. They cannot, therefore, be arrived at by a scientific method, nor can they belong to that class of beliefs which, as you just pointed out, the progress of evolution will certainly leave uninjured.

Evol.—Still you must assume something.

Inq.—But the difficulty here, as it seems to me, is, that if you start from your idea of evolution, these assumptions, like all other beliefs not arrived at by "established scientific methods," are, or may be, mere transient phases in the development of opinion, like the doctrines involved in ancestor worship or theism. Nevertheless, it is only by starting from these assumptions that you ever get to your theory of evolution at all. In other words, if evolution is certain, these assumptions must be certain, when regarded as premisses, and uncertain when regarded as products. This is not easy to believe.

Evol.—Still, you know, you must assume something.

Inq.—Nevertheless, it is a pity that you cannot so order your assumptions as to make your system more self-consistent. At present you seem somewhat to resemble an astronomer who should base his whole theory of the real motion of the heavenly bodies on the supposition that his own planet was at rest, but should unfortunately discover that one of the necessary conclusions from this theory was that his planet, in common with all the others, was in motion. Of such a one we should probably say, that if his deduc-

tions were correct his premisses must have been wrong, and if his premisses were correct his deductions must have been wrong.

So far I have only considered this difficulty as it applies to evolution, because it seemed to me that the issue to which I wished to call attention could be thus most conveniently raised. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the difficulty attaches to evolution alone. Every theory is obnoxious to it according to which all beliefs are supposed to be caused, while fundamental beliefs are not caused in such a manner as to make them certain. Now it is to be noted that this description is rather a wide one--so wide, indeed, that it certainly applies to the theory of Universal Causation, and, by implication at least, must be held to include science as ordinarily conceived. For no man of science, so far as I know, has ever proposed to leave opinions out of the class of things which obey the law of causation. Free reason taken in any sense parallel to free will has had no advocates, while the theory which has been brought to the surface by the controversies on persecution, that a man can alter his opinion, if he chooses to do so, would not, even if true, modify the general theorem, since an opinion caused by will is not the less caused because that will is free. It is plain, indeed (as I began by pointing out), that current scientific methods can lead to no other result than that belief is a product. If experience can prove anything it can prove that. There is here none of that doubt which has been thrown on the existence or non-existence of free will by the real or supposed discrepancy between the deliverances of introspective consciousness and the verdict of ordinary historical experience. In this case, whether we consult statistics, whether we interrogate consciousness, whether we judge of the matter on grounds furnished by physiology, or ethnology, or history, or natural selection, whatever scientific doctrine or scientific method be brought to bear on the question, but one result is obtained—beliefs, all beliefs, are the result of the operation of natural causes, and of these alone. And since it is no less certain, I apprehend, that these causes are not of such a kind as make any beliefs *certain*, it follows, according to our canon, that ordinary scientific methods land us in contradiction. It must, however, be observed that there is a justification beyond mere convenience of exposition for making the theory of evolution especially the subject of this criticism, because it is evolution alone which *necessarily* claims to regulate the whole world of phenomena. The special sciences, physics, chemistry, and so forth, might very well go on, even if their methods were not applied to all phenomena; though it must be admitted that it is not easy to find a principle of limitation. But if evolution is not universal, it is nothing. If certain phenomena are to be left outside it, if it cannot without contradiction and confusion explain, potentially at least, how the

whole world as it is, follows necessarily from the world as it was, it certainly appears to me that it ought to modify either its method or its pretensions.

It will be seen, then, that though the point raised in this discussion may appear somewhat over-subtle, and almost too far removed from ordinary lines of thought to have much effect in modifying them, still if the reasoning be sound (about which I cannot feel absolute confidence) its importance is undoubtedly considerable. The pretensions of science have in these days increased even more rapidly than its actual conquests. It claims a dominion over the whole field of the "knowable," and scarcely permits to metaphysics and theology a hazardous and tottering jurisdiction over the "unknowable," if, that is, the "unknowable" really exists. It may be that these pretensions, vast as they are, are in entire accordance with reason and sound philosophy; but this, at least, is certain, that they ought not to be allowed to pass without criticism, and that criticism is less likely to be efficiently applied to them for a reason that makes it specially desirable that it should be so applied—namely, that a great majority of the "thinkers" now in fashion accept these pretensions in their full extent, and that everybody, without exception, accepts the teachings of science in its less general aspect without the least hesitation. Nobody will take the trouble to establish the premisses of a creed when nobody (worth considering) seriously disputes its more immediate conclusions, and therefore it is that the philosophy of science is in so unsatisfactory a state. This, though natural enough, is, in the interest of abstract speculation at any rate, greatly to be regretted. Here we have a great system of belief claiming in a special degree the sanction of reason, and somewhat apt to draw comparisons in this respect between itself and other systems very much to its own advantage; and yet it is not too much to say that it has never received adequate examination, either as to its premisses, its method of inference, or its conclusions regarded as a whole. In this paper I have attempted a very concise discussion of a very small part of the last of these topics; and whereas those who have thought it worth while to deal with the evidence and general reasonableness of science as a system have been somewhat too sure of the verdict to take much pains with the pleading, I have assumed—what is as necessary in philosophy as it is fatal in practical life—an attitude of absolute scepticism so far as the problem in hand is concerned The worst that can happen under those circumstances is, that the whole argument is rendered worthless by some fallacy which in such abstract matters (to judge by the history of philosophy) it is impossible always to avoid; while if the reasoning be sound it should either cause the doctrine of evolution in the form it is at present held to be abandoned, or else it must elicit some new, and probably interesting, principle in its defence.

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

THREE BOOKS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.[1]

II.

RAYNAL'S HISTORY OF THE INDIES.

"SINCE Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*," says Grimm in his chronicle, "our literature has perhaps produced no monument that is worthier to pass to the remotest posterity, and to consecrate the progress of our enlightenment and diligence for ever, than Raynal's Philosophical and Political History of European settlements and commerce in the two Indies." Yet it is perhaps safe to say that not one hundred persons now living have ever read two chapters of the book for which this immortal future was predicted.

When the revolutionary floods gradually subsided, some of the monuments of the previous age began to show themselves above the surface of the falling waters. They had lost amid the stormy agitation of the deluge the shining splendour of their first days; still men found something to attract them after the revolution, as their grandfathers had done before it, in the pages of the Esprit des Lois, of the New Heloisa, and of the endless satires, romances, and poems of the great Voltaire. Raynal's book was not among these dead glories that came to life again. It disappeared utterly. Nor can it be said that it deserved a kinder fate. Its only interest now is for those who care to know the humour of men's minds in those pre-revolutionary days, when they could devour a long political and commercial history as if it had been a novel or a play, and when the turn of men's interests made of such a book "the Bible of two worlds" for nearly twenty years.

Raynal himself is no commanding figure. He came to Paris from southern France, and joined the troop of needy priests who swarmed in the great city, and hopefully looked out for the prizes of the Church. Raynal is the hero of an anecdote which is told of more than one abbé of the time; whether literally true or not, it is probably a correct illustration of the evil pass to which ecclesiastical manners had come. He had, it was said, nothing to live upon but the product of a few masses. The abbé Prévost received twenty sous for saying a mass; he paid the abbé Laporte fifteen sous to be his deputy; the abbé Laporte paid eight sous to Raynal to say it in his stead. But the adventurer was not destined to remain in this abject case, parasite humbly feeding on parasite. He turned book-

(1) See *Fortnightly Review* for August, 1877.

maker, and wrote a history of the Stadtholderate, a volume about the English Parliament, and, of all curious subjects for a man of letters of that date, an account of the divorce of King Henry the Eighth of England. He visited this country more than once, and had the honour in 1754 of being chosen a fellow of the Royal Society of London.[1] We have some difficulty in understanding how he came by such fame, just as we cannot tell how the man who had been glad to earn a few pence by saying masses came shortly to be rich and independent. He is believed to have engaged in some colonial ventures, and to have had good luck. His enemies spread the dark report that he had made money in the slave-trade, but in those days of incensed party-spirit there was no limit to virulent invention. It is at least undeniable that Raynal put his money to generous uses. Among other things, he had the current fancy of the time, that the world could be made better by the copious writing of essays, and he delighted in founding prizes for them at the provincial academies. It was at Lyons that he proposed the famous thesis, not unworthy of consideration even at this day: *Has the discovery of America been useful or injurious to the human race?*

Raynal was one of the most assiduous of the guests at the philosophic meals of Baron Holbach and Helvétius; he was very good humoured, easy to live with, and free from that irritable self-consciousness and self-love which is too commonly the curse of the successful writer, as of other successful persons. He did not go into company merely to make the hours fly. Society was his workshop. He pressed every one who came near him with eager questionings as to all the matters, great or small, with which the interlocutor was likely to be familiar.[2] Horace Walpole met him at "dull Holbach's," and the abbé at once began questioning him across the table as to the English colonies. Walpole knew as little about them as he knew about Coptic, so he made signs to his tormentor that he was deaf. On another occasion Raynal dined at Strawberry Hill, and mortified the vanity of his host by looking at none of its wonders himself, and keeping up such a fire of talk and cross-examination as to prevent anybody else from looking at them. "There never was such an impertinent and tiresome old gossip," cried our own impertinent gossip.[3]

Raynal failed to give better men than Horace Walpole the sense

(1) The *Biographie Universelle*, followed by the Encyclopædia Britannica, tells a story of Raynal visiting the House of Commons: the Speaker, says the writer, learning that he was in the gallery, "suspended the discussion until a distinguished place had been found for the French philosopher." This must be set down as a myth. The journals have been searched, and there is no official confirmation of the statement, improbable enough on the face of it.

(2) Morellet, i. 221.

(3) Walpole's Corresp., vi. 147 and 446.

of power. When his greatest work took the public by storm, nobody would believe that he had written it. Just as in the case of the *System of Nature*, so people set down the *History of the Indies* to Diderot, and even the most moderate critics insisted that he had at any rate written not less than one third of it. Many less conspicuous scribes were believed to have been Raynal's drudges. We can have no difficulty in supposing that so bulky a work engaged many hands. There is no unity of composition, no equal scale, no regularity of proportion; on the contrary, rhapsody and sober description, history and moral disquisition, commerce, laws, physics, and metaphysics are all poured in almost as if by hazard. We seem to watch half a dozen writers, each dealing with matters according to his own individual taste and his own peculiar kind of knowledge.

Indeed it is a curious and most interesting feature in the literary activity of France in the eighteenth century that the egoism and vanity of authorship were reduced by the conditions of the time to a lower degree than in any other generation since letters were invented. The suppression of self by the Jesuits was hardly more complete than the suppression of self by the most brilliant and effective of the insurgents against Jesuitry. Such intimate association as exists in our day between a given book and a given personality was then thoroughly shaken by the constant necessity for secrecy. As we have seen, people hardly knew who set up that momentous landmark, the *System of Nature*. Voltaire systematically and vehemently denied every one of his most characteristic pieces, and though in the buzz of Parisian gossip the right name was surely hit upon for such unique performances as Voltaire's, yet the fame was far too broken and uncertain to reward his vanity, if the better part of himself had not been fully and sincerely engaged in public objects in which vanity had no part. Rousseau was an exception, but then Rousseau was in truth a reactionist, and not a loyal member of the great company of reformers. As for Diderot, he valued the author's laurel so cheaply, that with a gigantic heedlessness and Saturnian weariness of the plaudits or hisses of the audience, while supremely interested in the deeper movements of the tragi-comic drama of the world, he left some of his masterpieces lying unknown in forgotten chests. A whole generation after Diderot's death remained unaware that *Rameau's Nephew* was in the world. Again, in the case of the Encyclopædia, as we have already seen, Turgot as well as less eminent men bargained that their names should not be made public. Wherever a telling blow was to be dealt with the sword, or a new stone to be laid with the trowel, men were always found ready to spend themselves and be spent, without taking thought whether their share in the work should be nicely measured and publicly identified, or absorbed and lost in the whole of which it was a part.

Whatever may have been the secret of the authorship of Raynal's book, and whether or no even the general conception of such a performance was due to Raynal, it is at least certain that the original author, whoever he may have been, divined a remarkable literary opportunity. This divination is in authorship what felicity of experiment is to the scientific discoverer. The book came into immediate vogue. It was published in 1772; a second edition was demanded within a couple of years, and it is computed that more than twenty editions, as well as countless pirated versions, were exhausted before the universal curiosity and interest were satisfied. As the subject took the writer over the whole world, so he found readers in every part of the habitable globe. And among them were men for whom destiny had lofty parts in store. Zeal carried one young reader so far that he collected all the boldest passages into a single volume, and published it as *L'Esprit de Raynal*; an achievement for which, as he was a member of a religious congregation, he afterwards got into some trouble.[1] Franklin read and admired the book in London. Black Toussaint Louverture in his slave-cabin at Hayti laboriously spelled his way through its pages, and found in their story of the wrongs of his race and their passionate appeal against slavery, the first definite expression of thoughts which had already been dimly stirred in his generous spirit by the brutalities that were every day enacted under his eyes. Gibbon solemnly immortalised Raynal by describing him in one of the great chapters of the Decline and Fall as a writer who "with a just confidence had prefixed to his own history the honourable epithets of political and philosophical."[2] Robertson, whose excellent History of America, covering part of Raynal's ground, was not published until 1777, complimented Raynal on his ingenuity and eloquence, and reproduced some of Raynal's historical speculations.[3]

Frederick the Great began to read it, and for some days spoke enthusiastically to his French satellites at dinner of its eloquence and reason. All at once he became silent, and he never spoke a word about the book again. He had suddenly come across half a dozen pages of vigorous rhapsodizing, delivered for his own good:—

"O Frederick, Frederick! thou wast gifted by nature with a bold and lively imagination, a curiosity that knew no bounds, a passion for industry. Humanity, everywhere in chains, everywhere cast down, wiped away her tears at the sight of thy earliest labours, and seemed to find a solace for all her woes in the hope of finding in thee her avenger. On the dread theatre of war thy swiftness, skill, and order amazed all nations. Thou wast regarded as the model of warrior-kings. There exists a still more glorious name; the name of

(1) Hédouin, by name. (2) Ch. xxi.
(3) Works, xii. 189 (Edition of 1822).

citizen king. . . . Once more open thy heart to the noble and virtuous sentiments that were the delight of thy young days." He then rebukes Frederick for keeping money locked up in his military chest instead of throwing it into circulation, for his violent and arbitrary administration, and for the excessive imposts under which his people groaned. "Dare still more; give rest to the earth. Let the authority of thy mediation and the power of thy arms force peace on the restless nations. The universe is the only country of a great man, and the only theatre for thy genius; become then the benefactor of all nations."[1]

In after days when Raynal visited Berlin, overflowing with vanity and self-importance, he succeeded with some difficulty in procuring an interview with the King, and then Frederick took his revenge. He told Raynal that years ago he had read the history of the Stadtholderate, and of the English Parliament. Raynal modestly interposed that since those days he had written more important works. "*I don't know them,*" said the king in a tone that closed the subject.[2]

More disinterested persons than Frederick set as low a value on Raynal's performance. One writer even compares the book to a quack mounted on a waggon, retailing to the gaping crowd a number of commonplaces against despotism and religion, without a single curious thing about them except their hardihood.[3] But the instinct of the gaping crowd was sound.

Measured by the standard and requirements of modern science, Raynal's history is no high achievement. It may perhaps be successfully contended that the true conception of history has on the whole gone back rather than advanced within the last hundred years. There have been many signs in our own day of its becoming narrow, pedantic, and trivial. It threatens to degenerate from a broad survey of great periods and movements of human societies, into vast and countless accumulations of insignificant facts, sterile knowledge, and frivolous antiquarianism, in which the spirit of epochs is lost, and the direction, meaning, and summary of the various courses of human history all disappear. Voltaire's Essai sur les Mœurs shows a perfectly true notion of what kind of history is worth either writing or reading. Robertson's View of the Progress of Society in Europe from the fall of the Roman Empire to the Sixteenth Century is—with all its imperfections—admirably just, sensible, and historic in its whole scope and treatment. Raynal himself, though far below such writers as Voltaire and Robertson in judgment and temper, yet is not without a luminous breadth of outlook, and does not forget the

(1) Book v. § 31.

(2) Thiébault, iii. 172; where there is a long and most disparaging account of Raynal, by no means incredible, though we must remember that a competent judge has pronounced Thiébault to be "stupid, incorrect, and the prey of stupidities."

(3) Sénac de Meilhan, 123.

superior importance of the effect of events on European development, over any possible number of minute particularities in the events themselves. He does not forget, for instance, in describing the Portuguese conquests in the East Indies to point out that the most remarkable and momentous thing about them was the check that they inflicted on the growth of the Ottoman Power, at a moment in European history when the Christian states were least able to resist and least likely to combine against the designs of Solyman.[1] This is really the observation best worth making about the Portuguese conquests, and it illustrates Raynal's habit, and the habit of the good minds of that century, of incessantly measuring events by their consequences to western enlightenment and freedom, and of dropping out of sight irrelevancies of detail.

This signal merit need not blind us to Raynal's shortcomings in the other direction. There are very few dates: The total absence of references and authorities was condemned by Gibbon as "the unpardonable blemish of what is otherwise a most entertaining book." There is no criticism. As Raynal was a mere literary compiler, it was not to be expected that he should rise above the common deficiencies in the thought and methods of his time. It was not to be expected that he should deal with the various groups of phenomena among primitive races, in the scientific spirit of modern anthropology. It is true that he was contemporary with De Brosses, who ranks among the founders of the study of the origins of human culture. One sentence of De Brosses would have warned Raynal against a vicious method, which made nearly all that was written about primitive men by him and everybody else of the same school, utterly false, worthless, and deluding. "It is not in possibilities," said De Brosses, "it is in man himself that we must study man: it is not for us to imagine what man might have done or ought to have done, but to regard what he did." Of the origin and growth of a myth, for example, Raynal had no rational idea. When he found a myth, what he did was to reduce it to the terms of human action, and then coolly to describe it as historical. The ancient Peruvian legend that laws and arts had been brought to their land by two divine children of the Sun, Manco Capac and his sister-wife Manca-Oello, is transformed into a grave and prosaic narrative, in which Manco Capac's achievements are minutely described with as much assurance as if that sage had been Frederick the Great or Pombal, or any statesman living before the eyes of the writer. Endless illustrations, some of them amusing enough, might be given of this Euhemeristic fashion of dealing with the primitive legends of human infancy.

(1) Book i. § 7. Robertson works out this reflection in his Historical Disquisition concerning Ancient India, sect. iv. § 8.

On the other hand, if Raynal turns myth into history, he constantly resorts to the opposite method, and turns the hard prose of real life into doubtful poetry. If he reduces the demi-gods to men, he delights also in surrounding savage men with the joyous conditions of the pastoral demi-gods. He can never resist an opportunity of introducing an idyll. It was the fashion of the time, begun by Rousseau and perfected by the author of *Paul and Virginia*. The taste for idylls of savage life had at least one merit; it was a way of teaching people that the life of savages is something normal, systematic, coherent, and not mere chaos, formless and void, unrelated to the life of civilisation. In the same spirit Raynal made no scruple in filling his pages with the sentimental declamations, in which the reaction of that day against the burden of a decaying system of social artifice found such invariable relief and satisfaction. None of these imaginary pieces of high sentiment was more popular than the episode of Polly Baker. It occurs in the chapters which describe the foundation of New England.[1] The fanaticism and intolerance of the Puritan Fathers of that famous land are set forth with the holy rage that always moved the reformers of the eighteenth century against the reformers of the seventeenth. Religion is boldly spoken of as a dreadful malady, whose severity extended even to the most indifferent objects. It may be admitted that the cruel persecution of the Quakers and the grotesque horrors of witch-finding in New Salem gave Raynal at least as good a text against protestantism, as he had found against catholicism in the infernal doings in the West Indian Islands or in Peru. Even after this bloody fever had abated, says Raynal, the inhabitants still preserved a kind of rigorism that savours of the sombre days in which the Puritan colonies had their rise. He illustrates this by the case of a young woman who was brought before the authorities, for the offence of having given birth to a child out of wedlock. It was her fifth transgression. Raynal, conceiving history after the manner of the author of the immortal speeches of Pericles, put into the mouth of the unfortunate sinner a long and eloquent apology. At the risk of her life, she cries, she has brought five children into existence. "I have devoted myself with all the courage of a mother's solicitude to the painful toil demanded by their weakness and their tender years. I have formed them to virtue, which is only another name for reason. Already they love their country, as I love it. . . . Is it a crime then to be fruitful, as the earth is fruitful, the common mother of us all? . . . And how am I not to cry out against the injustice of my lot, when I see that he who seduced and ruined me, after being the cause of my destruction, enjoys honour and power, and is actually seated in the tribunal where they punish my misfortune with rods and with

(1) Book xvii.

infamy? Who was that barbarous lawgiver who, deciding between the two sexes, kept all his wrath for the weaker; for that luckless sex which pays for a single pleasure by a thousand dangers,"—and so forth. It need hardly be said that this is far too much in the vein, and almost in the words of Diderot, to have any authenticity. And as it happens there is a piece of external evidence on the matter, which illustrates Raynal's curious lightheartedness as to historic veracity. Franklin and Silas Deane were one day talking together about the many blunders in Raynal's book, when the author himself happened to step in. They told him of what they had been speaking. "Nay," says Raynal, "I took the greatest care not to insert a single fact for which I had not the most unquestionable authority." Deane then fell on the story of Polly Baker, and declared of his own certain knowledge that there never had been a law against bastardy in Massachusetts. Raynal persisted that he must have had the whole case from some source of indisputable trustworthiness, until Franklin broke in upon him with a loud laugh, and explained that when he was printer of a newspaper, they were sometimes short of news, and to amuse his customers he invented fictions that were as welcome to them as facts. One of these fictions was the legend of Raynal's heroine. The abbé was not in the least disconcerted. "Very well, Doctor," he replied, "I would rather relate your stories than other men's truths."[1]

When all has been said that need be said about the glaring shortcomings of the History of the Indies, its success still remains to be accounted for. If we ask for the causes of this striking success they are perhaps not very far to seek. For one thing, the book is remarkable both for its variety and its animation. Horace Walpole wrote about it to Lady Aylesbury in terms that do not at all overstate its liveliness:—"It tells one everything in the world;—how to make conquests, invasions, blunders, settlements, bankruptcies, fortunes, &c.; tells you the natural and historical history of all nations; talks commerce, navigation, tea, coffee, china, mines, salt, spices; of the Portuguese, English, French, Dutch, Danes, Spaniards, Arabs, caravans, Persians, Indians, of Louis XIV. and the King of Prussia, of La Bourdonnais, Dupleix, and Admiral Saunders; of rice and women that dance naked; of camels, gingham, and muslin; of millions of millions of lires, pounds, rupees, and cowries; of iron cables and Circassian women; of law and the Mississippi; and against all governments and religions."[2]

All this is really not too highly coloured. And Raynal's cosmorama exactly hit the tastes of the hour. The readers of that day were full of a new curiosity about the world outside of France, and the less known families of the human stock. It was no doubt more like

(1) Jefferson, quoted in Parton's Life of Franklin, ii. 418.
(2) Walpole's Letters, v. 421.

the curiosity of keen-witted children than the curiosity of science. Montesquieu first stirred this interest in the unfamiliar forms of custom, institution, creed, motive, and daily manners. But while Montesquieu treated such matters fragmentarily and in connection with a more or less abstract discussion on polity, Raynal made them the objects of a vivid and concrete picture, and presented them in the easier shape of a systematic history. Again, if the reading class in France were intelligently curious, it must be added, we fear, that they were not without a certain lubricity of imagination, which was pleasantly tickled by sensuous descriptions of the ways of life that were strange to the iron restraints of civilisation. Finally, the public of that day always chose to veil and confuse the furtive voluptuousness of the time by moral disquisition and a light and busy meddling with the insoluble perplexities of philosophy. Here too the dexterous Raynal knew how to please the fancies of his patrons, and whether Diderot was or was not the writer of those pages of moral sophism and paradox, there is something in them which incessantly reminds us of Diderot's *Supplement to Bougainville's Voyages*.

Among the superficial causes of the popularity of Raynal's History, we cannot leave out the circumstance that it was composed after a very interesting and critical moment in the colonial relations of France. The Seven Years War ended in the expulsion of the French from Canada and from their possessions in the East Indies. When the peace of 1763 was made, this was counted the most disastrous part of that final record and sealing of misfortune. When we see with what attachment the ordinary Frenchman of to-day regards what is as yet the thankless possession of Algeria, we might easily have guessed, even if the correspondence of the time had set it forth less distinctly than it does, with what deep concern and mortification the French of that day saw the white flag and its lilies driven for ever from the banks of the St. Lawrence in the west, and the coast of Coromandel in the east. Raynal himself tells us with what zealous impatience the government attempted to make the nation forget its calamities by stirring the hope of a better fortune in the region to which they gave the magnificent name of Equinoctial France. The establishment of a free and national population among the scented forests and teeming swamps of Guiana was to bring rich compensation for the icy tracts of Canada. This utopia of a brilliant settlement in Guiana has steadily infested the minds of French statesmen from Choiseul down to Louis Napoleon, and its history is a striking monument of perversity and folly. But from 1763 to 1770, while Raynal was writing his book, men's minds were full of the heroic design, and this augmented their interest in the general themes which Raynal handled—colonisation, commerce, and the overthrow and settlement of new worlds by the old.

However much all these things may have quickened the popu-

larity of Raynal's History, yet the true source of it lay deeper; lay in the fuel which the book supplied to the two master emotions of the hour,—the hatred and contempt for religion, and the passion for justice and freedom. The subject easily lent itself to these two strong currents. Or we may say that hatred of religion and passion for justice and freedom were in fact the subjects, and that the commercial establishments and political relations of the new worlds in east and west were only the setting and framework. Raynal was perhaps the first person to see that the surest way of discrediting Catholicism was to write some chapters of its history. Gibbon resorted to the same device shortly afterwards, and found in the contemptuous analysis of heresies and the selfish and violent motives of councils and prelates as good an occasion of piercing the Church, as Raynal found in painting the abominable fraud and cruelty that made the presence of Christians so dire a curse to the helpless inhabitants of the new lands. And the same reproachful background which Gibbon so artistically introduced, in the humane, intelligent, and happy epoch of the pagan Antonines, Raynal invented for the same purpose of making Christianity seem uglier, in the imaginary simplicity, peace, and unbroken gladness of the native races whose blood their Christian aggressors shed as if it had been water.

It would perhaps have been singular at a moment when men were looking round on every side for such weapons as might come to their hand, if they had missed the horrible action of Catholicism when brought into contact with the lower races of mankind. There is no more deplorable chapter in the annals of the race, and there is none which the historian of Christianity should be less willing to pass over lightly. The ruthless cruelty of the Spanish conquerors in the new world is a profoundly instructive illustration of the essential narrowness of the papal Christianity, its pitiful exclusiveness, its low and bad morality, and, above all, its incurable unfitness for dealing with the spirit and motives of men in face of the violent temptations with which the wealth of the new world now assailed and corrupted them. Catholicism had held triumphant possession of the conscience of Europe for a dozen centuries and more. The stories of the American Archipelago, of Mexico, of Peru, even if told by calmer historians than Raynal, show how little power, amid all this triumph of the ecclesiastical letter, had been won by the Christian spirit over the rapacity, the lust, the bloody violence, of the natural man. They show what a superficial thing the professed religion of the ages of faith had been, how enormous a task remained, and how much the most arduous part of this task was to make Catholicism itself civilised and moral. For it is hardly denied that Christianity had done worse than fail to provide an effective curb on the cruel passions of men. The Spanish conquerors showed that it had nursed a still more cruel passion than the rude passions of material selfishness had ever engendered, by making the

extermination or enslavement of these hapless people a duty to the Catholic Church, and a savoury sacrifice in the nostrils of the Most High.

It is true that a philosophic historian will have to take into account the important consideration that the reckless massacres perpetrated by the subjects of the Most Catholic King were less horrible and less permanently depraving than the daily offering of the bleeding hearts of human victims in the temples of Huitzilopochtli and Tezcatlipuk. He would have to remember, as even Raynal does, that if the slave-drivers and murderers were Catholics, so also was Las Casas, the apostle of justice and mercy. Still the fact remains, that the doctrine of moral obligations towards the lower races had not yet taken its place in Europe, any more than the doctrine of our obligation to the lower animals, our ministers and companions, has yet taken its place among Italians and Spaniards. The fact remains that the old Christianity in the sixteenth century was unable to deal effectively with the new conditions in which the world found itself. And as Catholicism again in France in the eighteenth century proved itself unable to harmonise the new moral aspirations and new social necessities of the time with the ancient tradition, Raynal was right in telling over again the afflicting story of her earlier failure, and identifying the creed that murdered Calas and La Barre before their own eyes, with the creed that had blasted the future of the fairest portion of the new world two centuries before.

The mere circumstance, however, that the book was one long and powerful inuendo against the Church, would not have been enough to secure its vast popularity. Attacks on the Church had become cheap by this time. The eighteenth century, as it is one of the chief aims of these studies to show, had a positive side of at least equal importance and equal strength with its negative side. As we have so often said, its writers were inspired by zeal for political justice, for humanity, for better and more equal laws, for the amelioration of the common lot,—a zeal which, in energy, sincerity, and disinterestedness, has never been surpassed. Raynal's work was perhaps, on the whole, the most vigorous and sustained of all the literary expressions that were given to the great social ideas of the century. It wholly lacked the strange and concentrated glow which burned in the pages of the Social Contract; on the other hand, it was more full of movement, of reality, of vivid and picturesque incident. It was popular and it was concrete. Raynal's story went straight to the hearts of many people to whom Rousseau's arguments were only half intelligible and wholly dreary. It was that book of the eighteenth century which brought the lower races finally within the pale of right and duty, in the common opinion of France. The engravings that face the title page in each of the seven volumes give the key-note to the effect that the seven volumes produced. In one

we see a philosopher writing on a column those old words of dolorous pregnancy, *Auri sacra fames*, while in the distance Spanish and Portuguese ships ride at anchor, and on the shore white men massacre blacks. In another we see a fair woman, typifying bounteous Nature, given her nourishment to a white infant at one breast, and a black infant at the other, while she turns a pitiful eye to a scene in the background, where a gang of negro-slaves work among the sugar-canes, under the scourge and the goad of ruthless masters. A third frontispiece gives us the story of Inkle and Yarico, which Raynal sets down to some English poet, but as no English poet is known to have touched that moving tale until the younger Colman dramatised it in 1787, we may suspect that Raynal had remembered it from Steele's paper in the *Spectator*. The last of these pieces represents a cultivated landscape, adorned with villages, and its ports thronged with shipping; in the foreground are two Quakers, one of them benignly embracing some young Indians, the other casting indignantly away from him a bow and its arrows, the symbols of division and war.

The most effective chapters in the book were, in truth, eloquent sermons on these simple and pathetic texts. They brought Negroes and Indians within the relations of human brotherhood. They preached a higher morality towards these poor children of bondage, they inspired a new pity, they moved more generous sympathies, and they did this in such a way as not merely to affect men's feelings about Indians and Negroes, slave labour, and the yet more hateful slave-trade, but at the same time to develop and strengthen a general feeling for justice, equality, and beneficence in all the arrangements and relations of the social union all over the world. The same movement which brought the suffering blacks of the new world within the sphere of moral duty, and invested them with rights, intensified the same notion of rights and duties in association with the suffering people of France. This was the sentiment that reigned during the boyhood and youth of those who were destined, some twenty years after Raynal's book was first placed in their hands, to carry that sentiment out into a fiery and victorious reality.

Montesquieu had opened the various questions connected with slavery. We can have no better measure of the increased heat in France between 1750 and 1770 than the difference in tone between two authors so equal in popularity, if so various in merit, as Raynal and Montesquieu. The latter, without justifying the abuses or even the usage of slavery in any shape had still sought to give a rational account of its growth as an institution.[1] Raynal could not read this with patience. He typifies all the passion of the revolt against the historic method. "Montesquieu," he says, "could not make up his mind to treat the question of slavery seriously. In fact it is a

(1) Book xv. of the *Esprit des Lois*.

degradation of reason to employ it, I will not say in defending, but even in combating an abuse so contrary to all reason. Whoever justifies so odious a system, deserves from the philosopher the deepest contempt, and from the negro a dagger-stroke. If you put a finger on me, I will kill myself, said Clarissa to Lovelace. And I would say to the man that should assail my freedom, If you come near me, I poniard you. . . . Will any one tell me that he who seeks to make me a slave is only using his rights? Where are they, these rights? Who has stamped on them a mark sacred enough to silence mine? If thou thinkest thyself authorised to oppress me because thou art stronger and craftier than I—then do not complain when my strong arms shall tear thy breast open to find thy heart; do not complain when in thy spasm-riven bowels thou feelest the deadly doom which I have passed into them with thy food. Be thou a victim in thy turn, and expiate the crime of the oppressor."[1]

Raynal then asks the political question, how we can hope to throw down an edifice that is propped up by universal passion, by established laws, by the rivalries of powerful nations, and by the force of prejudices more powerful still. To what tribunal, he cries, shall we carry the sacred appeal? He can find no better answer than that of Turgot and the Economists. It is to Kings that we must look for the redress of these monstrous abominations. It is for Kings to carry fire and sword among the oppressors. "Your armies," he cries, anticipating the famous expression of a writer of our own day, "will be filled with the holy enthusiasm of humanity." In a more practical vein, Raynal then warns his public of the terrible reckoning which awaits the whites, if the blacks ever rise to avenge their wrongs. The Negroes only need a chief courageous enough to lead them to vengeance and carnage. "Where is he, that great man, whom Nature owes to the honour of the human race? Where is he, that new Spartacus who will find no Crassus? Then the Black Code will vanish: how terrible will the White Code be!" We may easily realise the effect which vehement words like these had upon Toussaint, and upon those for whom Toussaint reproduced them.

Men have constantly been asking themselves what the great literary precursors of the Revolution would have thought, and how they would have acted, if they could have survived to the days of the Terror. What would Voltaire have said of Robespierre? How would Rousseau have borne himself at the Jacobin Club? Would Diderot have followed the procession of the Goddess of Reason? To ask whether these famous men would have sanctioned the Terror is to insult great memories; but there is no reason to suppose that their strong spirits would have faltered. One or two of the younger

(1) Book xi. § 30

generation of the famous philosophic party did actually see the break-up of the old order. Condorcet faced the storm with a heroism of spirit that has never been surpassed: disgust at the violent excesses of bad men could not make him unfaithful to the beneficence of the movement which their frenzy distorted.

Raynal was of weaker mould, and showed that there had been a stratum of cant and borrowed formulas in his eloquence. He lived into the the very darkest days, and watched the succession of events with a keen eye. His heart began to quail very early. Long before the bloodier times of the internecine war between the factions, and on the eve of the attempted flight of the king, he addressed a letter to the National Assembly (May 31, 1791). The letter is not wanting in firm and courageous phrases. "I have long dared," he began, "to tell kings of their duties. Let me to-day tell the people of its errors, and the representatives of the people of the perils that menace us all." He then proceeded to inveigh in his old manner, but with a new purpose and a changed destination. This time it was not kings and priests whom he denounced, but a government enslaved by popular tyranny, soldiers without discipline, chiefs without authority, ministers without resources, the rudest and most ignorant of men daring to settle the most difficult political questions. How comes it, he asks, that after declaring the dogma of the liberty of religious opinions, you allow priests to be overwhelmed by persecution and outrage because they do not follow your religious opinions? In the same energetic vein he protests against the failure of the Constituent Assembly to found a stable and vigorous government, and to put an end to the vengeances, the seditions, the outbreaks that filled the air with confusion and menace. It was in short a vigorous pamphlet, written in the interests of Malouet and the constitutional royalists. The Assembly listened, but not without some rude interruptions. Robespierre hastened to the tribune. After condemning the tone of Raynal's letter, he disclaimed any intention of calling down the severity either of the Assembly or of public opinion upon a man who still preserved a great name; he thought that a sufficient excuse might be found for the writer's apostasy in his advanced age. The Assembly agreed with Robespierre, and passed to the order of the day.[1]

Raynal lived to see his predictions fulfilled with a terrible bitterness of fulfilment. In spite of the anger which he had roused in the breasts of powerful personages, the aged man was not guillotined; he was not even imprisoned. All his property was taken from him, and he died in abject poverty in the spring of 1796. Let us hope that the misery of his end was assuaged by the recollection that he had once been a powerful pleader for noble causes.

EDITOR.

(1) Hamel's *Robespierre*, i 456—8.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

"To anybody," says M. About, "who knows a little about centralisation,—that formidable machine with its driving straps and bands, its sharp thickly-set angry teeth and cogs,—the French people will seem like a workman caught by his blouse, whirled up, shaken, dashed round to every corner of the building, and saved by miracle after one eternal minute of agony. He finds himself standing upright on his feet, intact in every limb, and as sound as ever he was. The accident which ninety times out of a hundred would have killed him or at least torn and crushed him, has only taken, God knows why, a small piece out of his breeches. That is what we are to-day." Meanwhile Europe has been looking on the spectacle with an interest only less intense than that with which it followed the events of the terrible autumn of seven years ago. There is something curious in the absolute unanimity with which Englishmen of all parties and newspapers of all shades, save the Catholic, regard the result of the French elections and the proceedings of the defeated party since the 16th of May. The ordinary English Conservative is as indignant as the Liberal against the policy of official terrorism, reckless displacement of functionaries, press prosecutions, and nefarious moral coercion. The one is as well pleased as the other that the elections of the 14th of October have given the Republicans a majority, which whether it prove to be a majority of 117 or 137, is still the largest majority possessed by any party in any legislative assembly now existing. The Conservative is as disappointed as the Liberal that the victory was not made absolutely crushing and complete by the fulfilment of the too sanguine prophecy that the famous three hundred and sixty-three would grow into four hundred. There has been no breach in this singular concord of opinion. We are violently separated in judgment and sympathy as to the comparative services of Turks and Russians to civilisation, but we are invincibly united in pronouncing the course of Marshal Macmahon sinister, dangerous, and unpatriotic. The Marshal who betrays France is coming to rank with us on the same level of odium as his brother Marshal who betrayed Metz. The disinterested judgment of England only goes with the judgment of countries so keenly interested as Germany and Italy. We can perceive that the policy of the Marshal and his cabinet means disorder, oppression, misgovernment, and instability for France. The neighbours of France on east and south-east believe that this policy for them means the cherishing of their domestic enemies, and the certainty sooner or

later of violent diplomatic disturbance ending in war. The Italian press gives curious examples of the degree to which not merely the simpletons of the priest party, but even serious men of business, have persisted in identifying the triumph of the Presidential policy with a quarrel between Italy and France. If the French reactionists were not blinded by the fanaticism and perversity that is characteristic of the clerical party from its august chief in the Vatican downwards,—if they were serious politicians with ever so slight a capacity for placing themselves at the statesman's point of view,—they could not help suspecting from this astonishing unity of foreign criticism, even if there were not abundant grounds at home for the same suspicion, that they have embarked in a course ruinous both for France and for themselves.

But it is the peculiarity of the true French reactionist that he is unteachable. People used to say the same of his adversaries, but that story will be told no longer. The gravity, moderation, and firmness of the Republicans, both leaders and rank and file, have been the despair of their enemies and the admiration of Europe. It is true that portions of M. Gambetta's election address were disapproved by some writers in England: it was thought a needless provocation to repeat the famous alternative of submission or demission, for which the courts had already condemned him. But M. Gambetta probably knew much better than his critics what he was doing. In face of the violent and military tone adopted by the Marshal and M. de Fourtou, it was useful if it was not even necessary, to show the electors that their leaders were undaunted by the angry menace of the President and his inspirers. When M. de Fourtou issued a circular forbidding men to say or to think that his government obeys clerical influences, or could be drawn into a policy unfavourable to peace, it was necessary for M. Gambetta openly to defy so preposterous an injunction, and to declare publicly that he and every sensible man in France would persist in saying that the whole movement since the 16th of May had been a movement of clericalism. Among the candidates recommended by the Marshal there were people of every colour and every opinion, except Republicans; there were Royalists, Bonapartists, Orleanists, pseudo-constitutionalists, but they were all clericals, and that is the only common bond among them. It is the peculiarity of politicians like M. de Fourtou not to know where they are going, and M. de Fourtou may be sincere in his *petits fureurs* against the imputation of clericalism. But for all that the triumph of the Government would have been a victory of the priests. And it would have meant war. "We admit perfectly" says M. Gambetta's organ, "we are most willing to believe, that M. de Macmahon personally does not want war; war is not part of what he calls his policy; he knows too well what it

costs, he is too familiar with its chances; Reichshoffen and Sedan are enough for him: he only asks to sleep in peace on his laurels." It is to expect an unmanly caution from such men as Gambetta to ask them to abstain from this firm and outspoken language, including even its bitter ironies; and such timidity would inevitably react on those who look to the Republican leaders for a cue. It was a wise boldness publicly to treat the threats of the Minister of the Interior, and the vague defiance of the President, as mere officious bluster which would do no harm to anybody who had the courage to face it.

In the same way, there is nothing surprising in the energetic resolution which has marked the language of the Liberals since their victory. It would be self-stultification to take up an eager tone of conciliation and compromise, in face of the exasperating wrong that has been done to France, and in face of the apparent determination of the President to keep his ministers in office at all events until after the elections to the departmental councils. The practical importance of these elections, on which the composition of the Senate of 1879 depends, is quite as clearly recognised by the Liberals as by their enemies in power, and it would be infatuation to let it be supposed that the maintenance in office of men whom the country has repudiated, until they have done all the mischief that it is possible for them to do, will leave M. Grévy and his friends willing to co-operate with the President on the terms of a *transaction*. *Væ victis* is a bad cry in ordinary politics, and it is to the credit of the Left that they have hitherto resisted the temptation to preach a policy of retaliation. But it is something very different from vindictive reprisal, to insist, as the very elementary terms of a temporary accord with the President, on the dismissal of the ministers before the 4th of November, and on the dismissal in a holocaust of the minor emissaries of the Government of oppression and lawlessness, appointed for the single purpose of carrying out the policy of oppression and lawlessness.

It is quite true that the elections, though they have given the Republicans a great and irresistible majority, have not been so vehement a rebuff as some persons had ventured to hope. If we may trust the calculations of an unwilling witness, the Monarchists have, thanks to M. de Fourtou's screw, gained 48,000 votes (1,653,000 this year against 1,605,000 last year). The Bonapartists have done better, with 1,832,000 this year against 1,339,000 last year, being a gain of very nearly half a million votes. The Republicans, it is calculated, will be found to have gained something under 50,000, though there are those who deduce from the figures (which are partly provisional until the colonial vote is known, and the

supplementary elections have been held), a much smaller gain than even this. To look at this from another point. The Government have won over five departments since 1870, having now 33 departments against 53. It is true, as a French journalist remarks, that there is no comparison in influence between the two groups; between Corsica and the Seine, between Dordogne and Seine Inférieure. "The one follow and obey; the others think and act. Athens and Bœotia have never weighed alike since the world had a history."

We cannot wonder that there should be a profound conservative sentiment in France, if by profound conservatism we mean a passionate desire for order and social rest, even at the expense of social progress. The Commune, whatever apology may be made for many of its leaders, was not an affair to be lightly effaced from the mind of the generation that saw Paris in flames. The existence of such newspapers as M. Rochefort's and of such spokesmen as Naquet or Madier de Montjau, naturally tends to make conservative feeling strong, widespread, and even as violent as the excess against which it is a reaction. And it is the good as well as the evil that revolution has brought, which makes conservatism the natural mood of a majority of Frenchmen. The French peasant may not be a very blithe, lettered, or lofty type of human character, but the great Revolution gave him property and the liberty to respect himself. Whatever else the French Revolution may have been, at any rate it has proved itself a great economic success, and it needs no philosopher to find reasons why rich countries should be conservative countries. The great, the striking, the immensely satisfactory feature of the decisive repulse of M. Buffet in February, 1876, and of Marshal Macmahon in October, 1877, is, that so much, so steady a quantity of this conservative feeling should have a second time within eighteen months identified itself on the whole with the cause of republican government, as against a monarchical government resting on bishops and priests. It would be obviously a mistake to imagine that there are not large numbers of excellent and respectable Conservatives who, on the other hand, prefer a monarchy, whether imperial, constitutional, or of divine right. It would be wrong to suppose that all the people who voted for Macmahonians and Legitimists are as bad as their lawless chiefs around the President. Even Bonapartist voters may be supposed in many cases not to intend that reckless system of violence, chicane, repression, which is what Bonapartism inevitably means. There is no difficulty in conceiving that a respectable money-making Frenchman would tell us that it is all very well to call the Revolution an economic success, but after all it was the eighteen years of the Empire which enabled

France to make and save up the millions that liberated the territory. Of course, the true answer to this is, that if the Empire brought wealth, it cost all that it brought and immeasurably more besides. To all of us this is as plain as the sun at noonday. What is important is that it has become plainer and plainer to an increasing number of Frenchmen. There are ninety Bonapartists in the new Chamber it is true, and one is amazed to think that there should be so many—nearly one-sixth of the whole number of representatives—to back a system whose last emperor, as M. Thiers told Mr. Senior,[1] actually wavered between socialistic changes and a foreign war, as the two alternative means of making his reign popular and settling his dynasty. But the Bonapartists, though they have reaped most of the gain of M. de Fourtou's measures, have made no real ground. Slowly the conservative sentiment has rallied to the Republic, and the great forward movement which began in 1792, before the majority of the nation was ripe for a republic, is now distinctly coming very close to the goal. What interruptions there may be, no man can tell. It is indeed open to the small party who always denied the constituent power of the Bordeaux assembly that preceded the Chamber of 1876, and to those who consistently denounced the policy of M. Gambetta in aiding in the manufacture of a republican constitution which placed power in the hands of the men who hate the very name of republic,—it is open to M. Louis Blanc and his friends to say, though this is not the moment at which their loyalty would allow them to say it, that the present danger is the natural and predicted result of that compromise of rigid principle. The acquiescence of 1874 seemed to save things for a moment, but in reality it only postponed the evil day. This, however, is not at all proved by the present attitude of France, for that attitude is above all things due to the increase which has been generally brought to the numbers of convinced republicans by the spirit of political conduct shown during and since the promotion of the existing constitution. The difficulties are still enormous. It is useless to attempt to penetrate the possible intentions of the President. Who, on the 15th of May, could have divined what the 16th of May was to bring forth? One rumour is that the President will, by the aid of the Senate, dissolve the Chamber, prepare for another election in the spring, proclaim a state of siege, collect the taxes, and rely on an act of indemnity. Another whispers that he will resign his power directly into the hands of the nation, and invite them in some form of plébiscite to declare their wishes. When unscrupulousness has the ear of stupidity, all is possible. The President's position, such as he has now deliberately made it,

(1) See *Fortnightly Review* for October.

looks as if it were not far from desperate. What can he hope from the new Chamber better than what he found insufferable in the old? On the contrary, how much worse he has to fear from a majority that is exasperated against his own person, and provoked at his abuse of his own authority. If he takes a Dufaure ministry or a Jules Simon ministry, he will have at once to assent to the dismissal of a host of functionaries whom he publicly on two occasions encouraged to rely on his protection. How will he reconcile this with that sense of political honour which his friends, though producing no evidence, allege to be so keen in his breast? Again, if M. Dufaure or M. Jules Simon returns to power, or M. Renault comes to power, they will no longer feel bound to pay devoted respect to his timidity and his prejudice. This time they will be not his servants but his masters. How will he reconcile this with his military humours of command, with the tone of his recent manifestoes, with the expectations of the clerical and monarchical intriguers around him? No; the *République Française* is right in saying that a return to the situation of the 15th of May is impossible. The President found that situation insupportable; the country now knows that situation to have been an illusion. And time is flying. M. Gambetta, in his speech of October 10, talked of the three years from now to the expiry of the Septennate—"those three years of repose at the end of which is the deluge; three years during which we shall not be able to close an eye, in view of that terrible falling due of our obligations; three years of repose in which at each moment we shall feel a piece slipping away, in which every instant will narrow the circle, so that we shall pass our days with our gaze fixed on that circle, like the man in the tale who watched the gradual shrinking of that shagreen-skin whose final disappearance was to mark the moment of his own death." But these poignant emotions are doubly poignant in the breasts of the monarchical and clerical conspirators. If they do not prepare victory during this fated interval, they can have no victory to hope.

It seems then to the present writer that it is not wise for us to burst out into any dithyrambic pæan, nor perhaps to talk about the French being the wisest politicians on either side of the Atlantic. It is a mistake to infer a profound elevation in the political temper of Belleville from the fact that there has been no sign of outbreak. The truth is that outbreak in Paris is impossible; first, because there are too many troops, and second, because there are no insurgents left. The old party of insurrection, chiefs and followers, were exterminated for one generation at least, in the bloody days of May, 1871. It is not necessary to exaggerate the significance of all that has taken place; the calm, the self-control, the firmness. The

result needs no exaggeration. Let us admire the gravity, the self-possession, the dignity and self-respect, with which that great nation has borne the countless provocations of a wanton and mischievous crisis. Let us note the all-important fact that republicanism in France is gaining steady and solid support from the most solid part of the people. But to believe that all is now safe, is to pay to the men of the sixteenth of May a compliment for political good-sense, equity, and foresight, which no politicians in Europe deserve half so little.

The light of a great success has at length shone upon the Russian arms, though not in the scenes where our interest has of late been most keenly on the watch. Armenia had almost been forgotten, and expectation of great events in that quarter had grown very slack. Our respectable contemporary, the *Edinburgh Review*, for instance, in a new article, assured us that what makes the Turk such a dangerous antagonist is that "it never occurs to him to surrender," and again that "as the season for campaigning in their elevated regions is already over, we may pronounce the invasion of Asiatic Turkey to be a failure for this year at least." On the very day when this sage oracle was given, news came that the Turkish army under Mukhtar had been cut in two (Oct. 15) by a most skilful and determined movement; an immense number of prisoners gave themselves up, along with guns and ammunition; one of the two wings was completely crushed; and the Turkish commander, with so many as could be saved of the other wing, retreated on Kars. What the more or the less of this victory may prove to be, we cannot yet measure. Its ultimate value depends on the extent to which the generals who won it are able to follow it up, but its present importance is its demonstration of what was beginning to seem doubtful, namely, that the Russians are not wholly incapable of a far-sighted, deliberate, and scientific military combination. Of this decisive quality the Bulgarian campaign had given no evidence, though perhaps now that generals who are not courtiers but soldiers, like Todleben, Skobeleff, and Miriatinski, have been placed in posts of real command, success in Bulgaria may follow success in Armenia. It is believed by competent military judges that Mehemet Ali is a commander of skill and prudence, and that Suleiman has not shown anything of either of these qualities. The displacement of Mehemet in favour of Suleiman has therefore been received by the Russians as a hopeful sign for themselves. His first movement, at any rate, has not been dangerous to the army of the Czarewich. The expectation of those who had watched his reckless impetuosity at the Shipka was that he would throw the forces of which Abd-el-Kerim

and Mehemet Ali had made such little use, desperately upon the Russian lines on the Lom and the Santre. Instead of doing this, he has retired to Rasgrad, leaving the Czarewich's army free either to invest two of the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, or to detach forces to the aid of the army round Plevna.

The reception in England of the news of the Russian successes in Armenia has been of a peculiarly satisfactory kind. Three months ago such a victory would have stirred up a violent storm of fury and apprehension, real and pretended. To-day, some people have rejoiced and others have been chagrined, but on the whole it is clear that Englishmen of both sides are preparing their minds to read and think about the war between Russia and Turkey just in the spirit and the temper in which they have been accustomed to read and think about other wars of the last twenty years. Even those who were loudest in declaring that the Czar intended war while pretending to assist at a Conference for preserving peace, are unable any longer to resist the evidence that he had made no serious preparation for such a war. We hear less of that gross inconsistency of argument which allows men to contend that England could have exercised no coercive power over the Porte—England with the most powerful navy in the world—while at the same moment they are exulting in the enormous advantages conferred upon Turkey by the mastery of the Black Sea. There are other satisfactory signs of a lull into self-possession. People will doubtless take sides strongly and decidedly; they will sympathise ardently either with Chefket Pasha and the others, or with the Czar, as the case may be. The cry of the British Empire being in imminent peril will now find fewer and fewer people to listen to it, and it will for this occasion drop. We may expect it to be heard again in full force when the day comes—and it does not look as if that would be a very near day—for diplomatic discussion of the terms of peace between the present combatants. But by that time, we may depend upon it, it will no longer be Russia but Germany in which the inconstant folly of our panic-mongers will discern the destroyer of English greatness. Our generation has had its French panic; we are just emerging blithely from a Russian panic; the circle of these infatuations will not be complete until we have had a German panic. The probability that Prince Bismarck may not be disposed to punish Russia for rescuing one more portion of the earth from the misgovernment of the Porte, will provide an extremely favourable opportunity for raising the cry.

It is too much to hope that the members of the government to whom the nation looks for a lead in the intricacies of foreign diplomacy, will prepare for such a panic by making up their minds

in a solid way, first, what adjustments of the Eastern Question will ultimately be possible; second, which of these is best; and third, by what aid or alliance, formal or informal, they may expect to carry this solution in the face of others who press for some different solution. No sober person can hope that an English plenipotentiary fighting single-handed can hold his own against any two of the great and closely interested powers who have arranged, and probably owing to the vacillations of the English government will have been driven to arrange, whatever united action may suit them best. The military situation, as we have said, does not promise a very near day for these controversies. But the time will come later if not sooner, and provident people may well begin to think even now what sort of peace they would like, if they had the power of deciding, to follow a war that will have been detestable indeed unless the end of it is to leave Turkey definitely shorn of her right of abusive government in one more portion of Europe.

In domestic affairs the Church Congress at Croydon is almost the one political event of the month. And that passed off without giving the usual evidence of the intense fires that are glowing within the bosom of the great ecclesiastical corporation of the land. The subjects in which the rival factions are most ardently interested were kept in the background. A mild and decorous discussion on modern scepticism marks a wonderful improvement in the temper in which the professors of traditional opinion are coming to regard those who prefer to shape newer opinions for themselves. Instead of the insolence and folly with which a few years ago the typical ecclesiastic used to denounce persons who happened to differ from him about the book of Genesis, or the intricacies of speculative theology, most of the speakers seemed willing to face free-thought in a manly way, and to try to deal with it as well as they could, without pouring scurrilous abuse on free-thinkers. They perhaps feel that the time has gone by for assuming either to their congregations or to themselves that an unbeliever is necessarily a vile person, or in any way less worthy of respect than if he took his belief in trust from others. The clergy will do well to encourage this rational and upright spirit. That is the only condition in which the great issues between them and their opponents can be discussed, and some day or other brought to an end, without leaving behind in the national mind a narrowed religious judgment and an exacerbated temper, which free-thinkers will deplore as bitterly as the most pious and devout among believers; for the spirit of piety and devoutness can scarcely be said to be any longer all on one side.

The cardinal question of disestablishment was not expressly

brought before the Congress. But we may be sure that it was present to all thoughts. Canon Ryle carried his hearers with him when he talked of the "ominous creaking of the machinery." The *Guardian*—that wise organ of a political church—admits that "there was everywhere, and with every one, a remarkable agreement of opinion, that the relations between Church and State are at present not only uneasy and strained, but rapidly passing into such a state that attempts to improve them must be made." Quite so; and the fact that such a body as the Church Congress made no such attempt, and knew that the first sign of making it would be to let loose a tempest of discord that would have broken up the Congress and been a scandal to religion, is proof enough that the relations between Church and State can only be improved in one way, and are likely before long to be so improved.

We wonder if the Congress paid any attention to the words of the Bishop of Sydney and Metropolitan of Australia? "In Australia," he said, "eleven bishops and the representatives of the clergy and the laity meet together and consult and debate together. The admission of the laity into the assemblies of the Church has been the great means by which the Australian Church has reached its present position, and is likely to reach a much higher position." Yes, but the Australian Church is a free Church, and has a life and power of self-adaptation which no State Church has ever had in this world or ever can have.

October 27, 1877.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Via-Media of the Anglican Church. By J. H. Newman, D.D. Pickering.

A republication of Dr. Newman's apologetic writings in defence of the Church of England while he was still a member of her communion, with additions pointing out what he now regards as the fallacies of his reasoning.

Buddhism: being a Sketch of the Life and Teaching of Gautama, the Buddha. By T. W. Rhys Davids. Christian Knowledge Society.

An exhibition of Buddha's life divested of subsequent embellishments, and of his religion purified from metaphysical refinements and corruptions.

Islam and its Founder. By J. W. H. Stobart. Christian Knowledge Society.

A condensed and impartial account of Mohammedanism.

Hinduism. By Monier Williams. Christian Knowledge Society.

A review of the Brahminical system in its various modifications, including a parallel with Buddhism.

On Horseback through Asia Minor. By Frederick Burnaby. 2 vols. Low and Marston.

The narrative of a five months' journey on horseback to Armenia, through Asia Minor.

Transcaucasia and Ararat. By James Bryce. Macmillan.

Vivid notes of a tour in the autumn of last year.

The Khedive's Egypt; or, The Old House of Bondage under New Masters. By Edwin de Leon. Sampson Low and Son.

The general spirit of this impartial survey of Egyptian affairs is indicated by the latter clause of the title.

Two Years of the Eastern Question. By A Gallenga. 2 vols. S. Tinsley.

The reprinted letters of the *Times*' correspondent, presenting in general the Russian side of the question.

Under the Balkans. By R. JASPER MORE. Kegan Paul & Co.

The observations and inquiries of a visitor to Roumélia after the massacres of last year.

The Personal Government of Charles I. By SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER. 2 vols. Longmans.

The history of the period from the murder of Buckingham to 1637, being that during which Charles was virtually an absolute sovereign.

Life of Sir Walter Raleigh. By LOUISE CREIGHTON. Rivingtons.

A condensed but highly finished biography.

The Story of my Life. By the late Col. MEADOWS TAYLOR. 2 vols. Blackwood.

Memoirs of a great Indian administrator on a small scale.

Thoreau: his Life and Aims. A Study. By H. A. PAGE. Chatto and Windus.

A mosaic portrait of Thoreau from characteristic passages in his writings.

The Agamemnon of Æschylus. Transcribed by ROBERT BROWNING. Smith, Elder & Co.

Aiming, as the title-page implies, at close literality of rendering.

Erema; or, My Father's Sin. By R. D. BLACKMORE. 3 vols. Smith, Elder & Co.

The Hon. Miss Ferrard. By the Author of "Hogan, M.P." 3 vols. Bentley.

Illustrates a highly characteristic phase of Irish life.

Pauline. By L. B. WALFORD. 2 vols. Blackwood.

By the author of "Mr. Smith."

Lutchmee and Dilloo. By EDWARD JENKINS. 3 vols. Mullan.

A "novel with a purpose," treating of the coolie immigration into British Guiana.

Les Pharisiens. Par J. COHEN. 2 tom. Calmann Lévy; Barthès and Lowell.

An apology for the Pharisees.

Supplément au Dictionnaire de la Langue Française de E. Littré. Hachette; Barthès and Lowell.

Technical terms and neologisms.

Guerre d'Orient en 1876. Par FERDINAND LECOMTE. Tanera; Barthès and Lowell.

A narrative of the occurrences preceding the outbreak of hostilities.

Hommes et choses d'Allemagne. Par G. VALBERT. Hachette; Barthes and Lowell.

Principally a reprint of articles from the *Revue des Deux Mondes.*

Histoire d'un Crime. Deposition d'un temoin. Par VICTOR HUGO. Tom. 1. Calmann Levy; Barthes and Lowell.

A diary of occurrences at the time of the *coup d'etat* of December, 1851.

Les Renegats de 1789. Par M. SAINT RÉNÉ TAILLANDIER. Hachette; Barthes and Lowell.

A protest against the rehabilitation of the chiefs of the Terror.

Deux Croisières. Par G. DE LA LANDELLE. Dentu; Barthes and Lowell.

An investigation of some minor passages of French naval history.

Histoire politique et diplomatique de P. P. Rubens. Par A. GACHARD. Office de Publicite, Bruxelles; Barthes and Lowell.

Contains numerous hitherto inedited documents.

Geschichte des Vatikanischen Konzils. Von J. FRIEDRICH. Bd. 1. Neusser; Williams and Norgate.

By a leader of the German Old Catholics. This first volume treats chiefly of the preliminaries of the Council.

Die Mythologie der Ilias. Von LUDWIG VON SYBEL. Elwert; Williams and Norgate.

A metaphysical view of Homeric mythology.

Russlands Geschichte und Politik. Von A. KLEINSCHMIDT. Kay; Williams and Norgate.

Russian history in a biographical form.

Umschau in Runischen Turkestan. Nebst einer allgemeinen Schilderung des Turkestanschen Beckens. Von ALEXANDER PETZHOLDT. Fries; Williams and Norgate.

Records of travel combined with topographical and ethnographical dissertations and political forecasts.

Der Krieg Montenegro's gegen die Pforte in Jahre 1876. Von S. GOPVCEVIS. Seidel; Williams and Norgate.

From the Servian point of view, which is by no means the same as the Montenegrin.

Stambul und das moderne Türkenthum. Bilder von einem OSMANEN. Duncker and Humblot; Williams and Norgate.

Sketchy and anecdotical. The writer's Ottoman nationality seems questionable.

Rumänien. Land und Volk. Geschildert von R. HENKE. Wigand; Williams and Norgate.

A thorough account of everything relating to the country.

Christian Gottfried Ehrenberg. Ein Tagwerk auf dem Felde der Naturforschung des neunzehnten Jahrhunderts. Von JOHANNES HANSTEIN. Marcus; Williams and Norgate.

A contribution to the history of microscopical science.

Clemens Brentano. Von A. DIEHL. Bd. 1. Williams and Norgate.

The first part of a complete biography of this remarkable personage.



THE

FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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MR. GLADSTONE ON MANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

The object which the former article in this Review[1] sought to attain has been answered far more completely than its author ever ventured to hope. The question has not been allowed to go by default. Not only has an answer been given, but it has come from the person of all the most competent to give it, not only from his large and long experience, but from a power of argument and wealth of illustration in which no one can pretend to vie with him. When Mr. Gladstone enters the arena, we may be quite sure that if the argument fail to convince, it is from the inherent weakness of the cause, and not from any failure on the part of the advocate. Having in full measure what we asked for—a statement of the case in favour of household suffrage in the counties—and also what we did not expect —a full statement of Mr. Gladstone's opinions and reasons in favour of equal electoral districts and universal suffrage—we cannot, without some suspicion of cowardice, refuse to examine a subject so interesting, and brought forward under such commanding auspices.

We were at considerable pains to prove what appeared to us a rather startling conclusion: that the extension of the suffrage to country householders made necessary a complete redistribution of seats on a new principle, and that this in its turn would make it impossible to resist the accomplishment of universal suffrage. To this part of our argument Mr. Gladstone has no objection to offer. We have pointed out that the House of Commons is not rising in public estimation, that the elections are becoming more and more expensive, that thus youth and talent, except when accompanied by riches, are excluded, and that any lowering of the franchise and the consequent redistribution of seats must still further increase expense. To this also Mr. Gladstone agrees. In fact, the differences between us are reduced to the expediency of lowering the franchise, and of creating new and equal electoral districts. Both propositions, as

(1) See *Fortnightly Review* for October last.

treated by Mr. Gladstone, will be found on examination sufficiently startling, seeing that they involve the assent on his part to the two principal points of the People's Charter.

We have said in our former article that to seek our electing bodies in organizations which are in the habit of acting together for other than electoral purposes, was an excellent principle in English elections. From this opinion Mr. Gladstone emphatically dissents. "It would seem odd," he says, "that when you have a function of the very highest importance to be discharged, you should intrust the discharge of it, not to bodies chosen and put together for their fitness to discharge it, but to bodies chosen and presumably fitted to do something else. It seems like saying this: electoral powers shall be given to non-electoral fitness. This plan has been found to offer the strongest obstacle to the extension of the franchise. The reason for commending this principle is a superstition derived from the times before the Reform Bill of 1832." We confess that we were not prepared for so brisk an attack on such a subject. We have always held the belief that municipal was the mother of political freedom, and that the day that witnesses the separation of the one from the other will be an evil day for both. We believe that persons accustomed to act together, well acquainted with each other, and having chiefs and leaders in whom they place confidence, are more likely to act together well for the purposes of an election than "persons chosen and put together for the purpose of discharging that duty only." It does not appear to us that fitness for the discharge of municipal duties implies unfitness for the discharge of duties of a somewhat similar nature. Nor are we much alarmed at the obstacles which the retention of the representation of municipalities may afford to the extension of the political franchise, or afraid of being caught tripping on such a subject in the company of Mr. Burke. It is true that we no longer require municipalities as protectors against the Crown or the aristocracy; but Mr. Gladstone reminds us very opportunely that our liberties are now in the hands of the constituencies. Those constituencies, as will appear presently, are about, if he has his way, to be placed entirely at the mercy of persons who at this moment have no vote at all, and we may well be excused if we catch at, or rather refuse to destroy, any institution which may tend in any degree to break the shock between our present and his future.

We have dealt thus at length with this matter, because it reveals to us Mr. Gladstone's views on a subject which he has not otherwise brought prominently forward. He dreads the present distribution of seats as a serious obstacle to universal suffrage, and, as it appears to us, has made up his mind that the only way to carry out his views on reform is to establish the numerical instead of the municipal

principle, and to adopt the section of the People's Charter which would take away representation from boroughs, universities, and counties, and give it, as in America, to electoral districts equal to each other in population. The injured shade of Fergus O'Connor may fairly claim the first of England's living statesmen as a convert to that article of the Charter which has hitherto found little favour anywhere.

We shall make no apology to our readers for entering into a detailed examination of the arguments which Mr. Gladstone has adduced in support of his propositions with regard to the franchise. We can imagine no time better spent than that employed in weighing the opinions of such a man on such a subject, even if we are unable to agree with him.

Mr. Gladstone tells us that in 1867 we "determined" that the householders in towns were so far possessed of the following qualities "in the aggregate" that they ought to possess the franchise. We may remark in passing that we do not profess to understand what possessing qualities "in the aggregate" means, unless it is to be taken as the assertion of the rather doubtful proposition that qualities may belong to a class which are not inherent in any of its members. However this may be, these are the qualities which, under Mr. Gladstone's direction, we answer for in the aggregate. That the borough householders are loyal, sober, and thoughtful in disposition, having access to political information, reasonably capable of forming a judgment on public affairs, and well disposed to defer to the advice of others who might be found more capable still. Now we should like to know when, and by whom, was this judgment formed and announced? Was it by the Liberal party who, in 1866, carried the second reading of a bill which fixed the borough franchise at a rental of £7 a year? or was it by the Tory party in 1867, who voted in dogged silence for what they detested, and, though they preferred their party to their country, never pretended to believe in the measure that they carried? The House determined to give the franchise, but never pretended that they believed in the possession of these qualities by those to whom they gave it, either "reasonably," "in the aggregate," or in any other manner.

It may be said, and we are not prepared to deny it, that Parliament ought not to have given this franchise, unless they were convinced of all this and of a great deal more. But we never heard that the maxim, *omnia præsumuntur ritè et solenniter acta*, was applicable to motives, and that we are bound to believe that Parliament had these feelings because they are necessary to justify its conduct. We need not enter into an invidious comparison between the town and rural householder, since it was not for his fitness but for the

convenience of the Tory Government that he was enfranchised, and we are not bound by the opinions of a former Parliament, be they never so clearly expressed.

Having, we hope, thus successfully escaped from the perils of what lawyers call an estoppel, we may proceed to examine the arguments adduced in favour of the admission to the franchise of the rural householder. The first question is as to qualification. Are the country householders qualified? Not being quite confident that he can raise the candidate to the height of the test, Mr. Gladstone seeks to bring down the test to the stature of the candidate. He is not perfectly qualified. But then who is? Mr. Gladstone is like the Œdipus of Sophocles. He asks little, receives less, and that is sufficient for him. One ingredient in qualification is, we are told, interest in public affairs, and this the agricultural labourer possesses because he is stationary. We confess we should have drawn exactly the contrary inference. Then the poor, we are told, are less selfish than the rich, and therefore more fit to judge of public affairs. We should have thought that his desires are stronger as his needs are greater, and the stake which he risks by change is smaller. The agricultural labourer is more liable to torpor, we are told, than to passion; but somehow or other all his qualities, be they faults or be they virtues, tend equally to one result—the qualifying him for the elective franchise. There may be some little want, it is admitted, of intellectual training; but then each section of the community knows something that the others do not, and thus it is proved, that because one man can mow and another can thresh, there must be questions on which they must be able to give a better political opinion than a higher and more educated class. As to intellectual and moral competency, that, it is admitted, must come from culture only; but then no one class is to be trusted with absolute power, and so the uneducated are to check the upper classes, making up for their deficiency of knowledge by the "adjective tendency" to confide in others, who, we sincerely hope, will not turn out to be the very persons against whom they are to protect themselves and society.

We must here venture a remark which the reader can hardly have failed to anticipate—that the arguments which we have been reproducing in a condensed form from the pen of Mr. Gladstone scarcely carry with them that weight and force which might have been expected from such a man on such a subject. They base the fitness to exercise the franchise on the possession of the commonest feelings and interests of humanity. Almost every argument is wide enough to include men, women, and children. They begin by seeking to prove that the rural labourer should have the franchise because the town householder has it; they end by proving

that the rural labourer should have the franchise because every one ought to have the franchise. It would seem that the case for the rural labourer could not be made sufficiently strong without calling in the aid of arguments which would go the full length of admitting everybody. The inference is most important. This great master of dialectics has tried to make out a case for the rural labourer on his own merits, and has, on his own showing, utterly failed. The proof of his failure is, that he has felt himself obliged to fall back on arguments which only touch the rural householder so far as he forms part of the *genus homo*. The natural thing to do under the circumstances, when the discovery was made that the rural householder could not be successfully treated as belonging to a superior class, was to expand the conclusion to the dimensions of the premises, and to convert the argument for the rural householder into an argument for manhood, or rather male and female, suffrage.

And this is exactly what Mr. Gladstone has done, only he has had the kindness to leave us his unsuccessful attempt to explain the evolution of his ideas.

> "It tristis arator
> Mœrentem abjungens fraterna cæde juvencum
> Atque opere in medio defixa reliquit aratra."

These are his words. "At this point let us suspend for a moment the process of handling this or that particular argument, and let us look a little more to the question at large according to political justice; that is to say, according to common sense applied to the particular province in which lie such questions of right and wrong as arise out of the relations of political society. For the present I shall so far proceed upon a *petitio principii* as to assume (1) that we are considering the case of adult males, neither disqualified by mental infirmity, nor deprived of liberty on account of crimes, nor loading the community with the cost of their subsistence; (2) that in questions of political fitness we have to deal with this or that section in the mass, and not with the eccentric and exceptional cases of individuals; (3) that *in practice* the question before us is simply that of household suffrage in the counties."

On this singular passage we would observe that no reason is given why, having undertaken to prove one thing, the argument should stop short in the middle, and the proof of something else be substituted for it. We entirely acquit Mr. Gladstone of begging the question, to which he pleads guilty, for instead of assuming the conclusion he asks leave to withdraw it, in order, by another process, to prove that conclusion and a great deal more. We also take note of the appearance, for the first time in these discussions, of the term political justice, which appears to be a *réchauffé*, under a new name,

of our old friend, The Rights of Man. Before we follow Mr. Gladstone into his demonstration of the justice and expediency of universal suffrage, we cannot refrain from remarking how entirely this change justifies those who in 1866 and 1867 were accused of exaggeration, because they insisted that the change then made was the inevitable precursor of universal suffrage. We may further point out how completely the argument which we relied on two months ago is supported by the authority of Mr. Gladstone. We contended that the further extension of the franchise leads directly to universal suffrage, and Mr. Gladstone practically, if not in so many words, admits the same thing, by first trying to support rural householders on their own merits, and then making manhood suffrage the ground on which he bases the expediency of household suffrage.

We are directed, in this second attempt, to reason on qualification. We thought that we had already gone through this process, and are not told why it is to be repeated. Here then are the arguments in favour of manhood suffrage, as revised and corrected by the minister who proposed a £7 franchise in 1866. 1. Every man must, directly or indirectly, contribute to the revenue. The same thing may be said of every dog. A man satisfies the qualification by paying for a glass of beer. 2. Every man by his labour contributes to the public wealth. The same thing may be said of every cart-horse. 3. Nine men out of ten are fathers of families. This qualification is the condition of the continuance of the species which we share with the lower animals. 4. Every man is possessed of the power of doing a great deal of mischief. So is almost every animal. We have known houses where everything that was broken was attributed to the agency of the cat. It will hardly be believed that these four arguments, expounded, of course, and amplified, are the four Corinthian pillars which are destined to support the enormous fabric of universal suffrage. We shall not think it necessary to criticise them further, but content ourselves with the remark that we seem, somehow or other, to have slipped down from the human into the animal kingdom, and that we sigh for some reason for submitting ourselves to the will of the many which is drawn at least from qualities peculiar to the human race, to which, after all, the poorest and most ignorant among us do belong.

But, cogent as this demonstration may be, Mr. Gladstone admits that some exception may be taken to it. He thinks that persons may be found who think that wisdom and virtue, rather than working, and paying taxes, becoming parents, and ability to do mischief, are the true criterion of fitness. Against this he urges that the popular judgment is in many cases more just than that of the higher orders. We should like to have had an instance, but none is given us. In the second place, it is urged that we give Members to the universities—

not a very powerful agency for bridling the democratic impulses of three kingdoms, and one which, on his own principle of refusing electoral power to bodies formed *alio intuitu*, Mr. Gladstone would be bound to destroy. Then rich men have several votes, poor men only one. Not a very potent corrective, nor one which would long survive. Then we are told that property has an influence; but alas! property is not identical with wisdom and virtue, and may only substitute one lowering influence for another; and a poor man once possessed of power is more likely to be influenced by a desire to create by law a property for himself, than by respect for the property of others.

Mr. Gladstone goes on to remark with perfect truth that this inequality, the numerical superiority of those nearest the ground, is inherent in all representative government. Society is a cone, in which the lowest layer exceeds in area all the layers above it. Most true, it does so; but is that any reason for exaggerating this natural defect of representative government? It would seem to us that the more reasonable course would be to say, The nature of things imposes upon us this sacrifice; but though we cannot get rid of the anomaly, we can keep it within reasonable proportions. We cannot alter the nature of the figure, but we can regulate the depth from the apex to the ground. In such cases the object of law is not to aggravate, but to moderate and temper the tendency to extremes.

We are then told that the poor are free from "particularismus;" that is, as we understand, narrow or class selfishness. It is well settled that while it is allowable to praise the poor to any extent, it is not to be endured that anything should be said against them; and therefore we will content ourselves with saying that though free from "particularismus," they possess particular powers of association which have often proved injurious to the country, and still oftener to themselves.

When we said that the arguments in favour of the reduction of the franchise were an appeal to equality which would lead straight to universal suffrage, and logically even further, we did not use the term in the sense in which Mr. Gladstone understood us to use it. The classes enfranchised, or about to be enfranchised, have had hitherto, in our opinion, very little to say in the matter. The second Reform Bill of Lord John Russell was proposed, and the Reform Bill of Mr. Disraeli was carried, the one to satisfy pledges given long before, when nobody asked for them, the other to outbid his rivals in the silly race for a popularity which, as the event proved, was not to be obtained in that way. Those who remember the agitation of 1831 and 1832, when there was an effective demand for reform, will have no doubt on that subject. What we meant by the love of equality, which is pushing on the present change, so far as there is any sincerity in it, is a misapplication of the idea of justice to sub-

jects to which it does not apply. The very essence of the administration of justice is equality—that under the same circumstances the same rule should apply, whether the parties to the suit be rich or poor, noble or obscure. People with this idea in their minds are very apt to apply it to cases to which it is not applicable. Whenever there is anything to distribute, they are apt to assume that the principle on which it should be distributed should be that of equality. Now with expediency the cast-iron rules of justice have no concern. The distribution of political power is not a matter of justice—that is, of equality—but of the very highest expediency. It is this error—the application of the principles of law to questions of the highest and most delicate policy—that we alluded to when we said that the franchise was lowered from the love of equality. As a general rule, where there is no reason to make a difference in distribution, none should be made; for a causeless difference would be inexpedient, as being likely to produce discontent, but there would be no injustice where, as in the present instance, there is a sufficient reason for the distinction. It unfortunately happens that almost the only idea which the poorer and less educated classes have of government is from the administration of justice. And hence they are prone to apply to the legislative and executive departments of government principles applicable to judicial proceedings only. Thus universal suffrage, or the demand for it, may arise from the love of justice, but then it is from the love of justice misapplied.

The next safeguard on which we are told to rely is, oddly enough, the love of the poorer classes for inequality. We are invited to give them equality because they hate it. The love of freedom, we are told, is hardly stronger in them than the love of aristocracy. Of all the safeguards on which he relies to preserve us from the pressure of superincumbent numbers—their unselfishness, their superior intelligence, their love of justice—there is none on which Mr. Gladstone relies with such triumphant confidence as the love of the poor for inequality, which they love, like virtue, with a disinterested fervour, for its own sake. We are, as may well be believed, no levellers; but if it were really true, as alleged, that the poorer classes are lovers of inequality for its own sake, we should think it constituted in itself a very considerable disqualification for any political trust whatever. Anything more perverse, more unreasonable, more unworthy, than such a feeling, we cannot imagine. It is the condition under which our race and the races below us exist on the earth that there should be inequality among us. We see it, and we acquiesce in the inevitable. But to make an idol of such a state of things would, in our judgment, evince a mind disqualified by inveterate meanness and perverseness from the right to exercise any influence, however remote, on the actions or destinies of others. We are no flatterers

of the poorer classes; but we do not believe that the charge of a deliberate love of inequality can be sustained against them. No doubt the poor are dazzled by the pomp, the splendour, the power over them for good or for evil, which they observe in the rich, and are, like so many of their superiors, impressed by titles and honours. No doubt the real kindness and consideration with which they are generally treated by their superiors awake in many of them feelings of gratitude and devotion. No doubt the poor man is prone to exalt his great man above his neighbour's great man. But he has studied history and the workings of the human heart to little purpose who builds on these sandy foundations any practical conclusion as to what would be the conduct of large masses of the poor, with power actually in their hands, under the guidance of bold and unscrupulous leaders, and with a hope before them, however fallacious, of improving their condition. The strangest part of the matter is that we are directed to believe that this love of inequality is the peculiar characteristic of Englishmen (we presume that the Scotch and Irish are included in this discreditable distinction), so that we are cut off from some very instructive references to the history of other countries. In the great civil war, however, it is but a slight exaggeration to say that the king, the nobility, and gentry were on one side, and the lower classes on the other. Had the genius of Cromwell descended on his son, we should have heard little by this time of the genius for and love of inequality. The poor, taken up with daily labour, have little time or thought to bestow on that halt and miserable idol on which, according to Mr. Gladstone, their affections are fixed. They receive their impressions from the circumstances by which they are surrounded, and as these change, they change with them. We expect from them more than can be obtained from human nature, if we persuade ourselves that they will, in the long run, forego any solid advantage that they believe to be within their reach, out of deference to that meanest and silliest of all superstitions, the worship of the goddess of inequality.

This closes the list of the safeguards on which we are encouraged to rely against the possibility of abuse under the changes which are recommended. Mr. Gladstone is further of opinion that "this fear of numbers is with some an idiosyncratic habit; with others, no better, after all the living and working experience we have had, than an ungenerous and unmanly fear." We sadly fear that the division is meant to be exhaustive, and that we have no choice but between being slightly deranged and arrant cowards. This reminds us of a clergyman who concluded his sermon with these words—"And he that is not convinced by these arguments must be a villain indeed."

While we were writhing under this fearful denunciation, we

turned to the next sentence and read the following:—"The supposed dangers of a numerical preponderance are set aside by the fact that the class which possesses the preponderance does not act for itself, but for the country." What does this sentence mean? Is it that the class, the enfranchisement of which Mr. Gladstone recommends—that is, all adult males, minus paupers, criminals, and lunatics—are so happily constituted by nature that they are sure to execute the trust reposed in them, not for themselves, but for the benefit of all? This would indeed be a sedative to our "unmanly fears;" but then we should require some demonstration of the fact, and that demonstration, we greatly fear, is not forthcoming. On the other hand, if the sentence only means that the duty of the whole adult population is to act not for itself, but for the country, we cordially admit the duty, and only require a single sentence, which must have been left out by mistake, containing the proof that they are certain to perform that duty. Foiled in our attempt to find comfort here, we read on. "The supposed danger of inferior information and capacity in the masses, not enjoying the advantages of leisure, is completely neutralised by their general disposition to turn to account the precepts and the example of those whom they believe to be better informed." That is to say, we trust the very existence of this country to the adult males, with the deductions aforesaid, and they are to act upon the opinion of some one else, who is quite sure to advise them right; so that the welfare of the country henceforth will turn not on the opinion of the electors, but on the sort of advisers whom they may choose to call in. It surely were impossible to doubt of the future of a country whose future rests on such solid foundations as these!

Let us now briefly review the course through which Mr. Gladstone has led us. He began, we saw, with the endeavour to prove that the country householder should be admitted to the franchise. In this his career was so unsatisfactory even to himself that he threw up the attempt, and made a new departure, undertaking to prove that every adult male was entitled to a vote unless disqualified by pauperism, lunacy, or crime. If he could establish this, of course he would have proved the less in proving the greater. Paying taxes, labouring, paternity, and power to do harm, are the grounds of admission to the franchise. The safeguards against the abuse of his power are that he is unselfish; judges in some things not specified, nor, we believe, specifiable, better than educated persons; will consider himself as a mere agent for the country, without thinking of himself; and has the inestimable faculty of selecting infallible advisers. Having examined these propositions, coupled as they are with the proposal for equal electoral districts, we will now offer something on the other side.

The first objection which we will take the liberty of offering to Mr. Gladstone's proposal for equal electoral districts and manhood suffrage is, that if the new electors should happen to disagree with the old, the latter are put in a hopeless minority. Mr. Gladstone reminds us very opportunely, that the public liberties are absolutely in the hands of the constituencies, and that from the crown, or even the aristocracy, we have nothing to fear, and we may add, to hope. There was a time, before the Revolution, and, some may think, after it, when the crown was formidable to the liberties of the nation, and when the House of Lords could overbalance the House of Commons; but that time is past. What we are asked to do is to make a new change in the power of the State, taking it away from the constituencies in whom it is now vested, and giving it altogether into the hands of persons who have hitherto been too poor and too ignorant to have any share in public affairs. We shall add to, but we shall supersede, the present constituencies. In making so vast, so stupendous a change, we are bound to consider not only what is probable, but what is possible. The measure of what is possible, under the proposed change, is to be found by subtracting the number of the present constituency from the number about to be enfranchised, and considering what manner of government the remainder would give us. If Mr. Gladstone were advising us to surrender our laws, our liberties, our present, our future into the hands of the crown or the aristocracy, we might, from the teaching of our past history, and from the history of other nations, form to ourselves some idea of the fate that awaited us. We have also some experience in the growth of democracy in our own colonies, where the sovereign takes no part in the government, where there is no aristocracy, and where, at any rate, there is nothing to break down or destroy. But the condition of a country which, with all its institutions standing and vigorous, voluntarily strips its rulers of their power, and confers that power on classes that have hitherto had no part, directly or indirectly, in its government, has no precedent in history, and will stand out to future times as a solitary and signal instance of human levity and presumption. The only thing that we can think of as in the least resembling the proceeding which Mr. Gladstone presses us to adopt is that of a tribe of Kaffirs, who were persuaded by one of their leading men, no doubt a person of great eloquence and ability, to leave their fields fallow, kill all their cattle, and then wait the goods the gods would send them, after they had shown that they knew so admirably how to provide for themselves. Most of the tribe died of famine; but they shewed at any rate "a disposition to turn to account the precepts and the example of those whom they believed to be better informed than themselves." No doubt it will be said, you are putting extreme cases. The classes whom

you are about to enfranchise will not act together. They will enlist under different banners, just like the present constituencies. It will be the same thing, only on a larger scale. To this we answer that we have a perfect right to make every supposition consistent with possibility. If we were in a great strait, if the existing state of things had become intolerable, we might fairly venture remote and uncertain perils in order to avert some dreadful and urgent catastrophe. But when we are asked to destroy the existing balance of power and authority out of mere gaiety of heart, we have, we think, some right to demand what are the compensations which we are to receive, not only for the trouble of the change, but for the fearful possibilities, and, we may add, probabilities that attend upon it. We are quite ready to concede that were we menaced by any great and pressing danger—a civil war, for instance—it might be wise to concede somewhat, and incur the chance of a future, rather than submit to the certainty of a present, calamity. But here we are absolutely without excuse. The whole force of the movement, if movement it can be called, is from above, and not at all from below. We are absolutely thrusting into the hands of those whom we have determined to make our future masters, a power which they will hardly open their hands to receive; and as to the equal redistribution of seats which Mr. Gladstone, by a perfectly correct inference, treats as a part of the coming reform, we can imagine no measure more unpopular with the present holders of electoral power.

Nor are we by any means sure that the apprehensions which we entertain as to the use that will be made of the vast predominance of electoral power which we are about to create in favour of, or rather, place in the hands of, the very poor (for the benefit even to them is something more than doubtful), will not be fraught with most of the consequences which we have spoken of as within the limits of possibility. Observe, we have set our all on a single cast—that is, on the chance that the large majority over the present constituency, whom we appear to be willing to enfranchise, will not act together as one class. If they do they are our masters. There is no power in the empire which can legally control them. Other countries, such as France and America, who have adopted universal suffrage, have treated it more like an inevitable torment than a beneficent institution. It was established by Louis Napoleon as a cloak and counterpart of tyranny, and kept under the control of a despotic executive and a fierce and pampered army. And now we see, in the present struggles in France, with what fetters it is bound, and with what restrictions it is guarded. The American constitution is also a monument of the distrust which the founders of the Republic felt for the institution which necessity obliged

them to adopt. Because Congress, elected by universal suffrage, cannot safely be trusted with the functions which we leave to the House of Commons, they are obliged to endure for four years a head of the executive, whom they may heartily wish to get rid of, and to endure a Congress which has ceased to reflect the opinion of the country. By fixed periods of time, and by the action of a Senate, they contrive to find a *modus vivendi* with universal suffrage. But with us manhood suffrage would succeed, without fetter or restraint, to all the powers of government. It would be decked with a venerable name, and invested with a power, all the limits of which have been successfully and completely broken down, in confidence that it would be wielded by knowledge, intelligence, and wealth. Now those who will inherit this splendid possession, on the single condition of being able to unite, are really a homogeneous class. They are all poor; they are all the recipients of wages; they are almost all narrowly educated, or not educated at all; and perfectly unable not only to solve, but even to apprehend the questions that will be agitated in the press and in the canvass. Is it so very impossible to conceive that people will arise, like the sycophant in ancient democracy, who will point out to them the vast power which they possess, and the use which they can make of it? It is in your power, they will say, if you will only return persons like us, devoted to your interests, to do yourselves ample justice. Why should you be excluded from the land? Why should you pay something like thirty millions of taxes for beer, spirits, and tobacco, when there are so many rich people so lightly taxed? Why should you be exposed to the competition of the foreigner? Why should your wages not be maintained by law at a point sufficient for the maintenance of yourselves and your families? Wages were once regulated by law in favour of the master: why should not they be regulated again in favour of the workman? It is one thing to hold this language now, when both parties know that such doctrines will find no favour in the House of Commons: it is quite another when the tempter can say, and say with perfect truth, that you have only to agree, and all this and much more shall be yours. Then will be the time to try the efficacy of Mr. Gladstone's safeguards, and to see how far the imaginary virtues, capacities, and talents, with which he has adorned the poor at the expense of the rest of the community, will avail to save the poor from the voice of the tempter. For our own part, we do not attribute to the persons to be enfranchised under Mr. Gladstone's reform extraordinary qualities of any kind; but they can hardly be offended, or think that we undervalue them, if we suppose them to be not greatly superior in disinterestedness to other mortals, who are only too apt to find reasons for what they believe to be for their advantage.

Of course the persons who succeed in obtaining the confidence of the majority would not remain unrewarded. In matters in which the poor feel no interest, or which it is difficult for them to understand, they would enjoy a power and an authority which, supposing them to be capable of what we have suggested, would make them very dangerous administrators of public affairs. In order that the poor might be pampered and flattered, the government of the country would have to pass into unworthy hands. The condition by which alone power could be obtained would drive away the persons whom it would be most desirable to enlist in the public service, and attract those whom it would be most desirable to repel. We are, as we have said, putting an extreme case; but just so far as these influences prevail, they will make themselves felt in this direction. Mr. Gladstone has carefully avoided all reference to experience on this subject; but he tells us much of the educating power of the franchise, of the love of country that it engenders, of the elevating and ennobling topics that it introduces. If sweetness and sentimentalism could settle the question, he has left us nothing to desire. But we own to a preference for the hard and ungracious teaching of experience. What has manhood suffrage done for America? Did it save her from one of the most dreadful and desolating civil wars that history records? Did all its ennobling and educating influence prevent the railway rebellion of the present year? Has manhood suffrage tranquillised France? Or, is it not the dread of this very manhood suffrage that has furnished the party of reaction with the only argument that finds any sympathy here? Had we not better wait till Mr. Gladstone can produce for our inspection some single instance of a country, flourishing, happy, and contented, under the government with which he is so anxious to endow us? We have gained all we are and have been by steadily and carefully watching the teaching of experience. There is a rashness of age as well as of youth. Can it be that we are about, from mere lightness of heart, to stake our all on an enterprise in which we may lose all, and can by no possibility, as yet suggested, gain anything?

ROBERT LOWE.

THE REPUBLIC AND THE MARSHAL.

Our generation has seen no crisis more momentous than that which we watch in France to-day. It may want the startling catastrophes which used to bewilder us some twenty or thirty years ago; and the actors do not offer us the same elements of romantic career or memorable tragedy. Perhaps the strategy and the discipline on the one side, the tortuous pettiness on the other side, make us think too lightly of the issues at stake. A nation which is slowly working out a Republic with a reticence and a patience altogether diplomatic rather than revolutionary; an aristocratic dictator, whose gifts lie chiefly in lobbying and in earwigging academical coteries; a new Strafford, who has something of Tartuffe and a good deal of a *petit-maître;* a Charles I. or a Charles X., who is nothing but a very commonplace soldier made famous by the greatest defeat in modern history: these things and these men do not strike the imagination like some of those pages of history which blaze with incidents of romance, with heroes of romance. But none the less the struggle which is going on as we write is one of the turning-points in the history of modern Europe.

If the Republic can fix itself now in a solid and lawful way, there is fair ground to trust that it will fix itself permanently as the accepted scheme of society in France—fair ground for trust, that is, to such of us as think that a permanent Republic can yet be established at all in an ancient European nation. If the Republic, we say, be now secured on a republican footing, and not as a step in a dynastic intrigue, there is reason to trust that it will have the loyal acceptance of an overwhelming majority of thirty-seven millions of Frenchmen; and whatever the trials before it, that it may work itself out as a free and fruitful type of political society. There is reason, moreover, to hope that, if the Republic be founded, something more may be founded with it. That curse of France, the seizure of her vast official resources to pander to the appetites of adventurers, their appetite for war, for luxury, for money, for lust—this we may hope will be made hereafter impossible. The chances of ever again converting the administration, whether civil or military, into a quarry for a social faction, will have passed away. The abuses of local tyranny will be made, one may hope, a theme of the past. And that monstrous centralisation of the State machine will necessarily be relaxed with the downfall of the system of official corruption. France has a terrible work of regeneration before her; but if the Republic can assure a lawful stability for a free constitution, she may

work out her task in an air more wholesome to breathe and less lurid to the troubled brain.

But if the Republic be now beaten down, and before these pages are printed it may yet have been beaten down, an evil time may again be in store for France. Not for ever; for the Republic is inevitable within the generation living: but for years. For years she may be delivered over to the tormentors; to the men who dream of Quixotic revivals; to the men who have forgotten nothing and learnt nothing; the most respectable fanatics, it may be, of the whole coalition, but who, alas! can never be anything but the dupes and the tools of the rest; to the doctrinaires and exclusives, who would sacrifice the peace of any number of millions to their canons of social propriety; to the devotees of the Church, whose own prejudices are the cause of God himself, before which all things earthly, including the welfare of mankind, are dross and dust; to that motley class of adventurers, to whom politics are a betting-ring or a Bourse, and public policy, for better or for worse, is the rise or fall of the market; to the hungry caterers to every pleasure, the suttlers in the rear of the army of adventurers, the dressmakers and the dandies, the jockeys and the jockey clubs, the hairdressers, the dancers, the betting-men, the panders, and the scribblers, who for seven years have been screaming for another Empire as the sole free market for their wares.

It would be a vain thing in any republican to suppose that the Millennium is at hand, even if the Republic be firmly set up. And it would be a weak thing to yield to despair, even if the Republic be overpowered. Still, without putting too high the gain to progress and to peace of a republican settlement, and without putting too low the evil of a republican collapse, we may be quite sure that the battle going on as we write is of critical import. If it is decided for the party of liberty and peace, France will not be the same place it has been, and even Europe will not be quite the same. The final establishment of a great republic in Europe—and the circumstances all tend to picture any establishment as final—will subtly, but profoundly, change the atmosphere of social and political effort. But, on the other hand, the ruin of so fair a prospect will oppress us all in our searching for progress, in our trust in peace, in law, in public opinion. We shall feel that soldiery, and Jesuitism, and social ambitions, and political corruptions have proved too strong for us. We shall be more willing to submit to force, and more tolerant of forceful methods; we shall grow more doubtful of morality and the moral forces as destined to mould the future of states. And many of us will come to accept the accomplished; and some of us will come to make the best of corruption; and the world will be the worse both there and here.

For these reasons it is so needful that we should really understand this crisis, and not underrate it or take it as a matter of course. In France on both sides they feel its momentous issues, and treat it as the final struggle. They acknowledge the strength of the forces involved, and the mighty consequences of victory to either. Simple as the case appears to us, to them there are principles of abstract right on both sides, and a complex tale of consequent results. To them, the men who are prominent in the battle are of altogether minor importance; and the agents and instruments and incidents of the struggle are dwarfed and overlooked in the greatness of the causes at stake. We are, perhaps, too much inclined to regard it as a parliamentary duel, like the struggle with us of two recognised constitutional parties. We are apt to think of it as simply the preposterous adventure of some bigoted and ignorant politicians; men whom the House of Commons would bring to reason in a single three-night debate. There is, surely, more than this behind the scenes. We must never forget that we are still witnessing the movement which began with the Monarchy itself in 1789: we must not forget that France is still in the front of all the ancient societies of Europe in trying this great example of a new political and social order; that the ecclesiasticism of the whole world, the aristocratic pride of all feudal Europe, the industrial and social disorders of the whole of modern society, press with united weight on the people who are leading the way to a New Time; that the military and national convulsions of modern Europe have forced upon France a military and official organization, the yoke of which is as hard to bear as to cast off. Finally, we must remember that in France there is one of the most historic and yet one of the most ideal of races: a people in whom instincts of discipline are as strong as the instincts of improvement; a people intensely tenacious of the old social modes and of the old objects of reverence; a people whose national history oppresses each citizen like the personal pride of birth; and yet withal a people who have an insatiable craving to cast their lives into a general mould that shall seem to accord with reason.

For seventy years the old forces of feudalism, of Church, of official castes and social hierarchies, have rallied from the terrific welter into which they were swept in the great catastrophe of the last century; and slowly, silently, indefatigably, they have pieced together again the fragments of their shattered authority. The Church has come back, no longer indolent, bloated, and depraved; but full of zeal and passion, with the memories of its long martyrdom in its soul, with the temper of men who are ready to suffer or to inflict martyrdom, so that all things be done to edification and the glory of God and his Church. They have got together wealth again

by the lawful methods of persuasion, which they use for corporate, not for personal, ends; they aim at the young, and they give themselves to education in all its forms; they are resolved that society shall not escape them again, for they have rivetted anew, as for centuries they have not done before, their hold on the resources of government. And with their help, and the aid of an army of believers in heraldry as the sum of human knowledge, the ancient Monarchy has been pieced together into a legend, and has taken its place as the first of historic ideals, between the worship of Joan of Arc and the legend of Saint Louis.

And the *ancienne noblesse* has come back and taken root in these seventy years, or at least a working imitation of it, with sufficient resemblance to its parent to take up the succession of the sons of the Crusaders. A fair proportion of the children or other relations of the *émigrés* have actually been scraped together from various countries of the world; soldiers of fortune have married some possible great-granddaughter of a not impossible Rohan; a few brazen men have boldly averred that they are veritable Montmorency; and what with the aid of rich rogues and fatuous heiresses of great names, supported by the unblushing imagination of professional heralds, a working aristocracy of birth has been got together, with titles, pedigrees, legends, prestige, castles, estates, and the whole paraphernalia of the *vieille roche*. People who know the enormous lying of which even conscientious heralds are capable, will not implicitly believe in these solemn rolls of birth; but that of course is a trifle. Veritable scions of *vieille roche* have certainly reappeared; it has been the interest of rich men and of learned men to discover *vieille roche*. It has been collected, admired, imitated, restored, manufactured, like old porcelain; legends have been designed for it; possessions have been heaped on it; heiresses have been pressed on it; *châteaux* have been restored for it; the ancient code of manners, the *vieille école*, and its pretensions have been republished with rococo eagerness; feeble youths and inane girls under the tuition of a priest, a pedant, and a woman of fashion, have been bred up in the idiotic *morgue* and the Grand-Lama self-worship which their flatterers attributed to the *vieille noblesse*, but which the *vieille noblesse* themselves hardly ever practised in their day of glory. We know how easily folly and vanity can be brought to accept the most laughable excesses of self-adulation; and these etiolated persons (many of them no more *vieille roche* than I am) have come to regard themselves as beings more precious than the "sacred chickens" of a Roman army, whose morning appetite was of more consequence to the Republic than three legions of veteran troops. The personal side of the matter is interesting only as a psychological problem, a problem to which the immortal work of

Cervantes is certainly our safest guide. But the political side of the matter is that there is again in France an *ancienne noblesse;* which is, or believes itself to be, the heir and successor of that of the Bourbons, which has not a little of the wealth, much of the social influence, and more than the insolence of the old nobility; which, with those fascinating mediæval titles in which novelists delight, is an object of unbounded admiration to the entire army of adventurers and rich *parvenus*, and quite commands the prostrate services of the lackey class, whether lettered or unlettered, and which has come to the belief since the fall of the Empire that it has a mission to "save society" by filling, in person or by deputy, the principal places in the State, whether civil or military.

And alongside of this restored Church, this resuscitated Monarchy, this new-blazoned aristocracy, a plutocracy of new wealth has grown up, skilful, ambitious, and full of power. This century, with its leaps and bounds of industrial advance, has opened an altogether new career to the men of spirit who know how to open the oyster with the sword of iron, or of gold, or of brass. And those whose business lies in the exploitation of the industrial world, are of kin to the men whose business is in the exploitation of the political world. So the men who live to make the great fortunes, and they are a numerous and a powerful order in the State, turn naturally to the types of government wherein, in exchange for political life, citizens are to be kept quiet by being made rich. In an age like this there are millions whose ideal of human society is a society where markets rule high; and if empires are found to be paying dividends out of capital, there are men of business who know how to sell out in time. So these adventurous capitalists have a weakness for governments which will play for high stakes, and favour great adventures; soldiers of fortune have a weakness for governments that have high dynastic ambitions; men of pleasure prefer a government which is great in display and vies with the revels of royal tradition; and the frivolous of every age, and of both sexes, the laborious purveyors of frivolity, and the slavish parasites of frivolity, everywhere and always are devoted admirers of a rule whose first care is "Circenses," with or without the "panem." These are the forces which, secretly and openly, so long have battled with the Republic and have sought to undermine it by treachery or to crush it in blood. They are forces which are widely spread and very strong, and which flourish not in France alone of the nations of our time. And the sententious intriguer, the brazen lawyer, and the half-witted soldier who for six months appear to be defying the nation alone, are really but the agents and tools of these potent forces in reserve.

Viewed from the English point of view, from any purely "constitutional" point of view, nothing can well be more monstrous than

the claim of this so-called government. It is useless to be always going back to the historic origin of a government or a constitution, but since the military pretenders are for ever referring to their "right" with extreme solemnity of manner, it is just as well to be clear what the value of the right may be. What are the facts when we view them apart from the fictions in which they are wrapped? What is the Marshal, and what is his authority? The history of his office is this.

When the crimes and corruption of the Empire had flung France prostrate in the abyss of Sedan, and the conqueror needed a government to sign away the provinces and to pay the milliards, a sort of makeshift Assembly was very irregularly summoned with the immediate purpose of negotiating peace. At least a third of the soil was under the power of the invader; and for military reasons the German commanders forbade the right of meeting, and the selection of candidates was carried out at haphazard or in many places by local cabals. The majority of the nation, crushed and panic-stricken, had no thought of anything but peace, as soon as possible and on almost any terms. The electors, hurried together without time for consultation, and with the means of communication practically cut off, chose for the most part men of social influence, who were neither identified with the Empire nor with the Republic. The majority of the country, losing heart at the losses of France, were undoubtedly hostile to the republican party, associated as it was with the heroic defence of Gambetta. They had an equal horror of the system which had led them to such terrible disasters. The natural consequence was, that, whilst Paris and the chief cities chose advanced republicans, the great majority of the country voters nominated men of social position, who were mainly of the various sections of the Monarchy. The Chamber made peace, and crushed the insurrection of Paris in blood; it set up the government of M. Thiers, who reorganized the army, got rid of the German occupation, and restored the civil administration. The plain duty of the Assembly was then to retire. It was bound to call upon the nation to form a regular constituent body to decide on the future of the country. It had never been chosen to govern France indefinitely, or even to frame a constitution. Every election proved that it had ceased to retain the confidence of the nation. Not a fourth of its members had the slightest prospect of being returned under a really free election; nor did they pretend to believe it. But they held on to power all the more passionately that they saw themselves condemned by the country. Every election which proved to them that the nation was bent on rejecting a Monarchy, made them more eager in forcing it on the nation whilst they yet possessed the physical force of the State. For five years they pressed their yoke on France, quite

cynically defiant of the opinion of the nation. By a series of secret intrigues they plotted incessantly the restoration of a Monarchy of some kind, by force of arms or by official conspiracy. The ministers and servants so-called of the Republic (including the Duke de Broglie and the Marshal himself) were all parties and accomplices in these intrigues. The restoration of the Monarchy only failed by the incurable fatuity of the Pretender and the personal jealousies of the monarchical parties. Baffled in the scheme of a Restoration, this Assembly of seven hundred usurpers, every day grown more hateful to the majority of the nation, proceeded to draw up what they called the Constitution. In this arrangement France was not in the least consulted; and the wishes which she expressed in the by-elections were openly defied. The Constitution was so arranged that every possible point of advantage was given to the conservative, and every possible weight was imposed on the republican party. It was an elaborate scheme of "checks and balances" to crush the Republic and to put the republicans in bonds. But before it was trusted to act, the anti-popular Assembly took care to secure the executive in its own hands and to pack a Senate. M. Thiers, the original President, was long ago disposed of. Stubborn conservative as he was, he was still a Frenchman, with a certain professional repugnance to defy the majority of his countrymen and to found dynastics by tricks. So soon as it was found that M. Thiers would not govern in defiance of public opinion, he was summarily dismissed. An obstinate soldier, a simple tool, was found to fill the post, rather than to exercise the office. The entire administrative system, civil, military, judicial, and financial, was occupied with an army of old servants of the Empire. The figure-head, the nominal chief of the executive, was placed in power for seven years, and was made irremovable and irresponsible. Then, and not till then, the Assembly, trusting that everything had been done to make the Republic impossible, and having placed two of the three estates in the hands of its own creatures, slowly, reluctantly, shamelessly, retired amidst the execrations of a large majority of the nation.

Now when the paramount constitutional rights of Marshal and Senate are so constantly paraded, it is well to remember that Marshal, Senate, and even Constitution have no better origin than plain usurpation, and issued out of a flagrant conspiracy. The Assembly of Bordeaux had no title whatever to frame a Constitution, much less to impose a Dictator on France, irremovable until 1880. They had but one duty to fulfil, to make peace and then consult the nation. Their own election had been a simple scramble, a desperate makeshift in a movement of emergency. Having been chosen to sign a treaty of peace, these men possessed themselves of the vacant offices of state; the suppression of the Commune gave them the

pretext for governing by the sword; and when they placed Marshal MacMahon as President for seven years, they were just as distinctly usurping the functions of government as was Napoleon when he struck the 2nd of December. The difference was this: that whereas Napoleon at once obtained, and continued to seek, a public ratification of his power from the nation, the Assembly of Bordeaux openly defied the nation, and professed to be acting in the name of a certain conservative minority. They hardly pretended to have, hardly seemed to wish to have, the support of the majority of the nation. There were certain interests to be protected, which they chose to call conservative, and a certain tendency to be suppressed, which they called radicalism. These two great ends, the suppression of radicalism, and the promotion of conservatism, were wholly independent of public opinion. The more the nation went wrong, the more it was to be forced right. A government was formed which called itself "a government of combat." Those who called themselves the *gens de bien*, and the *gens bien pensants*, had an *à priori* and almost inspired mission to resist the tendencies of the nation. In this resistance all things were lawful and honourable. Treachery to the State, perversions of public duties, cabals, prevarication, misrepresentation, dissimulation, mendacity of every kind, were expedient; whilst government oppression, official terrorism, the disposal of the public revenues, the corruption of the tribunals, the state of siege and the free employment of police, gendarmerie, and army, were all held just in this truly sacred cause. Now, we at any rate who look on these struggles from without, could not avoid seeing that, when these 700 members of the Assembly talked of "conservative" interests, they meant the principles current in their own particular sets; and that when they forced on the nation a dictator of their own choice for seven years, it was a naked piece of military despotism. A faction having possessed themselves of the army, and having secured a blind tool in a popular soldier, declined to abdicate their power, and by the sword forced on the nation a President and a Constitution. It was just as distinctly an usurpation, and a Constitution imposed by force, as any of the military dictatorships of France or of Spain.

It is quite true that the nation and its real representatives, whilst they never had given any formal ratification, practically accepted the Marshal, the Senate, and the Constitution; tried to make the best of all three, and renounced in effect their undoubted right to repudiate them all. But they did so simply under compulsion, rather than reopen the era of *coups d'état* and revolution, and because politicians will often be wise to overlook illegalities and crimes in the origin of institutions which it is difficult to replace. But precisely the same might be said of the Empire. And no one can

suppose that President and Constitution would have been what they are, except that they were thrust on the nation by those who disposed of the armed force. The Septennate rested in fact, not upon the free choice of the citizens, but on a basis of 400,000 bayonets. But, though the nation and its leaders accepted the Septennate, it was not their work. Had they had a free voice, they would have named M. Thiers as President by at least three to one. And this consideration entirely disposes of the argument, which has even been repeated in this country, that under the American system, the President is often in conflict with the House of Representatives. But then the President of the United States is formally charged with the entire Executive of the nation for four years by the vote of the nation itself. The vote is taken *ad hoc;* it is by far the most important vote of the entire system; and the nation deliberately decides on the policy which is to express its will by the presidential vote, and not by that of Representatives. The latter is a minor matter, governed by local considerations, and often but feebly connected with politics. It may have more analogy with the election of Councils-General in France. But Marshal MacMahon is in a very different position. He has never been supported by any national vote at all. When he was placed in office by a parliamentary intrigue, it was notorious that a popular vote would have replaced him by his rival, had it ever been consulted. The constitution under which the Marshal rules had been thrust upon France by a cabal. The Constitution of the United States is now entering on its second century; and if ever a work was the deliberate result of a national consultation, it was that. And if ever a national vote was taken which was understood to be decisive of the question of the general policy of the Executive and the form of national government, it was the vote which was taken on the 14th of October. Here again the analogy of the American President fails; for Marshal MacMahon possessed, and exercised, the right of dissolving the Chamber, and appealing to the country. He was then in the position of a President of the United States who seeks re-election. And it is an artifice of insincere logic to cite the American example as the smallest justification for his defying that vote when it goes against him.

Stripped, then, of its wrappings, of that triple mail of sophistry in which the political casuist would arm it, the position of the Marshal is simply this: A coalition of men having social and official influence accidentally possessed themselves of the national authority at a moment of public disaster; they are avowedly a minority of the nation, but command for the time its civil and military forces; and they have set up a military dictatorship in the person of a bigoted and utterly ignorant soldier. They affect to make this dummy Cæsar

"irresponsible" by law, at the same time that they use his name for a shameless system of electioneering intrigue, and put in his mouth the most daring assertions of personal dictation. They try to invest him in their journals, their speeches, and in society, with a halo of more than royal sanctity, at which everybody laughs, and which is only intended for press prosecutions and the stifling of speech. The man himself is a brave and capable general of brigade, but a third-rate general-in-chief who has met with some luck and an overwhelming disaster. He has not the slightest professional genius, nor even any force of character beyond that gross obstinacy which many ignorant men possess. He has not even a high reputation with the army, much less with the nation. With the manners and ideas of the guardroom, he has the political training of a drill-sergeant who stands well with the chaplain. He cannot always remember the names of his own ministers, nor the three points which he declares "he will defend to the last drop of his blood." He thinks Coburg is in Greece; and he cannot address an ambassador with common dignity. A man, no doubt, of natural honesty, by virtue of living in a narrow and unprincipled clique, and by virtue still more of native stupidity and inveterate bigotry, his recent career has been a series of dishonourable acts. The most criminal was when he consented to march to Sedan, preferring what he called his duty to the ruined tyrant, rather than his duty to his soldiers, his fellow-citizens, and his country. The most treacherous was when he accepted office after just assuring M. Thiers that he would never supplant him. The most shameless are the series of equivocations to which he has put his name in the last six months, as when he proclaimed that the Constitution was safe with him, though he had secretly consulted the army as to who would stand by him in violating it. It is impossible that he should be so stupid as not to understand at least some of the prevarications to which he was told to put his name. But though this "Modern Bayard" is really when in plain clothes, out of sheer obtuseness and perversity, a traitor to France, to his colleagues, and to his own word, the force of social adulation has invented a legend in which he half believes; and, as a vain and dull man might do, he has come to regard himself as a compound of Judas Maccabæus and Napoleon Bonaparte.

The contrivers of the doctrine of "moral order" and of "combatting" the nation extracted from this dull instrument of their designs a secret pledge, that, if the civil and military resources of the country were placed in his hands, he would use them to the last in resisting "Radicalism:" that is to say, in preventing the Republic from being governed by republicans in accordance with the will of the nation. This is almost the one clear idea which remains in that confused mass of prejudice and *camaraderie* which the puzzled veteran

calls his duty. It is somewhat hard for us to understand how the elected President of a Republic can with any sanity regard it as his duty to defy the nation and outrage public opinion. But the Marshal says very simply that he has a prior duty to those who placed him there, to carry out their will and to promote their aims; that his first duty is to a knot of men who have possessed themselves of the machinery of State and especially the Army. They told him, he says, to suppress Radicalism, that is, Republicanism; and he means to remain at his post, as if he were a sergeant in command of a picket. Ever since he has been in office, any real government in the ordinary sense of the term was impossible. M. Dufaure, M. de Marcère, M. Jules Simon, might be nominal ministers; but the *camarilla* behind the Marshal's chair were the government. It was not perhaps a very definite or permanent body. Usually it was M. de Broglie, sometimes M. Buffet, of late M. de St. Paul, an old imperialist prefect, now and then M. Dupanloup, the Bishop of Orleans, and as often as not the confessor of his wife. But along with and behind all these, was the clique of dandies and young bloods, the *fine fleur* of foppery and military extravagance, the fire-eaters and debauchees of the Empire, the "sacred chickens" of aristocratic insolence. To these men nothing was too silly, nothing too bloody, too anti-social, or too grotesquely arrogant. These are the "world," to whom everybody out of their particular salon is *canaille;* to whom the first men of France are a *tas de fichus bêtes;* the men who, when Jules Simon's ministry was rudely dismissed, might be heard in the salons of the Elysée to say, "*Cela sent mieux maintenant, eh?*" A society which, with all its faults, as we have it in England, is still manly and human, can hardly imagine the delirium of insolence to which the soi-disant aristocracy of France has sunk under priestly teaching, social isolation, and decay of caste. And the Elysée has long been given up to some of the most sickly specimens of this melancholy reversion of humanity. The young swordsmen were all for war—not war on the enemy, but the slashing of unarmed crowds; the young dandies would purge the nation, and save society, order, and religion. It was to an *entourage* like this that the Marshal would retire after his brief and formal interviews with his ministers. M. Jules Simon, or M. de Marcère might propose a measure, but the President of the Republic would listen with that dogged and suspicious silence which suits so many dull men, and carry off the plan for advice to M. Buffet, to his confessor, to some captain of horse, or to a known agent of Chislehurst. Government in such a case was a hopeless struggling with intrigue. M. Jules Simon and his ministers were not dismissed from the Government by the famous letter of the 16th of May. They were only insulted on that day; they had never formed the Government at all. The

Government of France, since the fall of M. Thiers, has really resided with a secret but shifting cabal, working in an exclusive "society" —itself half crazy with class hatred and class panic.

Under the promptings of these men, at the instigation of some ghostly adviser, and as is probable, under a direct order from the Vatican, the Marshal (one disdains to give him the honourable title of his office, which he and his parasites avoid) launched somewhat abruptly his famous letter of the 16th of May. This step was the personal act of the Marshal and his intimates; and, if even the Duke de Broglie drew the letter, he was not directly responsible for sending it. But the die once cast, the clique of the Elysée felt that the time for action was come. Accordingly they got together to carry on the war a ministry consisting of men of some considerable power, but above all of boundless self-assurance and of almost splendid audacity.[1]

M. de Broglie is a really dexterous debater, of the order of men whose very soul consists of "sincere cant;" the kind of man who would defend Judas Iscariot at the final judgment, and insist with a confident smile that he had always acted according to the strictest letter of the law of Moses. And M. de Fourtou (or rather M. Bardy, who chooses to call himself "*de Fourtou*," with as much reason as I might call myself *de Fortnightly*)—M. de Fourtou has a brazen assurance which has hardly been equalled in our age, an assurance enabling him to falsify documents in official statements, and to cite in the tribune as the words of living statesmen sentences which they never uttered. M. de Fourtou has the lying-power of a Pasha; and he knows every secret screw in the Bonapartist machine. With this government, with the desperate zeal of the Jesuitized Church, with the aid of great fortunes (M. Rothschild alone gave them £20,000), with the public purse to draw from, and with good society sworn to save itself now or never, the Marshal advanced to the battle with the nation. It was believed at the Elysée and at the Ministries that by using to the last ounce the resources in the hands of Government, and by fighting openly with the name of the Head of the State, a majority would have been secured, in which case the technical right and the physical force would have been combined in the hands of the Marshal and his faction. In the first place the elections were postponed for five months; and there is every reason to believe that this was illegal. The purpose was to give

(1) Only one remembers that the game is not equal. Such is the temper of France and of Europe that the greatest criminals against a nation, if only they are dukes, and call themselves Conservatives, risk little by any public crime but a temporary sojourn in a pleasant retreat; whilst the humblest of those who resist the conspirators, are doing their duty in peril of their lives, their fortunes, or their liberty. When men like the Marshal, De Broglie, De Fourtou fail, they retire to Florence, or a country estate; when plain republicans fail, their sojourn is Satory, Noumea, or Mazas.

time for the pressure to work. The first stroke was to purge the administration not only of everything republican, but of every one suspected of not being violently anti-republican. They dismissed fifty-four prefects, thirty-eight first-secretaries to prefectures, one hundred and twenty-five sub-prefects. The new prefects then proceeded to hold an inquiry into the political principles of every employé of the State, whether judicial, legal, financial, educational, or postal. Judges, justices of peace, attorneys of the State, schoolmasters, tutors, professors, rectors, inspectors, managers of railways, roads, bridges, directors of police, gensdarmerie, governors of gaols; inspectors, doctors, surgeons of prisons, receivers, tax-gatherers, postmen and postmasters; foresters, country police, and railway officials; all were scrutinised, and if suspected of lukewarmness in the cause of moral order, were summarily dismissed. In cases where they could not be or were not dismissed, they were "transferred" from one end of France to another, and thus harried into a forced resignation. The administration thus secured, they proceeded to attack the elected municipalities. Hundreds of mayors, chosen by their fellow-citizens, a large number of them men who had gratuitously served their town or commune for many years, were rudely displaced, either on no assigned ground, or on the assigned ground that they were favourable to the republican majority. In this crowd of dismissed mayors were forty-eight republican deputies and six senators, among the latter Count Rampon, Vice-President of the Senate. The Municipal Councils were dissolved by decree in numbers; in their stead a selected commission was set up, often of men of straw; in some cases none was set up at all. The selections of Councils-General of the Departments, which ought to be held in September, were arbitrarily postponed until November. Then the press was attacked. The sale of every republican journal was practically stopped in all public places, in the streets, by any kind of colportage or hawking, in licensed kiosques or public stalls, at railway stations and other public places; and they were practically excluded from cafés, cabarets, restaurants, and all places of public resort. I say practically, because this was done irregularly, without warrant of law, and by the unauthorised bullying of mayors, gensdarmes, gardes, and other agents of authority. In Paris and a few great cities this system was not attempted; in a few places the system was loosely enforced, and in some places it was from time to time evaded. But practically over the breadth of France it was impossible to get sight of a republican journal of any kind unless it was obtained by post or bought in a bookseller's shop. Then cafés, cabarets, restaurants, clubs, even schools, libraries, and musical societies, were arbitrarily closed on the ground that they were used for republican opinion, as

if that were a crime and an enormity. At the same time every association, clerical school, or public place which was used to attack the Republic had entire freedom and warm encouragement. The journals of the reaction, especially the Bonapartist prints, but in chief degree the bestial Figaro, the Marshal's own paper, were thrust into notice, and their circulation stimulated by the whole power of the State. A few days before the elections five hundred thousand copies of a special number of the Figaro were circulated in the provinces by the Government, and it is said were paid for by public money. (The principal writer of the Figaro has just been admitted into the "Legion of Honour"—a society whose name indeed is Legion.) But as if venal journals were not enough, M. de Fourtou invented the notable plan of using the Bulletin des Communes, a Government local gazette instituted to inform the rural communes of official documents; he converted it into a scurrilous party pamphlet, which every week the mayor was forced to placard on the walls of every one of the thirty-seven thousand communes. In it the three hundred and sixty-three Deputies of the Left were called revolutionists and allies of the Commune; M. Gambetta was spoken of as desiring the abolition of the Army and the Police; the radicals were described as about to destroy society and the Church; the Marshal was represented as received everywhere with frantic loyalty. I myself read one day under the heading "*Ce qu'on pense à l'Etranger,*" an extract from the Morning Advertiser—the Morning Advertiser, as evidence of the English hostility to the republican party; and an extract from the Indépendance Belge was garbled to make it appear the contrary of what it meant.

It may well be asked, Why did Frenchmen submit to these manifestly illegal doings, instead of trying them in courts of justice? The answer is a melancholy one. It was tried over and over again; but in the great majority of cases it was found that no justice was to be had. In some cases, inferior courts were independent enough to condemn these acts; but in the great majority of cases the answer was—the court is incompetent; the act is one of official authority, which it does not belong to French tribunals to judge. The magistracy of France is a close corporation, and almost a hereditary caste. It is by tradition, training, and instinct intensely conservative; it habitually regards itself as the instrument of authority, as a branch of the government, not as an independent arbiter. It has an intense professional *esprit de corps*, and a professional ambition which is only equalled by its professional servility. Without saying that it has not in its ranks many men of ability, of learning, of private honesty, its *raison d'être* is that of a bigoted "conservatism." And to be conservative now in France implies that in obedience to the "higher law"—*the suprema lex*—every man really *bien pensant* ought to dis-

regard law, fairness, public opinion, the good of his fellow-citizens, and his own pledged word. To a magistracy trained to regard itself not as a national arbiter, but as a mere judicial police; to a magistracy which hungers for promotion like a subaltern in the line, which regards the displeasure of the Keeper of the Seals as professional and personal ruin, justice is a thing irrelevant to any political trial. Is or is not the *prévenu* obnoxious to authority? That is the issue to be tried. When this is admitted or proved, everything else is to travel out of the record.

Every one has heard how the Marshal was brought to sign manifestoes more insolent in their tone of dictation than any that a ruler has used for a generation in Western Europe; how the five hundred Candidates of the Marshal were presented to the constituencies by direct official act, supported by the whole official machinery; how the republican candidates were insulted, calumniated, worried, and embarrassed by every official channel; how, in some cases, they were prosecuted for their electoral circulars, or dogged by detective police, or dismissed from honourable office; how every device of electoral terrorism, of electoral cajolery, was tried upon the simple peasantry; how every device to foment disturbance was tried with excited workmen; how addresses were stopped, newspapers seized, and candidates' addresses torn down by public officials; how, as the election itself came on, personal violence, direct fraud, and all the rowdy tricks of a South Carolinian planter mob, were resorted to in some of the more distant provinces. "Fraud and robbery" were the terms which M. Gambetta used in the Chamber of the process employed; and if he withdrew the words as premature, he engaged to prove them in committee. M. Lockroy has related how, near Aix, a body of miners in government employment were forced by the manager to show their voting tickets open, with the distinct warning that every man who voted for the republican candidate would be dismissed. In the same department it is reported that the mayor of a rural commune, when he found that the republican tickets had already reached twenty, flatly refused to count any more, exclaiming that he had pledged himself there should be but twenty republicans in his commune; and, said he, like a village Marshal, "*Je tiendrai ma parole*"!

But, in spite of this system, in spite of prefectoral threats and bribes, in spite of police, gensdarmes, and mayors, in spite of republican votes rejected, and conservative votes in excess of the names on the register, in spite of ballot-boxes opened in secret, after driving out every republican elector with revolvers and bayonets, in spite of the exhortations and threats of the priests, in spite of arbitrary arrests, press seizures, tampering with the post, closing of meetings, prosecution of candidates, perhaps rather in consequence of these

things, more than three hundred of the Marshal's candidates were rejected by the nation, and a republican majority of some hundred and twenty was finally returned. And this majority, if the Chamber continue to sit, will probably grow into one of two hundred and twenty.

How this was done it is difficult to say. Though for three months I was in the midst of the movement watching the process, I am amazed even now at the result. When I think of an electorate of seven millions of men, the most of them ignorant rustics, scattered over an immense area, where the communication is often even yet imperfect—rustics who for generations have been accustomed to submit to, or to rely on, official direction—I am struck with wonder that the majority has asserted its freedom of judgment, and has finally thrown in its lot with the Republic.

Never was any decision more clear and decisive. Never was any vote more thoroughly understood by the voters. Never was any national verdict more truly free and spontaneous. If the ministry were asking the country for a vote of confidence on the one hand, as we do it in England, on the other hand, as they do it in America, the President was personally put forward to seek as it were re-election. Two systems of rules, two policies, two sets of men were brought face to face, in a way that a Pyreneau woodcutter or a Breton ploughman could not fail to understand. On the one side was —Republic, representative government, and the three hundred and sixty-three. On the other side was—Anti-Republic, the imperialist government, Marshal MacMahon. And the nation decisively chose the former. Whether we take the English theory of a ministry going to the country, with an irresponsible sovereign who simply ratifies its choice; or whether we take the imperialist theory of a responsible dictator appealing to the nation by a plébiscite for a personal renewal of his trust, in any case the result was equally conclusive. If the Marshal is an irresponsible sovereign, he has only to accept the decision against his ministers and their policy, and instantly, without a murmur, to send for their rivals. If the Marshal be a responsible dictator, a president, the direct embodiment of the Executive, as the Duke de Broglie contends, in that case, he and his ministers are all condemned together, and must all go together. The facts of the case are entirely in accord with the latter assumption. The Marshal, in his own name, without even a minister's signature, presents himself to the country as the active executive authority, he poses as Grand Elector, and he stands (by deputy) in every constituency at once. To dispute the vote which he himself has provoked, which he himself has manipulated, in which he has in his own person spoken in a tone of dictation that president, king, or emperor has never used, is an insult to common sense. The special

pleading of the Duke is hardly deserving of an answer. The President, the Senate, and the nation are not three co-ordinate powers, as he ridiculously suggests; but, as M. Gambetta most truly says, the three estates of the country are all *organs* of the nation. In the United States the presidential vote, and not the representative election, is the legal mode of consulting the nation. In England, the head of the State is not responsible; but then he never issues from a vote, and cannot be put to the vote. In France, the nation was consulted in a solemn appeal, which, whether on the presidential or on the parliamentary theory, is equally decisive. The two were united. On the 14th of October it was at once a Government arraigned by a parliamentary majority, and a Dictator seeking renewal of support, that came before the bar of universal suffrage. The attitude of the elected Magistrate of a Republic who defies that verdict, is so grossly irrational that it can hardly be set forth in coherent language. A sovereign of any sort, by divine right or by constitution, does not directly appeal to popular vote. Czar, Sultan, Emperor William, or Queen Victoria, these rulers do not convene seven millions of voters, expound to them "my" policy, ask them personally for a big majority, and declare that the future of the country depends on their voting for them. Ministers, Presidents, Dictators, plebiscite-Emperors do thus appeal to the suffrages of the people, but then they have to abide by the verdict. If Marshal MacMahon is the ruler of France by any *à priori* right, whatever the origin or the name of his office, be it divine right, providence, accident, constitution, or the sword—then he should not have solemnly called on the nation to ratify "his" policy, to accept "his" nominees, and to sanction "his" authority. If he be the elected Chief of the Executive, whatever his functions, his powers, and his titles, then on his own appeal, the nation has told him it will have him no longer. The anomaly of his present position is indeed laughable. A ruler who has an *à priori* title to rule does not in person solicit the votes of a nation. But a ruler who ostentatiously solicits the votes of a nation is a ruler who *ipso facto* undertakes to respect the national will. Rulers who are strong enough to defy the national will, dispense with the formality of voting; but rulers who descend on to the hustings in five hundred and thirty constituencies at once, lose the moral right and even the material chance of harking back on their *à priori* title. It needs the sophistry of a De Broglie working on the fatuity of a MacMahon to insert into any sane brain so grotesque a confusion of political ideas. Whatever happens, Marshal MacMahon is irretrievably lost in everything that belongs to the moral forces, or to common sense, or even ordinary decency. He must retire to the obscurity which may yet be permitted to close his career of folly and of crime—a career which amply deserves all

that a just social State may in mercy award to the rare guilt of those men who make themselves the public enemy. He must retire—or (which human providence avert!) he must fight it out in blood.

And now what does it all mean? If the position of the Marshal is thus utterly untenable in reason, if the people who manage him and surround him are such captains of adventure or creatures of pleasure, if the schemes they are still at work on are so full of danger and so void of excuse, how comes it that the Elysée coalition has any strength at all? If it is not by any means sure of the army, and has no dynastic party of its own, how is it that the quiet men of weight and sense do not agree to put it down? for France is full of men of weight and sense; how is it that a doubtful majority of the Senate still appears to favour it? how is it that the astute Church can continue by its side, that the Bourse is with it, that the accomplished and wary house of Orleans has gone so far with it? that the holders of great estates and the *haut commerce* in many provinces still wish it well? that this great but silent power in France is still with it, the professional administrators, the specialists in government, the men of high social culture? how is it, lastly, that it still counts so many of the high-bred honourable men of the "old parties," the courtly gentlemen of wealth and dignity, the conservatives who are neither madmen nor rogues—and France has many such—the men whom we know and respect here as men of culture, good-feeling, and honour? It is the undoubted fact, but what explains it? How can such men give countenance to a soldier who has sunk to the level of ex-Marshal Bazaine, mix themselves up in the plots of the De Broglies and the St. Pauls, consort with the Ducrots, De Fourtous, and Clément Duvernois, men literally capable of heading a gang of Malay pirates or Cuban filibusters?

Well,—France is a very big place; her social system is still very complex and very much disturbed; the political conditions are still knotted, and tangled, and opposed in a thousand cross ways. It is not a simple matter at all. There is a great deal behind the conspiracy of the Elysée, and vast social forces still uphold the ignoble agents in these criminal manœuvres. It is a personal scramble only to some of the more prominent conspirators. To the large mass behind them, it is a matter of real, and not altogether unfounded, terror. Even the Duke de Broglie himself has some social end to serve with his sophistry. In war, and especially in civil war, men will reconcile themselves to very questionable instruments, and exceedingly painful expedients. And if a religious man like M. Dupanloup can act with an unconscionable adventurer like De Fourtou; if legitimists of real honour and conviction can tolerate swash-bucklers like the Cassagnacs and the Ducrots; if the Marshal can use a cut-purse like Clément Duvernois; and the

princes of Orleans can hand France over to a dragoon like the Marshal—the reason for it all is that a large, a strong, and a dominant part of French society believes to the bottom of its soul that there is a real social peril, that to resist it all sacrifices must be made, and that the highest of all social duties is to crush, or at least as long as may be, to stave off "Radicalism."

This belief is a fixed idea, not with one section of society, or one party in politics, not merely with aristocratic cretins, but with experienced men of brain. A considerable proportion of those who vote with the Republicans, most of the Left Centre along with the Right Centre, believe it; the late M. Thiers believed in it, and his following still believe it, M. Léon Renault, M. Dufaure, M. Léon Say; almost all the lawyers, most of the very rich men, and almost all the men of luxurious habits or high social connection believe it. The difference is that the Left Centre think the best way of staving off Radicalism is to accept and to work the Conservative Republic. The Conservative, on the other hand, thinks that the Republic must be Radical, and that the best way to meet the enemy is to fight it out at once, whilst the Republic is still but a name. But show the Left Centre that the Republic involves a patent, as well as a latent radicalism, and he will go any lengths, with as light a heart as M. Thiers when he massacred captive Communards, and M. Jules Simon, when he promised the Chamber beforehand that the massacre should indeed be ample.

Nor can it be said that the Conservative Coalition is justly represented by the violent and worthless men whom we see in the front of the battle. With a good deal of wild fanaticism in the high places of it, the French priesthood numbers in its central mass men of unselfish zeal and true sense of a social mission. The legitimist aristocracy is ignorant and fantastic to an incredible degree; but many of them still, after their lights, have a fine sense of honour and a really pure devotion to an ideal of their own. And the cultured class of France is hardly surpassed, if it be equalled, by any in Europe in its thoughtfulness, in its gracefulness, in its many-sided ripeness of knowledge and insight. That men like these can consent to be compromised by the criminal adventures of MacMahons and De Fourtous, is indeed a strange spectacle. But the Social Peril will make men accept uncongenial allies. There was truth in what De Broglie said (though the Duke, like another great casuist, manages to quote truth itself for a sophistical end)—"After all, this is not a parliamentary question, not even a political crisis: it is a social invasion." The bond in the Conservative Coalition is the terror of Radicalism.

What is this Radicalism? Is there ground for this terror? Is the Social Peril a phantom, or is it a solid fact? We may answer Yes and No. There is such a thing as Radicalism; and the

possible evils of its triumph are neither few nor imaginary. But the certain evils of defying it are far more immediate, and far less avoidable. There is ground for the Conservative alarm; but it is no justification of the Conservative action. "Society" will certainly suffer by the triumph of Radicalism; but it will not suffer in the way that it dreads in its ignorant panic. And not a few of the things which it suffers will be a great gain to mankind. Radicalism may certainly bring us near to some formidable social convulsions. But they are not of the abysmal sort which Conservatism paints. And the certain way to promote them is to do what Conservatism is doing. And, even if we ever come in sight of them, they are quite within the resources, we trust, of political foresight and skill. Anyhow, radicalism—which is simply democracy with ideals—is well within the citadel of the State. It has to be counted with, for it cannot be defied. It may be modified and trained; it cannot be permanently crushed.

To hear a legitimist panic-monger describe radicalism, and to hear a radical himself describe it, one would think that there were two radicalisms which had no relation but the sound of the word. And yet the radical would not be a radical unless he had the courage of his opinions, unless he insisted on the full text of his creed in season and out of season. On the other hand, it is hard to believe that the whole of the conservative world, with its men of experience and shrewdness, are all Don Quixotes in a passion with phantoms. The radical is perfectly sincere when he gives you his version; and the conservative is far from crazy when he gives you his version. And yet the two versions are things which have hardly a common point. Let us try to put these side by side, and then to explain the glaring antagonism in the two pictures.

Says the Conservative:—The aim of Radicalism is to alter the social and political institutions of our country; and when they say alter, they mean to destroy. The existence of France as a nation depends on her having her Catholic organization, outside of which is nothing but rampant atheism; on her army organization, but for which we should be trampled on by Germany in three months; on her bureaucratic organization, without which our country would fall into local anarchy and cantonal feuds; on the skill of our professional officials, who really maintain the fabric of our civilisation. Lastly, and mainly, our existence as an organized nation depends on our having a permanent Executive centre, be it king, emperor, dictator, or president; some authority, in short, which shall not be at the mercy of the first popular orator who can dazzle the workmen of Paris or Lyons. Sacrifice this, surrender this rallying-point of a government above the debaters in clubs, introduce what you call the parliamentary system, and make our Government depend on the numbers which can be got into a lobby in the toss and tumble of

the Chamber, and all goes together. We are governed at once by a Convention; we have nothing else; no throne, no House of Lords, no powerful aristocracy, no influential plutocracy, no common-sense middle-class able to hold their own. The workmen are a prey to chimeras, the peasants may catch the infection at any hour; and if we once begin to say, "O sovereign people! rule over us; O seven millions! what is your will?" France from that day becomes a chaos. They will suppress the Church, and what is to stop these Voltaireans from making religion a crime? Their free press will ring with the foulest blasphemies and the most horrible incentives to attack on the priesthood. The most impious insults on our religion will be uttered or acted before our sons and daughters. Speakers and writers will denounce Marriage as an anachronism, and exclaim against the Family as an outrage on liberty. Property will be assailed as a robbery; and atheistical education will be made compulsory by law. Next the army will be turned into a national guard; ignorant spouters will undo the work of ages; and the soldiers of France will become an insubordinate rabble. What do civilians understand of the discipline and traditions of our glorious army? They then propose to dismember that system of civil administration which none of our dynasties have ever abandoned. They talk of decentralisation, the end of which must be the partition of France into federal or communal units. Parliamentary orators will take the place of our professional officials, with their *esprit de corps*, and their vast tradition of experience. They will next unsettle taxation, inflict on us an income-tax, and we know where the seven millions will place the load of the imposts. Our social organization, in fact, will be handed over to social experimenters, to men without breeding, or manners, or culture. All that makes France honoured in the civilised globe: the skill, the grace, the brilliancy, the *savoir faire* which are the pride of our official world, and dignify the whole of our public life—all this will be swept away and exchanged for the ignoble conceit of adventurers out of the streets. Democracy would pass over us in one muddy deluge; we have nothing to resist the flood; and we should sink beneath it to be the American populace of Europe. Our homes, our property, our religion are at stake. Radicalism would destroy the Church, poison education, dishonour the family, annihilate the army, dissolve our administration, break up France, and launch us in all the bloody anarchy of a new Commune and another Terror.—So far the Conservative, with epigrams, blue fire, or brandishing of swords, according to the type or colour of the speaker.

Now hear what the Radical saith: and that there should be no mistake about the description, let us take that which M. Louis Blanc has put out in one of his lucid, candid, well-weighed essays. A Radical is one, he says, who desires the Republic, administered by

republicans in a republican sense; that is, that every act of State shall be authorised by the consent of the nation expressed by its legal representatives. Such is the first rule of English political life: less than this is despotism, veil it as you will. Secondly, the Radical demands freedom of speech, the liberty of meeting, the means of publicly discussing public affairs. It is admitted that this freedom should be qualified by guarantees of order, by the public law of sedition and slander, by the liability for each citizen to answer for his words at the bar of justice before a jury of his fellow-citizens. The Radical in France asks no other liberty of speech than the public enjoys in England. Next the Radical demands full liberty to the press, the abolition of arbitrary restrictions on journalism—always subject, as in England, to the law of libel and sedition, to the liability to be tried by a jury for outrages against private persons, against public morality, public peace, or public servants. The Radical now calls out for a reform of the magistracy, for judges independent of the Government of the day, for a jury to try all political charges. His next demand is for a national system of education, gratuitously given to the poor, administered by laymen, and not by the Catholic priesthood, a State institution, and not a clerical propaganda. The English Education Act would almost satisfy the immediate demands of Radicalism, though the Radical theory would not be complete until it reached the type of the Birmingham School Board. With regard to the Church, the Radical's demand in France is precisely that which is made in England by Mr. Miall, Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, and the Liberation Society. He demands that every persuasion should endow and administer its own Church—that the State should confine its action and its resources to purely temporal uses. This is the Radical theory. But the Radical would be satisfied in practice if he could immediately establish such rights of conscience as have long been enjoyed in England—the liberty to profess publicly any religious faith, and to dispense, as he pleases, with all or any of the Catholic ordinances; to be buried or married as his conscience dictates, so that the State shall give no premium to Romanist practices and inflict no stigma or penalty on those who reject the Romanist rites. With regard to the army, the Radical demands that it shall be organized on a strictly national and equal basis; that the privileges and exemptions of the rich be surrendered; that the conscription be strictly and fairly applied to all alike, whilst the term of service be reduced; that all the monopolies and licences of the aristocratic corps be abolished; that the army be reformed from the old Imperialist or Royalist type into a national and scientific institution on the German pattern. With regard to taxation, the Radical demands a strict and fair income-tax, without which he declares the rich are practically not taxed at all, whilst the land-tax, the

octroi, and the customs inflict an enormous proportional burden on the workman and peasant. With regard to divorce, the Radical demands the restoration of the terms of the original Code Napoléon. He declares that France is almost the only civilised country which enforces the clerical absolute bar to divorce under any circumstances. With regard to attacks on religion, morality, the family, property, he declines any special legislation and protests against special legislation. He trusts to the growth of education and the force of public opinion. He would leave all offences of the kind to be tried before a jury under the general law of offences against public decency, public order, and personal libel. With regard to the local administration he would revive the self-government of the local municipalities; he would loosen the enormous centralisation of the State Government; he would reduce the Prefectures to a simple channel of communication between the municipalities and the State. Lastly, and principally, the Radical protests against any form of Dictatorship, any centralisation whatever in a permanent Executive, beyond and above the majority in the National representation, whether that Executive centre be placed with a King, an Emperor, or a President. The Radical demands as a government, not a Dictator, nor Dictators of any kind; but Ministers directly responsible to the representatives and directly removable by them. His ideal in that way is the English Parliamentary system, or government by Prime Minister or Cabinet, supposing that in place of Sovereign, there were either no Magistrate at all, or simply a sort of Chief Registrar, or Official Assignee of the Republic.

Such is the whole creed of the French Radical—not of M. Gambetta and his party, which is Republican but not Radical—but of the Radical pure and simple; of M. Louis Blanc, M. Nacquet, M. Barodet, and the rest; the Radicals as distinguished from the Republican Left on the one hand, and from the Internationalist Commune on the other. Now every one can see that the Radical in France hardly differs at all from the Radical in England, except that the Radical in England, by successive concessions of the Tories and the Whigs, has already obtained a very large part of the programme for which the Radical is contending in France. Everything beyond this attributed to the French Radical he declares to be calumny and idle panic. He vows that he seeks to make the army stronger; to make the Church free; to make education honest; to strengthen the administration by making it pure; to make property, religion, free speech, respected by placing them above reproach; to introduce self-government; to make the National government powerful by becoming the organ of the nation; to make the Commune impossible by redressing class legislation. The outcry about terrorism, proscription, civil war, death to priests, communist projects, federal insurrections, destruction of the Army, abolition of the Family, dissolution of "society,"

and general anarchy—all this he declares to be the stupid delirium of men who live in a world of blind bigotry apart, who are unable to learn, and who refuse to discuss.

Those are the two pictures side by side, as painted by the Lion and the Man. I adopt neither exclusively myself. I repeat them both as facts. I neither say that the Conservative picture is wholly a nightmare; nor do I say that the Radical picture is free from unwisdom. But how explain the contrast; how can two political parties so enormously misunderstand and misrepresent each other? The Conservative who draws this frightful picture is not always a madman. The Radical who states his unvarnished tale is not withholding anything. He is uttering the language of the Birmingham League, of a dozen Reform Leagues—language which frightens nobody here. Why does the same demand so frighten very sensible men in France?

In the first place, in France they have had now for ninety years a succession of social and political convulsions, Red Terrors, White Terrors, Conventions, Empires, Coups d'état, Insurrections, Civil Wars, Communes, Communisms. In the next place, the roots of the social hierarchy have been cut across; the institutions of the country have been more than once submerged, and are all now in a more or less militant and threatened condition. The nation and its destiny stands face to face with seven millions of electors. And on no side is any social power or local institution which could stand in a convulsion for a week. In the next place the French are a logical and a trenchant people; and they have pushed their doctrines to their issues, till they stand confronting each other in blank clear-cut antagonism. Outside an Ultramontane Church is a defiant Voltairean scepticism. Outside the warranted-genuine legitimacy of the Upper Ten Thousand, or the imitation legitimacy of the Upper Fifty Thousand, there are thirty-six millions of "citizens." Outside the old social and formal traditions, there is a considerable force of truly anarchical passion. As to Parliamentary government, the French nation, in spite of their extraordinary aptitude for political debate, rather, no doubt, in consequence of that aptitude, are continually tending to turn their Chamber into a theatre, a club, and then a Convention; instead of leaving parliament to be a huge committee of local magnates, in our fashion; a sort of aggregate Quarter-Sessions, where the national business is chatted over across a table. I, for one, am far from saying that, were the entire machine of government simply handed over to a French Chamber, that the risk of its becoming a Convention, with all the passions and the revulsions of a Convention, would not be a constant danger. And as to the programme of abolishing any Presidency, and having no First Magistrate, no permanent Executive at all, I am quite prepared to believe that it would threaten the existence of France.

Again it must even be admitted that, if Communism be a thing of the past, there is still a section of fanatics who are capable of once more attempting the violences and the follies which destroyed the successful insurrection of Paris. In the same way there are men, in a reign of free speech, who would outrage decency and order by ribald invective of all that has hitherto been held sacred; and there are probably men who would seek to deal with the Papist priests much as our forefathers dealt with them in the beginning of the last century. It is quite possible that books might be published to give new specifics against Marriage; and the Rights of Man would probably be extended to the Rights of Children to be rid of their parents. It is conceivable that philosophers will undertake to prove that the way to save society is to found a Pantisocracy on a truly national scale; and I can imagine some impassioned deputy proposing a law to that effect. It is very likely that votes of the Assembly may make some most unwise changes in the administration of the army, and may introduce some futile reforms in the civil organization of Government. Such things have been done by more ancient Parliaments, and they will be done whilst Parliaments exist. It is exceedingly probable that the free municipalities of Paris, of Lyons, Marseilles, or Bordeaux, may distract the very soul of Ministers of the Interior, and make the Home Office declare that the nation is about to dissolve before its eyes. I can conceive the affairs of many a department, under the influence of self-will and ignorance, getting into an intolerable muddle, and I wish that no English borough or city had shown them the way to do it. Lastly, and to the Conservative of culture and of luxurious refinement of life, whatever his politics, this is the true Terror—we can quite conceive that, under the Radical reign, men of very poor parents, and who have never thrown off the habits of a cheap café, may exercise the highest offices in France; that the council board of great Ministers may be as noisy and as unkempt as the office of a newspaper editor; that the grand manner may be as little insisted on at the Elysée as in the White House at Washington; that citizens may altogether remove the buckles from their state shoes, the lace from the official swallow-tail, preferring shoe-strings and morning-coats; nay, I can conceive, that there might be no races at Longchamps, that the opera should lose its subvention, and that cheap concerts might be given in the restored Tuileries.

But is this a matter, and I will not say that all these things are equally desirable or right, is this a matter for which to risk a civil war, to drag France through a long agony, to disturb the peace of Europe? Are these baubles of the parasites of society things for which to fight up to the knees in blood? Is the elegance of a State paper, or the bow of a Prime Minister, matter to be set before the

power of the man and the wisdom of his policy? Is the glitter of the Imperial Boulevard a finer thing to contemplate than the genius and the aspirations of the people of Paris? Is the symmetry of a Bonapartist tyranny compensation for its corruption within and its oppression without? Is the French government unable, like free governments in other parts of the world, to control its own anarchists and conspirators, and to hold its own by the loyalty of its citizens? Is France devoid of that public opinion which in England and in America, with a free press and free speech, can restrain sedition, ribaldry, libel, and abomination in print or by word?

The true answer is that in France the elements of insurrection are broken, hopeless, discredited; that the machinery of State is ample ten times over to suppress disorder, and that it has reserves behind it of twice that power again; that the Radical element which is dreaded is itself entirely at issue with the scattered remnants of the International and the Commune; that communism and socialism as powers are utterly dead in France; that even this radical element, whose rude words cause such spasms of rage in cultured and luxurious *côteries*, is itself but a small minority of the republican party; that the bulk of the republican party is pledged to the very soul to repudiate and withstand many of the prominent fallacies of the radical creed; that the bulk of the republican party now consists of a very large proportion of trained officials, of the men of wealth, of social influence, of conservative habits and instincts, the conservatives who dread the policy of combat; that the ascendancy of these strictly conservative republicans is already decisive with the party, that it is very strongly rooted in the provinces, and threatens to be alarmingly dominant in the Chamber; lastly, that the bulk of the seven millions of electors are close-fisted, hard-headed peasants, of jealously conservative temper, and of a cold and suspicious political judgment; that these rural voters have now distinctly risen to a solid political attitude, that they are amply sufficient to balance the one or two millions of town electors; and that some of their fixed ideas are precisely the combatting of the prominent blunders of the radical democracy.

Trusting in these ample resources—resources as great as any nation in Europe possesses as safeguards of order and continuity, it is the duty of the conservative republicans to go forward and to work out the future of the Republic, though the dangers in front of it are neither few nor imaginary. It is the duty of the conservative reactionists to give up a combat with a nation, for which there is no adequate excuse, even on conservative principles, and which has already become one of the most revolutionary crimes of our age. And it is our duty to wish good speed to the new Republic, the first great Republic in Europe.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

HUMMING-BIRDS.

There are now about ten thousand different kinds of birds known to naturalists, and these are classed in one hundred and thirty families which vary greatly in extent, some containing a single species only, while others comprise many hundreds. The two largest families are those of the warblers, with more than six hundred, and the finches, with more than five hundred species spread over the whole globe; the hawks and the pigeons, also spread over the whole globe, number about three hundred and thirty and three hundred and sixty species respectively; while the diminutive humming-birds, confined to one hemisphere, consist of about four hundred different species. They are thus, as regards the number of distinct kinds collected in a limited area, the most remarkable of all the families of birds. It may, however, very reasonably be asked, whether the four hundred species of humming-birds above alluded to are really all distinct—as distinct on the average as the ten thousand species of birds are from each other. We reply that they certainly are perfectly distinct species which never intermingle; and their differences do not consist in colour only, but in peculiarities of form, of structure, and of habits, so that they have to be classed in more than a hundred distinct genera or systematic groups of species, these genera being really as unlike each other as stonechats and nightingales, or as partridges and blackcocks. The figures we have quoted, as showing the proportion of birds in general to humming-birds, thus represent real facts; and they teach us that these small and in some respects insignificant birds constitute an important item in the animal life of the globe.

Humming-birds are, in many respects, unusually interesting and instructive. They are highly peculiar in form, in structure, and in habits, and are quite unrivalled as regards variety and beauty. Though the name is familiar to every one, few but naturalists are acquainted with the many curious facts in their history, or know how much material they afford for admiration and study. I propose, therefore, to give a brief and popular account of the form, structure, habits, distribution, and affinities of this remarkable family of birds.

The humming-birds form one compact family, named Trochilidæ. They are all small birds, the largest known being about the size of a swallow, while the smallest are minute creatures whose bodies are hardly larger than a humble-bee. Their distinguishing features are, excessively short legs and feet, very long and pointed wings, a long

and slender bill, and a long extensible tubular tongue; and these characters are found combined in no other birds. The feet are exceedingly small and delicate, often beautifully tufted with down, and so short as to be hardly visible beyond the plumage. The toes are placed as in most birds, three in front and one behind, and have very strong and sharply curved claws; and the feet serve probably to cling to their perch rather than to support the weight of the body. The wings are long and narrow, but strongly formed, and the first quill is the longest, a peculiarity found in hardly any other birds but a few of the swifts. The bill varies greatly in length, but is always long, slender, and pointed, the upper mandible being the widest and lapping over the lower at each side, thus affording complete protection to the delicate tongue, the perfect action of which is essential to the bird's existence. The humming-bird's tongue is very long, and is capable of being greatly extended beyond the beak and rapidly drawn back, by means of muscles which are attached to the hyoid or tongue-bones and bend round over the back and top of the head to the very forehead, just as in the woodpeckers. The two blades or laminæ, of which the tongues of birds usually seem to be formed, are here greatly lengthened, broadened out, and each rolled up; so as to form a complete double tube connected down the middle, and with the outer edges in contact but not united. The extremities of the tubes are, however, flat and fibrous. This tubular and retractile tongue enables the bird to suck up honey from the nectaries of flowers and also to capture small insects, but whether the latter pass down the tubes or are entangled in the fibrous tips and thus drawn back into the gullet is not known. The only other birds with a similar tubular tongue are the sun-birds of the East, which, however, as we shall presently explain, have no affinity whatever with the humming-birds.

The colours of these small birds are exceedingly varied and exquisitely beautiful. The basis of the colouring may be said to be green, as in parrots; but, whereas in the latter it is a silky green, in humming-birds it is always metallic. The majority of the species have some green about them, especially on the back; but in a considerable number rich blues, purples, and various shades of red are the prevailing tints. The greater part of the plumage has more or less of a metallic gloss, but there is almost always some part which has an intense lustre as if actually formed of scales of burnished metal. A gorget covering the greater part of the neck and breast most commonly displays this vivid colour, but it also frequently occurs on the head, on the back, on the tail-coverts above or below, on the upper surface of the tail, on the shoulders or even the quills. The hue of every precious stone and the lustre of every metal is here represented; and such terms as topaz, amethyst, beryl, emerald,

garnet, ruby, sapphire, golden, golden-green, coppery, fiery, glowing, iridescent, refulgent, celestial, glittering, shining, are constantly used to name or describe the different species. No less remarkable than the colours are the varied developments of plumage with which these birds are adorned. The head is often crested in a variety of ways; either a simple flat crest, or with radiating feathers, or diverging into two horns, or spreading laterally like wings, or erect and bushy, or recurved and pointed like that of a plover. The throat and breast are usually adorned with broad scale-like feathers, or these diverge into a tippet, or send out pointed collars, or elegant frills of long and narrow plumes tipped with metallic spots of various colours. But the tail is even a more varied and beautiful ornament, either short and rounded, but pure white or some other strongly contrasted tint, or with short pointed feathers forming a star, or with the three outer feathers on each side long and tapering to a point; or larger, and either square, or round, or deeply forked, or acutely pointed; or with the two middle feathers excessively long and narrow; or with the tail very long and deeply forked, with broad and richly-coloured feathers; or with the two outer feathers wire-like and having broad spoon-shaped tips. All these ornaments, whether of the head, neck, breast, or tail, are invariably coloured in some effective or brilliant manner, and often contrast strikingly with the rest of the plumage. Again, these colours often vary in tint according to the direction in which they are seen. In some species they must be looked at from above, in others from below, in some from the front, in others from behind, in order to catch the full glow of the metallic lustre. Hence when the birds are seen in their native haunts, the colours come and go and change with their motions, so as to produce a startling and beautiful effect.

It is a well-known fact that, when male birds possess any unusual ornaments, they take such positions or perform such evolutions as to exhibit them to the best advantage while endeavouring to attract or charm the females or in rivalry with other males. It is therefore probable that the wonderfully varied decorations of humming-birds, whether burnished breast-shields, resplendent tail, crested head, or glittering back, are thus exhibited; but almost the only actual observation of this kind is that of Mr. Belt, who describes how two males of the Florisuga mellivora displayed their ornaments before a female bird. One would shoot up like a rocket, then suddenly expanding the snow-white tail like an inverted parachute, slowly descend in front of her, turning round gradually to show off both back and front. The expanded white tail covered more space than all the rest of the bird, and was evidently the grand feature of the performance. Whilst one was descending, the other would shoot up and come slowly down expanded.[1]

(1) The Naturalist in Nicaragua, p. 112.

The bill differs greatly in length and shape, being either straight or gently curved, in some species bent like a sickle, in others turned up like the bill of the avoset. It is usually long and slender, but in one group is so enormously developed that it is nearly the same length as the rest of the bird. The legs, usually little seen, are in some groups adorned with globular tufts of white, brown, or black down, a peculiarity possessed by no other birds. The reader will now be in a position to understand how the four hundred species of humming-birds may be easily distinguished, by the varied combinations of the characters here briefly enumerated, together with many others of less importance. One group of birds will have a short round tail, with crest and long neck-frill; another group a deeply-forked broad tail, combined with glowing crown and gorget; one is both bearded and crested; others have a luminous back and pendent neck-plumes; and in each of these groups the species will vary in combinations of colour, in size, and in the proportions of the ornamental plumes, so as to produce an unmistakable distinctness; while, without any new developments of form or structure, there is room for the discovery of hundreds more of distinct kinds of humming-birds.

The name we usually give to the birds of this family is derived from the sound of their rapidly-moving wings, a sound which is produced by the largest as well as by the smallest member of the family. The Creoles of Guiana similarly call them Bourdons or hummers. The French term, Oiseau-mouche, refers to their small size; while Colibri is a native name which has come down from the Carib inhabitants of the West Indies. The Spaniards and Portuguese call them by more poetical names, such as Flower-peckers, Flower-kissers, Myrtle-suckers,—while the Mexican and Peruvian names showed a still higher appreciation of their beauties, their meaning being rays of the sun, tresses of the day-star, and other such appellations. Even our modern naturalists, while studying the structure and noting the peculiarities of these living gems, have been so struck by their inimitable beauties that they have endeavoured to invent appropriate English names for the more beautiful and remarkable genera. Hence we find in common use such terms as Sun-gems, Sun-stars, Hill-stars, Wood-stars, Sun-angels, Star-throats, Comets, Coquettes, Flame-bearers, Sylphs, and Fairies; together with many others derived from the character of the tail or the crests.

The Motions and Habits of Humming-birds.—Let us now consider briefly, the peculiarities of flight, the motions, the food, the nests, and general habits of the humming-birds, quoting the descriptions of those modern naturalists who have personally observed them. Their appearance, remarks Professor Alfred Newton, is entirely

unlike that of any other bird. "One is admiring some brilliant and beautiful flower, when between the blossom and one's eye suddenly appears a small dark object, suspended as it were between four short black threads meeting each other in a cross. For an instant it shows in front of the flower; again another instant, and emitting a momentary flash of emerald and sapphire light, it is vanishing, lessening in the distance, as it shoots away, to a speck that the eye cannot take note of." Audubon observes that the Ruby humming-birds pass through the air in long undulations, but the smallness of their size precludes the possibility of following them with the eye farther than fifty or sixty yards, without great difficulty. A person standing in a garden by the side of a common althæa in bloom, will hear the humming of their wings and see the little birds themselves within a few feet of him one moment, while the next they will be out of sight and hearing. Mr. Gould, who visited North America in order to see living humming-birds while preparing his great work on the family, remarks that the action of the wings reminded him of a piece of machinery acted upon by a powerful spring. When poised before a flower, the motion is so rapid that a hazy semicircle of indistinctness on each side of the bird is all that is perceptible. Although many short intermissions of rest are taken, the bird may be said to live in the air—an element in which it performs every kind of evolution with the utmost ease, frequently rising perpendicularly, flying backward, pirouetting or dancing off, as it were, from place to place, or from one part of a tree to another, sometimes descending, at others ascending. It often mounts up above the towering trees, and then shoots off like a little meteor at a right angle. At other times it gently buzzes away among the little flowers near the ground; at one moment it is poised over a diminutive weed, at the next it is seen at a distance of forty yards, whither it has vanished with the quickness of thought.

The Rufous Flame-bearer, an exquisite species found on the west coast of North America, is thus described by Mr. Nuttall:—"When engaged in collecting its accustomed sweets, in all the energy of life, it seemed like a breathing gem, a magic carbuncle of flaming fire, stretching out its glorious ruff as if to emulate the sun itself in splendour." The Sappho Comet, whose long forked tail barred with crimson and black renders it one of the most imposing of humming-birds, is abundant in many parts of the Andes; and Mr. Bonelli tells us that the difficulty of shooting them is very great, from the extraordinary turns and evolutions they make when on the wing; at one instant darting headlong into a flower, at the next describing a circle in the air with such rapidity that the eye, unable to follow the movement, loses sight of the bird until it again returns to the flower which at first attracted its attention. Of the little Vervain hum-

ming-bird of Jamaica, Mr. Gosse writes: "I have sometimes watched with much delight the evolutions of this little species at the Moringa tree.[1] When only one is present, he pursues the round of the blossoms soberly enough. But if two are at the tree, one will fly off, and suspend himself in the air a few yards distant; the other presently starts off to him, and then, without touching each other, they mount upwards with strong rushing wings, perhaps for five hundred feet. They then separate, and each starts diagonally towards the ground like a ball from a rifle, and wheeling round comes up to the blossoms again as if it had not moved away at all. The figure of the smaller humming-birds on the wing, their rapidity, their wavering course, and their whole manner of flight are entirely those of an insect." Mr. Bates remarks that on the Amazons during the cooler hours of the morning and from four to six in the afternoon humming-birds are to be seen whirring about the trees by scores; their motions being unlike those of any other birds. They dart to and fro so swiftly that the eye can scarcely follow them, and when they stop before a flower it is only for a few moments. They poise themselves in an unsteady manner, their wings moving with inconceivable rapidity, probe the flower, and then shoot off to another part of the tree. They do not proceed in that methodical manner which bees follow, taking the flowers seriatim, but skip about from one part of the tree to another in the most capricious way. Mr. Belt remarks on the excessive rapidity of the flight of the humming-bird giving it a sense of security from danger, so that it will approach a person nearer than any other bird, often hovering within two or three yards (or even one or two feet) of one's face. He watched them bathing in a small pool in the forest, hovering over the water, turning from side to side by quick jerks of the tail, now showing a throat of gleaming emerald, now shoulders of glistening amethyst, then darting beneath the water, and rising instantly, throw off a shower of spray from its quivering wings, and again fly up to an overhanging bough and commence to preen its feathers. All humming-birds bathe on the wing, and generally take three or four dips, hovering between times about three or four inches above the surface. Mr. Belt also remarks on the immense numbers of humming-birds in the forests, and the great difficulty of seeing them; and his conclusion is, that in the part of Nicaragua where he was living they equalled in number all the rest of the birds together, if they did not greatly exceed them.

The extreme pugnacity of humming-birds has been noticed by all observers. Mr. Gosse describes two meeting and chasing each other through the labyrinths of twigs and flowers till, an opportunity

(1) Sometimes called the horse-radish tree. It is the Moringa pterygosperma, a native of the East Indies, but commonly cultivated in Jamaica. It has yellow flowers.

occurring, the one would dart with seeming fury upon the other, and then, with a loud rustling of their wings, they would twirl together, round and round, till they nearly came to the earth. Then they parted, and after a time another tussle took place. Two of the same species can hardly meet without an encounter, while in many cases distinct species attack each other with equal fury. Mr. Salvin describes the splendid Eugenes fulgens attacking two other species with as much ferocity as its own fellows. One will knock another off its perch, and the two will go fighting and screaming away at a pace hardly to be followed by the eye. Audubon says they attack any other birds that approach them, and think nothing of assaulting tyrant-shrikes and even birds-of-prey that come too near to their home.

The food of humming-birds has been a matter of much controversy. All the early writers down to Buffon believed that they lived solely on the nectar of flowers; but since that time every close observer of their habits maintains that they feed largely, and in some cases wholly, on insects. Azara observed them on the La Plata in winter, taking insects out of the webs of spiders at a time and place where there were no flowers. Bullock, in Mexico, declares that he saw them catch small butterflies, and that he found many kinds of insects in their stomachs. Waterton made a similar statement. Hundreds and perhaps thousands of specimens have since been dissected by collecting naturalists, and in almost every instance their stomachs have been found full of insects, sometimes, but not generally, mixed with a proportion of honey. Many of them in fact may be seen catching gnats and other small insects just like fly-catchers, sitting on a dead twig over water, darting off for a time in the air, and then returning to the twig. Others come out just at dusk, and remain on the wing, now stationary, now darting about with the greatest rapidity, imitating in a limited space the evolutions of the goatsuckers, and evidently for the same end and purpose. Mr. Gosse also remarks: "All the humming-birds have more or less the habit, when in flight, of pausing in the air and throwing the body and tail into rapid and odd contortions. This is most observable in the Polytmus, from the effect that such motions have on the long feathers of the tail. That the object of these quick turns is the capture of insects, I am sure, having watched one thus engaged pretty close to me. I observed it carefully, and distinctly saw the minute flies in the air which it pursued and caught, and heard repeatedly the snapping of the beak. My presence scarcely disturbed it, if at all."

There is also an extensive group of small brown humming-birds, forming the sub-family Phaëthornithinæ, which rarely or never visit flowers, but frequent the shady recesses of the forest, where they hunt for minute insects. They dart about among the foliage, and

visit in rapid succession every leaf upon a branch, balancing themselves vertically in the air, passing their beaks closely over the under surface of each leaf, and thus capturing, no doubt, any small insects that may lurk there. While doing this, the two long feathers of the tail have a vibrating motion, serving apparently as a rudder to assist them in performing the delicate operation. Others search up and down stems and dead sticks in the same manner, every now and then picking off something, exactly as a bush-shrike or a tree-creeper does, with the difference that the humming-bird is constantly on the wing; while the remarkable Sickle-bill is said to probe the scale-covered stems of palms and tree-ferns to obtain its insect food. It has also been often stated that, although humming-birds are very bold and easily tamed, they cannot be preserved long in captivity, even in their own country, when fed only on syrup. Audubon states that when thus fed they only live a month or two and die apparently starved; while if kept in a room whose open windows are covered with a fine net, so as to allow small insects to enter, they have been kept for a whole year without any ill-effects. Another writer, Mr. Webber, captured and tamed a number of the Ruby-throat in the United States. He found that when fed for three weeks on syrup they drooped, but after being let free for a day or two they would return to the open cage for more of the syrup. Some which had been thus tamed and set free, returned the following year, and at once flew straight to the remembered little cup of sweets. Mr. Gosse in Jamaica also kept some in captivity, and found the necessity of giving them insect food; and he remarks that they were very fond of a small ant that swarmed on the syrup with which they were fed. It is strange that, with all this previous experience and information, those who have attempted to bring live humming-birds to this country have fed them exclusively on syrup; and the weakness produced by this insufficient food has no doubt been the chief cause of their death on, or very soon after, arrival. A box of ants would not be difficult to bring as food for them, but even finely-chopped meat or yolk of egg would probably serve, in the absence of insects, to supply the necessary proportion of animal food.

The nests of the humming-birds are, as might be expected, beautiful objects, some being no larger inside than the half of a walnut-shell. These small cup-shaped nests are often placed in the fork of a branch, and the outside is sometimes beautifully decorated with pieces of lichen, the body of the nest being formed of cottony substances and the inside lined with the finest and most silky fibres. Others suspend their nests to creepers hanging over water, or even over the sea; and the Pichincha humming-bird once attached its nest to a straw rope hanging from the roof of a shed. Others again build nests of a hammock-form attached to the face of rocks by spider's

web; while the little forest-haunting species fasten their nests to the points or to the under sides of palm-leaves or other suitable foliage. They lay only one or two white eggs.

Geographical Distribution and Variation.—Most persons know that humming-birds are found only in America; but it is not so generally known that they are almost exclusively tropical birds, and that the few species that are found in the temperate (northern and southern) parts of the continent are migrants, which retire in the winter to the warmer lands near or within the tropics. In the extreme north of America two species are regular summer visitants, one on the east and the other on the west of the Rocky Mountains. On the east the common N. American or Ruby-throated humming-bird extends through the United States and Canada, and as far as 57° north latitude, or considerably north of Lake Winnipeg; while the milder climate of the west coast allows the Rufous Flame-bearer to extend its range to beyond Sitka to the parallel of 61°. Here they spend the whole summer, and breed, being found on the Columbia River in the latter end of April, but retire to Mexico in the winter. Supposing that those which go furthest north do not return further south than the borders of the tropics, these little birds must make a journey of full three thousand miles each spring and autumn. The antarctic humming-bird visits the inhospitable shores of Tierra del Fuego, where it has been seen visiting the flowers of fuchsias in a snow-storm, while it spends the winter in the warmer parts of Chili and Bolivia. In the southern parts of California and the Central United States three or four other species are found in summer; but it is only when we enter the tropics that the number of different kinds becomes considerable. In Mexico there are more than thirty species, while in the southern parts of Central America there are more than double that number. As we go on towards the equator they become still more numerous, till they reach their maximum in the equatorial Andes. They especially abound in the mountainous regions; while the luxuriant forest plains of the Amazons, in which so many other forms of life reach their maximum, are very poor in humming-birds. Brazil, being more hilly and with more variety of vegetation, is richer, but does not equal the Andean valleys, plateaux, and volcanic peaks. Each separate district of the Andes has its peculiar species and often its peculiar genera, and many of the great volcanic mountains possess kinds which are confined to them. Thus, on the great mountain of Pichincha there is a peculiar species found at an elevation of about fourteen thousand feet only; while an allied species on Chimborazo ranges from fourteen thousand feet to the limits of perpetual snow at sixteen thousand feet elevation. It frequents a beautiful yellow-flowered alpine shrub belonging to the Asteraceæ. On the extinct volcano of Chiriqui in Veragua a minute humming-

bird, called the little Flame-bearer, has been only found inside the crater. Its scaled gorget is of such a flaming crimson that, as Mr. Gould remarks, it seems to have caught the last spark from the volcano before it was extinguished.

Not only are humming-birds found over the whole extent of America, from Sitka to Tierra del Fuego, and from the level of the sea to the snow-line on the Andes, but they inhabit many of the islands at a great distance from the main land. The West Indian islands possess fifteen distinct species belonging to eight different genera, and these are so unlike any found on the continent that five of these genera are peculiar to the Antilles. Even the Bahamas, so close to Florida, possess two peculiar species. The small group of islands called Tres Marias, about sixty miles from the west coast of Mexico, has a peculiar species. More remarkable are the two humming-birds of Juan Fernandez, situated in the Pacific Ocean four hundred miles west of Valparaiso in Chili, one of these being peculiar; while another species inhabits the little island Mas-afuera, ninety miles further west. The Galapagos, though very little further from the mainland and much more extensive, have no humming-birds, neither have the Falkland Islands; and the reason seems to be that both these groups are deficient in forest, and in fact have hardly any trees or large shrubs, while there is a great paucity of flowers and of insect life.

The three species which inhabit Juan Fernandez and Mas-afuera present certain peculiarities of great interest. They form a distinct genus, Eustephanus, one species of which inhabits Chili as well as the island of Juan Fernandez. This, which may be termed the Chilian species, is greenish in both sexes, whereas in the two species peculiar to the islands the males are red or reddish-brown, and the females green. The two red males differ very slightly from each other, but the three green females differ considerably; and the curious point is, that the female in the smaller and more distant island somewhat resembles the same sex in Chili, while the female of the Juan Fernandez species is very distinct, although the males of the two islands are so much alike. As this forms a comparatively simple case of the action of the laws of variation and natural selection, it will be instructive to see if we can picture to ourselves the process by which the changes have been brought about. We must first go back to an unknown but rather remote period, just before any humming-birds had reached these islands. At that time a species of this peculiar genus, Eustephanus, must have inhabited Chili; but we must not be sure that it was identically the same as that which is now found there, because we know that species are always undergoing change to a greater or less degree. After perhaps many failures, one or more pairs of the Chilian bird got blown across to Juan Fernandez, and

finding the country favourable, with plenty of forests and a fair abundance of flowers and insects, they rapidly increased and permanently established themselves on the island. They soon began to change colour, however, the male getting a tinge of reddish-brown, which gradually deepened into the fine colour now exhibited by the two insular species, while the female, more slowly, changed to white on the under surface and on the tail, while the breast-spots became more brilliant. When the change of colour was completed in the male, but only partially so in the female, a further emigration westward took place to the small island Mas-afuera, where they also established themselves. Here, however, the change begun in the larger island appears to have been checked, for the female remains to this day intermediate between the Juan Fernandez and the Chilian forms. More recently, the parent form has again migrated from Chili to Juan Fernandez, where it still lives side by side with its greatly changed descendant.[1] Let us now see how far these facts are in accordance with the general laws of variation, and with those other laws which I have endeavoured to show regulate the development of colour.[2] The amount of variation which is likely to occur in a species will be greatly influenced by two factors—the occurrence of a change in the physical conditions, and the average abundance or scarcity of the individuals composing the species. When from these or other causes variation occurs, it may become fixed as a variety or a race, or may go on increasing to a certain extent, either from a tendency to vary along certain special lines induced by local or physiological causes, or by the continued survival and propagation of all such varieties as are beneficial to the race. After a certain time a balance will be arrived at, either by the limits of useful variation in this one direction having been reached, or by the species becoming harmoniously adapted to all the surrounding conditions; and without some change in these conditions the specific form may then remain unaltered for a very long time, whence arises the common impression of the fixity of species. Now in a country like Chili, forming part of a great continent very well stocked with all forms of organic life, the majority of the species would be in a state of stable equilibrium, the most favourable variations would have been long ago selected, and the numbers of individuals in each species would be tolerably constant, being limited by the numerous other forms whose food and habits were similar, or which in any way impinged upon its sphere of existence. We may, therefore, assume that the Chilian humming-

(1) In the preceding account of the probable course of events in peopling these islands with humming-birds, I follow Mr. Sclater's paper on the Land-Birds of Juan Fernandez, —Ibis, 1871, p. 183. In what follows, I give my own explanation of the probable causes of the change.

(2) See Macmillan's Magazine, Sept., 1877, On the Colours of Animals and Plants.

bird which migrated to Juan Fernandez was a stable form, hardly if at all different from the existing species which is termed Eustephanus galeritus. On the island it met with very changed but highly favourably conditions. An abundant shrubby vegetation and a tolerably rich flora; less extremes of climate than on the mainland; and, most important of all, absolute freedom from the competition of rival species. The flowers and their insect inhabitants were all its own; there were no snakes or mammalia to plunder its nests; nothing to prevent the full enjoyment of existence. The consequence would be, rapid increase and a large permanent population, which still maintains itself; for Mr. Moseley, of the *Challenger* expedition, has informed the writer that humming-birds are extraordinarily abundant in Juan Fernandez, every bush or tree having one or two darting about it. Here, then, we have one of the special conditions which have always been held to favour variation—a great increase in the number of individuals; but, as there was no struggle with allied creatures, there was no need for any modification in form or structure, and we accordingly find that the only important variations which have become permanent are those of size and of colour. The increased size would naturally arise from greater abundance of food with a more equable climate throughout the year, the healthier, stronger, and larger individuals being preserved. The change of colour would depend on molecular changes in the plumage accompanying the increase of size; and the superior energy and vitality in the male, aided by the favourable change in conditions and rapid increase of population, would lead to an increased intensity of colour, the special tint being determined either by local conditions or by inherited tendencies in the race. It is to be noted that the change from green to red is in the direction of the less refrangible rays of the spectrum, and is in accordance with the law of change which has been shown to accompany expansion in inorganic, and growth and development in organic, forms.[1] The change of colour in the female, not being urged on by such intense vital activity as in the case of the male, would be much slower, and, owing probably to inherited tendencies, in a different direction. The under surface of the Chilian bird is ashy with bronzy-green spots on the breast, while the tail is entirely bronze-green. In the Juan Fernandez species the under surface has become pure white, the breast-spots larger and of a purer golden-green, while the whole inner web of the tail-feathers has become pure white, producing a most elegant effect when the tail is expanded.

We may now follow the two sexes to the remoter island, at a period when the male had acquired his permanent style of colouring, but was not quite so large as he subsequently became; while the

(1) See Colours of Animals; Macmillan's Magazine, Sept., 1877, pp. 394—398.

change of the female bird had not been half completed. In this small and comparatively barren island (a mere rock, as it is described by some authors) there would be no such constant abundance of food, and therefore no possibility of a large permanent population; while the climate would not differ materially from that of the larger island; variation would therefore be checked, or might be stopped altogether; and we find the facts exactly correspond to this view. The male, which had already acquired his colour, remains almost undistinguishable; but he is a little smaller than his immediate ancestral form, indicating either that the full size of that form had not been acquired at the period of migration, or that a slight diminution of size has since occurred owing to a deficiency of food. The female shows also a slight diminution of size, but in other respects is almost exactly intermediate between the Chilian and Juan Fernandez females. The colour beneath is light ashy, the breast-spots are intermediate in size and colour, and the tail-feathers have a large ill-defined white spot on the end of the inner web, which has only to be extended along the whole web to produce the exact character which has been acquired in Juan Fernandez. It has probably remained since its migration nearly or quite stationary, while its Juan Fernandez relative has gone on steadily changing in the direction already begun; and the more distant species geographically thus appears to be more nearly related to its Chilian ancestor.

Coming down to a more recent period, we find that the comparatively small and dull-coloured Chilian bird has again migrated to Juan Fernandez, but it at once came into competition with its red descendant, which had firm possession of the soil and had probably undergone slight constitutional changes exactly fitting it to its insular abode. The new comer, accordingly, only just manages to maintain its footing; for we are told by Mr. Reed, of Santiago, that it is by no means common; whereas, as we have seen, the red species is excessively abundant. We may further suspect that the Chilian birds now pass over pretty frequently to Juan Fernandez, and thus keep up the stock; for it must be remembered that whereas, at a first migration, both a male and a female are necessary for colonization, yet, after a colony is formed, any stray bird which may come over adds to the numbers, and checks permanent variation by cross-breeding.

We find, then, that all the chief peculiarities of the three allied species of humming-birds which inhabit the Juan Fernandez group of islands, may be fairly traced to the action of those general laws which Mr. Darwin and others have shown to determine the variations of animals and the perpetuation of those variations. It is also instructive to note that the greater variations of colour and size have been accompanied by several lesser variations in other characters. In the Juan Fernandez bird the bill has become a little shorter,

the tail-feathers somewhat broader, and the fiery cap on the head somewhat smaller; all these peculiarities being less developed or absent in the birds inhabiting Mas-a-fuera. These may be due, either to what Mr. Darwin has termed correlation of growth, or to the partial reappearance of ancestral characters under more favourable conditions, or to the direct action of changes of climate and of food; but they show us how varied and unaccountable are the changes in specific forms that may be effected in a comparatively short time, and through very slight changes of locality.

If now we consider the enormously varied conditions presented by the whole continent of America—the hot, moist, and uniform forest-plains of the Amazon; the open llanos of the Orinoco; the dry uplands of Brazil; the sheltered valleys and forest slopes of the Eastern Andes; the verdant plateaus, the barren paramos, the countless volcanic cones with their peculiar Alpine vegetation; the contrasts of the East and West coasts; the isolation of the West Indian islands, and to a less extent of Central America and Mexico, which we know have been several times separated from South America; and when we further consider that all these characteristically distinct areas have been subject to cosmical and local changes, to elevations and depressions, to diminution and increase of size, to greater extremes and greater uniformity of temperature, to increase or decrease of rainfall, and that with these changes there have been coincident changes of vegetation and of animal life, all affecting in countless ways the growth and development, the forms and colours, of these wonderful little birds—if we consider all these varied and complex influences, we shall be less surprised at their strange forms, their infinite variety, their wondrous beauty. For how many ages the causes above enumerated may have acted upon them we cannot say; but their extreme isolation from all other birds, no less than the abundance and variety of their generic and specific forms, clearly point to a very high antiquity.

The Relations and Affinities of Humming-birds.—The subject of the position of this family in the class of birds and its affinities or resemblances to other groups, is so interesting, and affords such good opportunities for explaining some of the best-established principles of classification in natural history in a popular way, that we propose to discuss it at some length, but without entering into technical details.

There is in the Eastern hemisphere, especially in tropical Africa and Asia, a family of small birds called Sun-birds, which are adorned with brilliant metallic colours, and which, in shape and general appearance, much resemble humming-birds. They frequent flowers in the same way, feeding on honey and insects; and all the older naturalists placed the two families side by side as undoubtedly allied. In the

year 1850, in a general catalogue of birds, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, a learned ornithologist, placed the humming-birds next to the swifts, and far removed from the Nectarinidæ or sun-birds; and this view of their position has gained ground with increasing knowledge, till now all the more advanced ornithologists have adopted it. Before proceeding to point out the reasons for this change of view, it will be well to discuss a few of the general principles which guide naturalists in the solution of such problems.

It is now generally admitted that, for the purpose of determining obscure and doubtful affinities, we must examine by preference those parts of an animal which have little or no direct influence on its habits and general economy. The value of an organ, or of any detail of structure, for purposes of classification, is generally in inverse proportion to its adaptability to special uses. And the reason of this is apparent when we consider that similarities of food and habits are often accompanied by similarities of external form or of special organs, in totally distinct animals. Porpoises, for example, are modified externally so as to resemble fishes, yet they are really mammalia. Some marsupials are carnivorous, and are so like true carnivora that it is only by minute peculiarities of structure that the skeleton of the one can be distinguished from that of the other. Many of the hornbills and toucans have the same general form, and resemble each other in habits, in food, and in their enormous bills; yet peculiarities in the structure of the feet, in the form of the breastbone, in the cranium, and in the texture and arrangement of the plumage, show that they have no real affinity, the former approaching the king-fishers, the latter the cuckoos. These last-mentioned peculiarities have no direct relation to habits, and they are therefore little liable to change, when from any cause a portion of the group may have been driven to adopt a new mode of life. Thus all the Old World apes, however much they may differ in size or habits, and whether we class them as baboons, monkeys, or gorillas, have the same number of teeth; while the American monkeys all have an additional premolar tooth. This difference can have no relation to the habits of the two groups, because each group exhibits differences of habits greater than often occur between American and Asiatic species; and it thus becomes a valuable character, indicating the radical distinctness of the two groups, a distinctness confirmed by other anatomical peculiarities.

On the other hand, details of organization which seem specially adapted to certain modes of life, are often diminished or altogether lost in a few species of the group, showing their essential unimportance to the type as well as their small value for classification. Thus, the woodpeckers are most strikingly characterized by a very long and highly extensible tongue, with the muscles attached to the

tongue-bone prolonged backward over the head so as to enable the tongue to be suddenly darted out, and also by the rigid and pointed tail, which is a great help in climbing up the vertical trunks of trees. But in one group (the Picumni), the tail becomes quite soft, while the tongue remains fully developed; and in another (Meiglyptes) the characteristic tail remains, while the prolonged hyoid muscles have almost entirely disappeared, and the tongue has consequently lost its peculiar extensile power. Yet in both these cases the form of the breast-bone and the character of the feet, the skeleton, and the plumage, show that the birds are really woodpeckers, while even the habits and the food are very little altered. In like manner the bill may undergo great changes, as from the short crow-like bill of the true birds-of-paradise to the long slender bills of the Epimachinæ, which latter were on that account long classed apart in the tribe of Tenuirostres, or slender-billed birds, but whose entire structure shows them to be closely allied to the paradise-birds. So, the long feathery tongue of the toucans differs from that of every other bird, yet it is not held to overbalance the weight of anatomical peculiarities which show that these birds are allied to the barbets and the cuckoos.

The skeleton, therefore, and especially the sternum or breast-bone, affords us an almost infallible guide in doubtful cases, because it appears to change its form with extreme slowness, and thus indicates deeper-seated affinities than those shown by organs which are in direct connection with the outside world, and are readily modified in accordance with varying conditions of existence. Another, though less valuable guide, is afforded, in the case of birds, by the eggs. These often have a characteristic form and colour, and a peculiar texture of surface, running unchanged through whole genera and families which are nearly related to each other, however much they may differ in outward form and habits. Another detail of structure which has no direct connection with habits and economy is the manner in which the plumage is arranged on the body. The feathers of birds are by no means set uniformly over their skin, but grow in certain definite lines and patches, which vary considerably in shape and size in the more important orders and tribes, while the mode of arrangement agrees in all which are known to be closely related to each other; and thus the form of the feather-tracts, or the "pterylography" as it is termed, of a bird is a valuable aid in doubtful cases of affinity.

Now, if we apply these three tests to the humming-birds, we find them all pointing in the same direction. The sternum or breast-bone is not notched behind; and this agrees with the swifts, and not with the sun-birds, whose sternum has two deep notches behind, as in all the families of the vast order of Passeres, to which the latter belong. The eggs of both swifts and humming-birds are white, only two in

number, and resembling each other in texture. And in the arrangement of the feather-tracts the humming-birds approach more nearly to the swifts than they do to any other birds; and altogether differ from the sun-birds, which, in this respect as in so many others, resemble the honey-suckers of Australia and other true passerine birds.

Having this clue to their affinities, we shall find other peculiarities common to these two groups, the swifts and the humming-birds. They have both ten tail-feathers, while the sun-birds have twelve. They have both only sixteen true quill-feathers, and they are the only birds which have so small a number. The humming-birds are remarkable for having, in almost all the species, the first quill the longest of all, the only other birds resembling them in this respect being a few species of swifts; and, lastly, in both groups the plumage is remarkably compact and closely pressed to the body. Yet, with all these points of agreement, we find an extreme diversity in the bills and tongues of the two groups. The swifts have a short, broad, flat bill, with a flat horny-tipped tongue of the usual character; while the humming-birds have a very long, narrow, almost cylindrical bill, containing a tubular and highly extensible tongue. The essential point however is, that whereas hardly any of the other characters we have adduced are adaptive, or strictly correlated with habits and economy, this character is pre-eminently so; for the swifts are pure aërial insect-hunters, and their short, broad bills, and wide gape, are essential to their mode of life. The humming-birds, on the other hand, are floral insect-hunters, and for this purpose their peculiarly long bills and extensile tongues are especially adapted; while they are at the same time honey-suckers, and for this purpose have acquired the tubular tongue. The formation of such a tubular tongue out of one of the ordinary kind is easily conceivable, as it only requires to be lengthened, and the two laminæ of which it is composed curled in at the sides; and these changes it probably goes through in the young birds. When on the Amazon I once had a nest brought me containing two little unfledged humming-birds, apparently not long hatched. Their beaks were not at all like those of their parents, but short, triangular, and broad at the base, just the form of the beak of a swallow or swift slightly lengthened. Thinking (erroneously) that the young birds were fed by their parents on honey, I tried to feed them with a syrup made of honey and water, but though they kept their mouths constantly open as if ravenously hungry, they would not swallow the liquid, but threw it out again and sometimes nearly choked themselves in the effort. At length I caught some minute flies, and on dropping one of these into the open mouth it instantly closed, the fly was gulped down, and the mouth opened again for more; and each took in this way fifteen

or twenty little flies in succession before it was satisfied. They lived thus three or four days, but required more constant care than I could give them. These little birds were in the "swift" stage; they were pure insect-eaters, with a bill and mouth adapted for insect-eating only. At that time I was not aware of the importance of the observation of the tongue, but as the bill was so short and the tubular tongue not required, there can be little doubt that the organ was, at that early stage of growth, short and flat, as it is in the birds most nearly allied to them.

In respect of all the essential and deep-seated points of structure, which have been shown to offer such remarkable similarities between the swifts and the humming-birds, the sun-birds of the Eastern hemisphere differ totally from the latter, while they agree with the passerine birds generally, or more particularly with the creepers and honeysuckers. They have a deeply-notched sternum; they have twelve tail-feathers in place of ten; they have nineteen quills in place of sixteen; and the first quill, instead of being the longest, is the very shortest of all; while the wings are short and round, instead of being excessively long and pointed. Their plumage is arranged differently; and their feet are long and strong, instead of being excessively short and weak. There remain only the superficial characters of small size and brilliant metallic colours to assimilate them with the humming-birds, and one structural feature—a tubular and somewhat extensile tongue. This however is a strictly adaptive character, the sun-birds feeding on small insects and the nectar of flowers, just as do the humming-birds; and it is a remarkable instance of a highly peculiar modification of an organ occurring independently in two widely-separated groups. In the sun-birds the hyoid or tongue-muscles do not extend so completely over the head as they do in the humming-birds, so that the tongue is less extensible; but it is constructed in exactly the same way by the inrolling of the two laminæ of which it is composed. The tubular tongue of the sun-birds is a special adaptive modification acquired within the family itself, and not inherited from a remote ancestral form. This is shown by the amount of variation this organ exhibits in different members of what is undoubtedly one family. It is most highly developed in the Arachnotheræ, or spider-hunters, of Asia, which are sun-birds without any metallic or other brilliant colouring. These have the longest bills and tongues, and the most developed hyoid muscles; they hunt much about the blossoms of palm-trees, and may frequently be seen probing the flowers while fluttering clumsily in the air, just as if they had seen and attempted to imitate the aërial gambols of the American humming-birds. The true metallic sun-birds generally cling about the flowers with their strong feet; and they feed chiefly on minute hard insects, as do many humming-birds.

There is, however, one species (Chalcoparia phœnicotis) always classed as a sun-bird, which differs entirely from the rest of the species in having the tongue flat, horny, and forked at the tip; and its food seems to differ correspondingly, for small caterpillars were found in its stomach. More remotely allied, but yet belonging to the same family, are the little flower-peckers of the genus Diceum, which have a short bill and a tongue twice split at the end; and these feed on small fruits, and perhaps on buds and on the pollen of flowers. The little white-eyes (Zosterops), which are probably allied to the last, eat soft fruits and minute insects. We have here a whole group of birds, considerably varied in external form, yet undoubtedly closely allied to each other, one division of which is specially adapted to feed on the juices secreted by flowers and the minute insects that harbour in them; and these alone have a lengthened bill and double tubular tongue, just as in the humming-birds. We can hardly have a more striking example of the necessity of discriminating between adaptive and purely structural characters. The same adaptive character may coexist in two groups which have a similar mode of life, without indicating any affinity between them, because it may have been acquired by each independently to enable it to fill a similar place in nature. In such cases it is found to be an almost isolated character, connecting apparently two groups which otherwise differ radically. Non-adaptive, or purely structural characters, on the other hand, are such as have, probably, been transmitted from a remote ancestor, and thus indicate fundamental peculiarities of growth and development. The changes of structure rendered necessary by modifications of the habits or instincts of the different species have been made, to a great extent, independently of such characters, and as several of these may always be found in the same animal, their value becomes cumulative. We thus arrive at the seeming paradox, that the *less* of direct use is apparent in any peculiarity of structure, the *greater* is its value in indicating true, though perhaps remote, affinities; while any peculiarity of an organ which seems essential to its possessor's well-being is often of very little value in indicating affinity for other creatures.

This somewhat technical discussion will, it is hoped, enable the general reader to understand some of the more important principles of the modern or natural classification of animals, as distinguished from the artificial system which long prevailed. It will also afford him an easily remembered example of those principles, in the radical distinctness of two families of birds often confounded together,—the sun-birds of the Eastern Hemisphere and the humming-birds of America; and in the interesting fact that the latter are essentially swifts—profoundly modified, it is true, for an aërial and flower-haunting existence, but still bearing in many important peculiarities of structure the unmistakable evidences of a common origin.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

DR. NEWMAN'S THEORY OF BELIEF.[1]

(*Conclusion.*)

THE historical method, as understood by Dr. Newman, would test the value of a creed by its fruitfulness, coherence, persistence, and power of assimilating congenial and rejecting alien matter, or, in a word, by its vitality. Such a method has two remarkable consequences. In the first place, it tends to set aside the direct and obvious tests of the old-fashioned apologists. We need not ask with the philosophers whether the creed gives a worthy or intelligible conception of the universe; for such inquiries only lead into the endless labyrinth of metaphysical argumentations. We need not inquire with the critics into the evidence for particular historical statements, for the facts are intelligible only as part of a vast and complex evolution, which must be appreciated as a whole before it can be understood in detail. And, in the second place, the method lays particular stress upon the process by which ideas "percolate" (as Dr. Newman somewhere says) by other than directly logical means. The dogmas of the creed are not revealed in full scholastic precision and nicety of definition. They are not reasoned out like mathematical propositions by direct demonstration. The germs are planted by revelation; they grow spontaneously in the minds of believers, obeying a law which is not consciously apprehended, but which may be afterwards elicited, and which becomes more manifest as the process is developed. Once seized it may be stated as a logical formula; but during the earlier period it is in the state of implicit logic — an informing and animating principle, not a recognised and avowed law of belief.

Some kind of logical organon is required, as I tried to point out in my previous article, in order to extract from this theory an available logical test. The truth of a theory must be the ultimate reason for believing it; and the question is, briefly, how from the vitality of a creed are we to infer its truth? An answer is attempted in the Grammar of Assent; and the theory expounded in that book harmonizes throughout with that which is implied in the doctrine of development. The method of classification adopted is the same in both cases. Creeds, according to the historical theory, are measurable according to their degrees of vitality; and so the Grammar of Assent opens with an elaborate scale of assents or beliefs, varying from the faintest to the most vivid, and from the most abstract to the most concrete. Beliefs, that

(1) Concluded from the *Fortnightly Review* for November.

is, are classified by their fitness to form part of a vigorous creed. The faculty, whose existence is postulated in the doctrine of development, that by which the mind draws remote inferences without a conscious syllogistic process, is now carefully analyzed, and receives the name of the Illative Sense. And, finally, we are again struck by the absence of the direct logical method. A Grammar of Assent, one would say, ought to correspond to a treatise on logic. We ought to assent to true propositions, and therefore should begin by inquiring what is the test of truth. But the very name of the treatise seems designedly calculated to set aside such inquiries, and contemplates at least the possibility of a divorce between the faculty of believing and the faculty of perceiving the truth. The method, as we shall see, is calculated—whether designedly or not—to evade the purely logical question. Indeed, Dr. Newman lays it down as a principle that "in no class of concrete reasonings . . . . is there any ultimate test of truth and error in our reasonings besides the trustworthiness of the illative sense that gives them its sanction."[1] Our duty is to cultivate that faculty, and then trust implicitly to its decisions.

The meaning of this will appear as we proceed; but it is important to notice at once the precise nature of Dr. Newman's problem. He is investigating, one may say, the physiology of belief in the individual as he before considered the physiology of religious faith in a society. He looks upon belief from outside, as a phenomenon which is to be examined, and whose laws are to be discovered by observation. The problem is in truth this, What are the general conditions of belief? How do men, as a fact, reach the state of mind called "certitude"? If an exhaustive answer could be given, we should know the laws of belief. But it must be distinctly observed that "law" is here used in its scientific not in its narrower and more proper sense. The code investigated is not that imposed by logic, but that which is necessarily and always obeyed by the working of the human mind. We are seeking the laws of all belief, not the laws of right belief; and our theory would explain the growth of error just as much as the growth of sound knowledge. Every opinion, true or false, must necessarily obey the laws of thought, when the phrase is used in this sense; and it is a further and different question which of the opinions generated are true, or, in other words, correspond to the facts. Logic may be regarded from this point of view as a particular province of the wider science of belief in general, and it is with that wider science that Dr. Newman is primarily concerned. It will require a distinct step to reach the purely logical problem. Before that step is made, his conclusions may be useful in discriminating between real and sham beliefs, but do not touch the

(1) Grammar of Assent, p. 352.

distinction between true and false beliefs. He may help us to tell in what cases a man actually does believe, or, in his language, gives a full assent to a dogma; but he has so far nothing to do with the logical value of the assent.

The two questions, it is true, are closely connected, and may be even said ultimately to coincide. If, in fact, we should discover that certain beliefs are necessary—that is, that every rational being is forced to accept them under all circumstances—the theory of belief would give a basis for the narrower theory of logic. A strictly necessary belief would, indeed, be implied in erroneous as well as in sound reasoning, and could not supply a test for discriminating truth from error. But a belief may be of such a character that we admit it when once presented to us, though we have previously not thought about it; or, whilst admitting it, we may not have evolved its remoter consequences. The general theory of belief may be useful as revealing and defining such necessary beliefs. Their existence would be proved by one theory, and taken as a touchstone of all reasoning in the other. Such, of course, whether we call them necessary or not, are the beliefs expressed in Euclid's axioms or the doctrine of the uniformity of Nature. The logician must accept the belief as an ultimate fact, whilst he leaves the problem of its origin to the psychologist.

For the present it is enough to note the obvious difference between the two provinces of inquiry, and the danger of confounding them. If every condition which in fact determines belief were taken to be therefore a condition of logical belief, we should sanction every possible error. If, on the other hand, logical conditions were regarded as the sole causes which in fact determine belief, we should certainly have, as Dr. Newman conclusively shows, a most inadequate view of the way in which belief, and even sound belief, is in fact originated and propagated. Meanwhile, as Dr. Newman is primarily concerned with the wider theory of belief in general, he produces a Grammar of Assent instead of a logic; a theory of the methods by which men are convinced, not of the methods by which doctrines are proved; and an account of the assumptions upon which creeds in fact rest, rather than an account of the marks by which we may recognise the verified assumptions entitled to be regarded as established truths.

So long as Dr. Newman remains within the limits thus prescribed, his theory appears to be as unassailable as it is admirably expounded. The propriety of the phraseology may be disputed; but the name "illative sense" undoubtedly corresponds to a real faculty or combination of faculties, and his use of it enables him to give an accurate analysis of a most important set of mental phenomena. It is true, as he says, that "formal logical sequence is not, in fact, the

method by which we are enabled to become certain of what is concrete." The real method is "the cumulation of probabilities, independent of each other, arising out of the nature and circumstances of the particular case which is under review; probabilities too fine to avail separately, too subtle and circuitous to be convertible into syllogisms, too numerous and various for such conversion, even were they convertible. As a man's portrait differs from a sketch of him in having, not merely a continuous outline, but all its details filled in, and shades and colours laid on and harmonized together; such is the multiform and intricate process of ratiocination necessary for our reaching him as a concrete fact, compared with the rude operation of syllogistic treatment."[1] Nothing could be better said or more substantially true. Formal logic is rather a negative and a verifying than a positive and discovering process; and represents only a very small part of the actual operation by which we are guided, and necessarily guided, in all practical judgments. When I form an estimate of a man's character, of the wisdom of a policy, of the truth of a creed, my mind is, in fact, determined by countless considerations, of which only a small part can be distinctly tabulated and drawn out into articulate logical order. But, undeniable as this may be, the logical formulæ may yet have a paramount importance. They do not constitute the whole line of defence, but they may give the key of the position.

The point may require elucidation. Dr. Newman illustrates his position by a criticism of the authenticity of a passage in Shakspeare;[2] and shows with great felicity how short a cut we make to the decision of a question which involves almost countless considerations, when drawn out into full logical shape. I will venture to extend the illustration a little further. One of the relevant arguments in discussing the authenticity of a Shaksperian passage, is the character of the versification. A critic with a fine ear pronounces unhesitatingly that Wolsey's speech in *Henry VIII.* resembles Fletcher more than Shakspeare. A member of the new Shakspeare Society confirms this judgment by the application of a metrical test. He counts, for example, the proportion of stopped and unstopped lines, and decides that it corresponds to the proportion always found in Fletcher's known writings, and never in Shakspeare's. The counter of stops and syllables is able to put his argument into syllogistic shape; the critic can only say that he has judged by his ear.

Now it is plain that both observers have been determined in part by the same consideration. The critic may have been guided by innumerable likenesses, which are too delicate to be put into words, and of which he is not even distinctly conscious. But he has also

(1) Grammar of Assent, p. 281. (2) *Ibid.*, 264.

been guided, though unconsciously, by the characteristic which his humble colleague has measured. He has felt the peculiarity, though he has not discovered its cause. A critic is a good one in proportion as he is sensitive to the most refined and delicate differences; he is scientific in proportion as he can give an accurate and verifiable analysis of the nature of those differences; and, of course, the two powers are distinct and differently developed. One man may be quickest at recognising the fact of a likeness; and another ablest to assign the causes of such likeness as he recognises.

When we compare the higher critic and his humble rival, it is clear that the intensity of conviction may be the same to the observer himself. A man with an exquisite intellectual taste can recognise the flavour of Shakspeare as distinctly as the epicure recognises a special vintage, and may be as absolutely peremptory in his conclusions. Moreover, he can form a judgment upon matters where the humbler word-counter is hopelessly at a loss. His sphere of reasoning envelopes and transcends that of his rival. But his inference cannot be regarded as conclusively proved for anyone else. We all know that critics are often peremptory in proportion to their ignorance. The counter of syllables, on the other hand, has proved beyond all doubt the fact which he asserts. There is undeniably such a likeness as he maintains, and in such a definite degree. The statement can be tested by every human being who possesses the faculty of counting, and there is, therefore, no risk of a "personal error." It is convincing, as far as it goes, not only to himself, but to the whole world of rational beings; and may take its place as a definite objective truth.

The relation of the two is admirably illustrated by Sancho Panza. Two of his uncles sat in judgment on a cask of wine. One said that it had a smack of leather and the other that it smacked of iron. The bystanders laughed; but the uncles had the laugh on their side when the cask was drunk out, and an old key with a leather thong revealed at the bottom. The uncles were the fine critics who could recognise a truth as proved for them. It was not proved for the world till the unmistakable test came to light. They might, in fact, have been deceived by some personal error. But, as everybody can judge of iron and leather when they see and touch it, error became impossible. Then the private conviction passed into a universal objective truth. But unhesitating conviction previously would have been unreasonable, except so far as there were independent reasons for admitting the infallibility of Sancho's uncles.

In all cases, from the simplest and most definite to the most complex and vague inferences, the ultimate ground of all inductive argument is the same, namely, the perception of likeness or unlikeness. The difference is, that in some cases the characteristic is

capable of strict measurement, in which all minds agree, whilst in others it is recognisable only by the acuter observers, and therefore with varying distinctness. In some cases we can only reach qualitative, whilst in others we can attain to quantitative analysis. Accordingly the whole mass of human belief may be regarded as a chaotic nebula surrounding a solid nucleus of definitively established truth. The core of permanent knowledge consists partly in those beliefs which can be expressed with mathematical precision and exposed to definite tests, and partly in those vaguer and less tangible beliefs which may nevertheless be confirmed by such an overwhelming body of evidence from the concurrent testimony of innumerable observers that doubt is practically impossible. Outside this core we have multitudinous beliefs of all degrees of authority down to the vaguest conjecture. But there is no definite separation between the inner and the outer sphere. A process of integration is continually taking place. New beliefs are constantly crystallizing round the solid core and becoming definitely established; whilst others are dissipated or transformed by the progress of inquiry.

Meanwhile it is an obvious fact that conviction follows a different law from proof. In many cases it outruns proof. A man may be as firmly convinced of the truth of an uncertain or a false proposition as of a demonstrable mathematical formula. He may be right, if he has evidence open to no one else, whether by virtue of finer perceptions or of fuller knowledge. Or, on the other hand, conviction may fall short of proof. A man may disbelieve an established proposition, either because he is ignorant of its evidence, or incapable of estimating the evidence, or too indolent or prejudiced to estimate it fairly. The question, therefore, as to whether a doctrine is proved is distinct from the question as to whether it produces conviction on a given mind. One problem is a logical one, and the other belongs to the theory of belief in general.

If, indeed, we apply with Dr. Newman the purely empirical test, we may say that the ultimate criterion is the same. That is a true proposition in matters of fact (for we are not speaking of the so-called necessary or *à priori* truths) which men actually believe when it is presented to their minds. We cannot get beyond the test of experience. Our beliefs in the general doctrine of the uniformity of nature, which underlies all empirical reasoning, still more in all specific truths as to the world of realities, are ultimately based upon or express the fact that all men do in fact accept them when distinctly set before them. Therefore, it may be urged, whenever men differ as to such truths, we must either hold ourselves in suspense or be convinced without sufficient evidence. This, it may be added, is the case in regard to all religious opinions; and therefore we must choose between permanent scepticism or a dogmatic belief which dispenses

with tangible proof by the help of the "illative sense." Scepticism—an absolute suspense of judgment—is in such matters impossible, and we must therefore allow our beliefs to outrun our logic. This is specially true in such cases as are illustrated by the Shakspearian criticism, where the grounds of conviction are too complex and delicate to be expressible in syllogistic form. In this whole sphere of opinion, including as one class all our religious beliefs, we can only judge by the testimony of the illative sense. I perceive, by a process analogous to the use of the external senses, that this or that belief is on the whole congruous to my other established beliefs. Therefore it is true. I can go no further; for all inference really comes to this in the last resort; and the perception summed up in these words is too complex for analysis or verification. It may happen that whilst you perceive the belief to be congruous, I perceive it to be incongruous. Therefore, it seems, what is true for you is false for me; or there is no objective certainty, though there is subjective conviction. Dr. Newman partly accepts this conclusion. "A proof," he says, "except in abstract demonstration, has always in it, more or less, an element of the personal,"[1] because the degree of conviction depends to some degree upon that kind of knowledge which entitles a man to be called an expert, and which varies from one man to another.

Once more, if this be understood as part of the theory of belief, it is, I think, undoubtedly true. Conviction as to all matters of fact, nay, even as to mathematical propositions, does, I doubt not, vary most materially from man to man. Evidence of all kinds strikes people with very different force, according to their prepossessions, their power of reasoning, and so on; and the evidence accessible to different people, even in support of the commonest facts, may vary almost indefinitely. It is a truism, indeed, to say that, as things are, divergence of belief is inevitable; that an ordinary man cannot help being a Catholic at Rome and a Mussulman at Mecca; or that Dr. Newman as naturally became a Roman Catholic as Comte became a Positivist. And from this fact it is usual and proper to infer the duty of toleration; and the absurdity, not of conviction, but of dogmatism. I cannot help believing, but I have no right to make my belief, simply as my belief, a ground for demanding your belief. But, asserting all this as emphatically as possible, it is entirely irrelevant to the logical problem. Error is inevitable, but it is not therefore truth. When a man's mind is constituted in a certain way, and certain evidence is brought before him, it will inevitably produce a certain opinion. That is as true as that any action whatever is a function of the organism and the medium. But it has simply no bearing upon the other question, whether the man's mind is rational,

(1) Grammar of Assent, p. 310.

or whether he deals with the evidence in accordance with logical rules. Those rules simply express the conditions which secure a conformity between opinion and fact. They are not, as I have said, "laws of thought" in the scientific sense of law, for they are constantly broken. They simply state the conditions a neglect of which leads a man into error. And the fullest agreement that, as men are constituted, error is unavoidable, does not prevent us from inquiring which opinions have been reached by a logical and which by an illogical process. If, indeed, the difference between men's minds were such that no two people could hold the same opinion, the pursuit of a truth independent of personal variation, would be chimerical. But as the same conclusion may be reached by many different processes, we may hope to approximate by degrees to a general agreement, or in other words, to a coincidence between proof and conviction. Nor, again, does the difficulty of summing up and (so to speak) packing into a single formula the whole pith and essence of so complex an assent as that to the truth of a religion, diminish in the slightest degree the importance of applying logical tests other than that of the direct testimony of the "illative sense." That difficulty undoubtedly makes the pursuit of truth a slow and complex operation. It proves that the co-operation of many minds and of many generations must be necessary for the elimination of personal error—indeed, of more minds and more generations than have existed or perhaps ever will exist in the world. But though we cannot devise any direct crucial experiment upon which to stake our conclusions, we can lay down rules the observance of which will secure an approximation to truth. A religious system, for example, may involve historical statements which can be compared with established facts; unless we are prepared to deny that there are any established facts in history. It contains, again, innumerable philosophic or scientific statements and implications capable of being tested by the ordinary methods which obtain certainty elsewhere. As the core of fixed knowledge grows by slow accretion, we obtain a larger basis for our inquiries and a more distinct perception of its tendency to combine with or destroy the religious dogmas.

Such tests are, necessarily, of gradual application. The individual can only endeavour to conform his own reasoning methods to the general rules of sound inquiry. Though he cannot bring all the various threads of his explicit and implicit reasoning to a single point, he can do something to detect the presence of inconsistent elements, of unfounded assumptions, or of extra-logical arguments. He can, in particular, form some opinion as to his own impartiality. If he is impressed by some special characteristic, he can say whether this impression is due to some accidental bias; and if he is a lover of truth, he can in that case resist it. In other words, he can endeavour to base his conclusions upon reason instead of arbitrary prejudice.

This seems to be the plain meaning of a canon laid down by Locke. "There is one unerring mark," says that most candid of thinkers, "by which a man may know whether he is a lover of truth in earnest;" viz., "*the not entertaining any proposition with greater assurance than the proofs it is built on will warrant.*"[1] Dr. Newman attacks this canon at considerable length; and I therefore presume that he regards it as in some way incompatible with his own doctrine. To me, I confess, that it sounds almost like a truism—only necessary to be asserted because so scandalously neglected. It amounts simply to saying that we should form our opinions in accordance with logic; that is, in accordance with the rules which secure truth. It is not easy to see how this can be denied by any one who admits (as, of course, Dr. Newman most fully admits) that the sole end of reasoning is the attainment of truth.

The main argument which Dr. Newman opposes to Locke is the simple statement of fact. "We do," he says, "believe certain propositions which rest upon probability alone as peremptorily as if they rested upon demonstrative evidence." Such, for example, are the beliefs of the mortality of man and the insularity of Great Britain. In such cases, Dr. Newman holds that there exists what Locke calls a "surplusage" of belief over proof.[2] Various answers might be made. If it were in truth not proved or provable that men would die or that Great Britain was an island, I, for one, would decline to believe it. If, whilst denying the proof, I were yet forced to retain the belief, I should have to believe in intuitions of a character never yet admitted by philosophers, namely, intuitions as to particular matters of fact. But I should prefer to reply that the propositions in question are in fact proved. And I am not sure that Dr. Newman would differ from me in substance. He would only say that they are proved by the "illative sense" instead of the syllogistic process. The truth is that all such propositions imply a belief in the validity of inductive methods, and, therefore, in the invariable and at least general uniformity of nature. Without such an assumption, however founded, we could simply not reason at all. With it, the proof of a matter of fact may approximate indefinitely to demonstration. It never actually reaches it, as the asymptote never actually reaches the curve. But the approximation is so close that human faculties will not enable us to distinguish the difference. The proof, that is, that two and two make four, differs from the proof that men are mortal by so infinitesimal an amount as to be indistinguishable to the most sensitive mental vision. A slight correction may be necessary to Locke's statement to justify our neglect of these infinitesimal

(1) Quoted in Grammar of Assent, p. 155.
(2) Grammar of Assent, p. 293.

quantities; but its validity is not sensibly affected. The proof of human mortality rests on the immense variety of conditions under which the experiment of living has been tried, none of which sensibly affect the result. We are justified in the inference that no conditions, the occurrence of which can be anticipated, will affect any particular life. And, as we understand more clearly the nature of the process called life, we are able to affiliate this truth to other still more general laws of nature. So, again, the proof that England is an island rests, for most of us, upon the impossibility of the belief of its insularity being so widely spread, and assumed at every step by so many people in a position to verify the statement, if it were in fact erroneous. So far, Dr. Newman's difference from Locke seems to be almost verbal. Dr. Newman fully admits and admirably illustrates the force of an argument existing upon innumerable converging probabilities; but, he does not call it "proof" because it is not expressible in syllogisms, nor is a denial of its force reducible to a contradiction in terms. Locke, on the other hand, equally admits the force of the argument, but regards it as strictly logical. Mill and the purely empirical school would have called it the only logical method. In any case, the man who admits its force cannot allow that in accepting such arguments, he is allowing belief to be "more than the proofs will warrant."

The tendency, however, of Dr. Newman's argument comes out in another direction. Undoubtedly many people believe the truths in question upon insufficient evidence. Children believe in mortality because they have been told that they are mortal, and, on precisely the same grounds, they may believe in witches or in the flatness of the world. A foreigner may believe that England is an island because a notorious liar, who had a strong interest in the statement, has told him that it is an island. The proverbial old woman refused to believe in flying-fish, and did believe in mountains of sugar and lakes of rum. If she had been more credulous, she would have accepted the truth and the error with equal confidence. The fact that a man may hold a true opinion on insufficient evidence is no proof, though it is strongly urged as a proof, that he is right in receiving insufficient evidence. The often-quoted eastern prince who believed in ice on authority was accidentally right: but, if he had accepted all that was told him on the same authority, he would have fallen into errors as great as that of the old lady of the flying fish.

Yet facts of this kind are often alleged as if they proved that we *ought* to believe—as they certainly prove that we *do* believe—upon insufficient proof. The point is put in a nutshell by Dr. Newman himself. He says most truly that "life is not long enough for a religion of inferences; we shall never have done beginning if we determine to begin with proof. Life is for action. If we insist on

proof for everything, we shall never come to action; to act you must assume, and that assumption is faith."[1] That sums up his theory. Assumption is faith. Now, undoubtedly, the proposition states a truth, and a most important truth in the theory of belief. Assumptions are necessary, and for the reason given by Dr. Newman. The whole history of human belief is a history of the growth and decay of such assumptions. The creed of the savage is of necessity a series of postulates, some of which are verified whilst others disappear. Not only so, but we are all forced at every moment to make innumerable assumptions. We could not live or act without them. And further, such assumptions tend to become beliefs. We act on the hypothesis that a creed is true. We come to believe that it is certainly true. And further, the process may be perfectly legitimate. To assume the doctrine may be the best or only way of testing its truth. And in fact, that is the way in which doctrines have been established or destroyed.

But whilst this is perfectly true of belief, it is not true of right belief. On the contrary, the need of making unverified assumptions, and the tendency to cling to them after their falsity has been exposed, is precisely the reason why error is so common and so persistent. The logician is a man, and must therefore act, and act upon countless unverified assumptions. But he ought to be a lover of truth, and must therefore carefully guard his mind against a process which is, as Dr. Newman says, perfectly natural, but most undoubtedly illogical. The first lesson he has to learn is just this, that assumption, though not proof, has a pernicious tendency to pass for proof. In insisting upon this process, Dr. Newman fully explains the genealogy of faith, but the explanation is often the very contrary of a justification. It states the cause but not the reason of faith, and unluckily the cause is often most unreasonable. To assign the conditions of a belief is often to prove its error. If we show that belief in a criminal's fault is associated with dislike of his person, the verdict of a jury loses its force. If we find that a superstition exists, not only where it might be, but also where it could not possibly be verified, we show that it must be founded, not on observation, but on fancy. And thus an examination of the laws of belief will show us that many most real beliefs are entirely illogical, and consequently that it is a grievous error to take a test of the reality of a belief as a test of its truth.

The application of this to religious beliefs is obvious. Dr. Newman gives a pathetic passage from *North and South* in which the poor factory-girl ends by saying, "If this life is the end, and

(1) Grammar of Assent, p. 92. The passage is quoted by Dr. Newman from an earlier letter of his own. He apparently endorses the assertion; but in any case the illustration is equally good.

there is no God to wipe away all tears from all eyes, I could go mad." "Here," says Dr. Newman, "is an argument for the immortality of the soul. As to its force, be it great or small, will it make a figure in a logical discussion carried on *secundum artem?* Can any scientific common measure compel the intellects of a Dives and Lazarus to take the same measure of it? Is there any test of its validity better than the *ipse dixit* of private judgment—that is, the judgment of those who have a right to judge, and next the agreement of many private judgments in one and the same view of it?"[1] If we are asking what will be the actual effect of the argument upon people's minds, Dr. Newman's implied statements are undeniable. Dives and Lazarus, the wise and the simple, the cynic and the sentimentalist, will each be affected after his kind. And if there were no difference between rhetoric and logic, between the actual persuasive force and the true logical force of an argument, we should have to admit that we could get no further than a purely sceptical result. One man will think one thing, another will think another, and if a good many think the same, so much the better.

But all this is purely irrelevant in logic. It still remains undeniably clear that there is a difference between the weight which the argument actually bears and that which it ought to bear. The logical and the rhetorical influence are separable at any rate in theory. The divergence between people's opinions is due in part to the fact that the argument may strike their "illative sense" differently; and partly also to the fact that argument fails to strike some people in any way. Few men think, yet all will have opinions, as Berkeley says; and therefore some opinions have no authority. The agreement of private judgments is valuable only so far as those judgments are in some sense the product of reasoning. If any man's belief is caused by blind contagion, by submission to arbitrary authority, or by the mere pleasantness of the belief, his judgment is logically worthless.

Dr. Newman would of course agree to a statement which in fact merely comes to saying that logic represents a real science. There is some inference which ought to be drawn from any given statement, if only we could discover it. Dr. Newman, indeed, shows admirably why it is that obedience to logical rules cannot secure right conclusions. Logic may make our reason correct in form, but it cannot supply the matter. No art of syllogisms will adequately represent the whole reasoning process. Logic, therefore, can in such matters be no self-acting machine, like Professor Jevons's, into which we can insert our premisses and grind out correct conclusions. But it may still be an organizing principle; a practical rule which helps us to unravel confusion and repel inconsistent elements in our

(1) Grammar of Assent, p. 305.

mental operations, to exhibit their nature, and perceive their tendency. Even in the most complex cases, where the "illative sense" is hopelessly unable to give a distinct analysis of its operation, the attempt to be logical gives a value to the conclusions of the reasoner. Dives and Lazarus cannot find a measure which will of itself gauge the worth of their inferences, but if Dives attends to logical rules, and Lazarus neglects them, the opinion of Dives will be so far the most valuable. And, though in such cases superior logic may give a very trifling advantage, yet the converging opinion of a number of logicians may have an enormous advantage. Lazarus is as likely to be wrong as to be right; Dives has one more chance out of a hundred in his favour. The difference, according to a familiar principle, may be decisive in the long run; and, therefore, little as logic can do, it is our duty to be as logical as we can.

The argument in question supplies an excellent illustration of the truth. An opponent would ask Dr. Newman, What is the major of your factory-girl's enthymeme? She asserts that a belief is intensely painful. She infers that it is false. Does she then hold implicitly that all intensely painful beliefs are false? If so, why? If not, is she reasoning at all, or only refusing to reason? To be logical is to ask such questions, and thereby to clear the issues, though not to produce instantaneous agreement. It is only to introduce a principle which will secure a slow gravitation towards agreement; and the advantage is clear. Though Dives cannot see things just as Lazarus sees them, and therefore cannot appreciate his inducement to believe, he can judge as well, or, if an abler logician, he can judge better, of the truth of the general proposition, "Painful beliefs are false." Logic does not give the answer ready made, but it reveals the true nature of the process. To reject it because inadequate to produce instant agreement, is to throw away a compass because it is not a divining-rod.

In this case I venture to think that it would prove the so-called argument to be no argument at all. It is simply a forcible illustration of the importance of Locke's canon. It is a flagrant instance of allowing a conclusion to be formed by motives with which logic has no concern, and therefore believing more than the evidence will warrant. But whether this be so or not, another result is striking and obvious. It is undeniable that the pleasantness of a belief is an adequate explanation of the survival of the belief independently of argument. What Dr. Newman offers as a logical process is really an analysis of the conditions of conviction, which proves that one condition is illogical, and he therefore so far destroys the authority of the conviction. He has clearly shown why people entertain a belief in the absence of any reason for maintaining it.

The result of Dr. Newman's method is up to this point purely

sceptical. The laws of belief are responsible for every false opinion that ever was formed; and therefore if the bare fact of belief is a testimony to its validity, we have equal testimony to all opinions. Each man must follow his own "illative sense;" but no common measure of the value of different influences is attainable. Because logic cannot supply us with a decisive test, applicable at once, its use as an organizing and unifying principle is virtually denied. From this difficulty there is one mode of escape. We are invited to measure beliefs by their intensity and fertility. If, then, it is possible to assign a class of beliefs, the validity of which may be recognised by an internal mark, we can arrive at certainty. In such a case we should not only know, but know that we know; and the problem becomes an inquiry into the conditions of such beliefs, or, as Dr. Newman would call them, "certitudes." If there are such beliefs, they ought to have two marks. They must be permanent, when reached, because truth is independent of time and universal, because it is the same for all men. We cannot know that we know unless we know that our opinion will not change, and if we are certain of a truth, we are certain that it must be true for everybody. Dr. Newman inquires, therefore, whether certitude, the highest degree of belief attainable, is "indefectible." He comes to the conclusion that certitude is generally indefectible, though he candidly admits that there are exceptions to the principle, and can only extenuate their number and importance by hypothetical interpretations. People seldom change their minds—as is pretty obvious—after reaching a high degree of conviction; but they do at times change. And moreover the test is practically useless, for we cannot know beforehand which are the indelible beliefs. The other test is still more palpably hopeless. There is a conflict of certitudes. Mahommedans, and Catholics, and Positivists are all equally peremptory in asserting the most opposite beliefs. Where, then, are we to turn for certainty?

This is, of course, a new shape of a very old difficulty. Dr. Newman has discussed it elsewhere, and given a solution subtantially identical with that more elaborately set forth in the Grammar of Assent. Since the first inference from history is obviously sceptical, inasmuch as every opinion has been held as an historical fact, we can only produce an appearance of consent by disqualifying certain classes. Dr. Newman accordingly sets aside a large number of thinkers whose opinions are described in a rhetorical and, therefore, unintentionally unfair passage.[1] They are the "opinions," he says, which "characterize a civilised age." He cannot argue with men who will not admit his first principles, and it is needless to argue with them, because the system of opinions in

(1) Grammar of Assent, p. 411.

question "contradicts the primary teachings of nature in the human race wherever a religion is found and its workings can be ascertained." The "system of opinion," which thus disqualifies a reasoner, is that which is variously called utilitarian, materialistic, atheistical, and so forth; and the primary teaching of human nature which contradicts it is the teaching of the conscience. Dr. Newman, as we must remember, distinguishes the conscience from the moral sense, the conscience being the sense of sin as an affront to the Almighty—the "trembling of a guilty thing surprised" in presence of its Maker. It is in conscience thus defined that he, like his master, Butler, finds the voice of God, and upon its intimations rests substantially the whole fabric of his theology.

This exclusion of the witnesses on one side is generally justified by the analogy of the blind and the seeing. It would be useless, it is said, to argue with a blind man about colours, or with a dull conscience about sin. The analogy breaks down in one important point. No seeing man ever had a difficulty in convincing a blind man of his blindness. The blind man cannot know what sight is, but he cannot help knowing that others possess some faculty of which he is deprived. No such process is applicable to the infidel. He is bold enough to maintain that he too has a conscience—that is, that he is as sensitive as the believer to the emotions described by that name. He only denies the interpretation put upon it by the theologian. He cannot be confuted, like the blind man, by any summary appeal to facts; for the facts to which the theologian appeals are beyond all verification by experience. Thus we see at once that from the outset all hopes of an objective test of religious truth must be abandoned. You can prove to a blind man that you see things at a distance. You cannot prove to the infidel that you see a transcendental world.

In the next place, conscience is, according to Dr. Newman, the root of all superstition. Every real religious belief is an interpretation of its voice. Therefore an argument from conscience would be equally applicable in defence of all religions, both of the true and of the false superstitions; for superstition only differs from religion by the falsity of the alleged facts. Hence Dr. Newman has to defend religion as against superstition by an appeal to specific evidence. There must, he admits, be a conclusive argument to justify our belief: but the argument can only be valid or intelligible to those who, in the first place, have a conscience—who, in the second place, accept his interpretation of its teaching—and who, in the third place, are impressed by the special facts which he is able to adduce in favour of the one true Church. Thus, in the last resort, he relies upon private judgment—upon his own private belief, that is, that he can convince people in a certain state of mind on being

presented with a certain set of evidence. He cannot say that, as a matter of fact, all qualified people are convinced, in which case there would be a show of some objective test; for many unbelievers assert that they possess a conscience, and even found their unbelief partly upon the testimony of their conscience. Many, too, who accept his theory of the conscience, remain unconvinced by the facts in favour of his special conclusions. The only ground for denying their qualification would be the fact of their unbelief; and Dr. Newman is too good a logician to indulge in the circular argument that a religion is true because the qualified are convinced, and that they are qualified because convinced.

We have therefore an apology for Christianity which runs in the main upon the old lines. One part of it is enough for my purpose. So reverent a disciple of Butler naturally lays a stress upon the analogy between natural and revealed religion. "The belief in revealed truths depends on belief in natural."[1] Amongst the most remarkable of natural beliefs is the belief in the efficacy of sacrifice. Men are not only sensible of sin, so long as their conscience is allowed to speak, but believe that guilt may be purged by offerings and by vicarious suffering. This belief, universal in all superstitions, is taken up, purified, and then sanctioned by the supernatural authority of Revelation. Civilisation unfortunately destroys the belief, because it tends to encourage materialism and to deaden the conscience. And thus we come back to the difficulty already noticed in the theory of development. "Civilisation" pronounces against Dr. Newman: why is civilisation wrong? The answer involves some remarkable assumptions.

Civilisation is wrong because it contradicts the primary teaching of nature. The proof is, that savages recognise the efficacy of sacrifice, whilst civilised men lose it. We all agree that savages believe that they have offended an unseen power, and that they can pacify him by presents. Civilised men do not. The inference is that savages have and civilised men have not "a conscience," that is, a sense of remorse for evil-doing. But the opposite inference is more natural, namely, that a belief in the efficacy of sacrifice does not imply a conscience. A sacrifice doubtless implies a belief that an unseen being can be pacified, but it does not in the least tend to imply that his anger is caused by sin. The argument proves too much. We find sacrifice amongst races who appear to be not only deficient in a conscience, but totally devoid of a moral sense. The King of Dahomey makes a blood-bath—not surely as an expiation for drinking too much rum, but to bribe an unseen power to help him to kill enemies and get more blood. When a god becomes moral, and therefore hates sin, the old mode of pacifying an

(1) Grammar of Assent, p. 408.

immoral deity is applied to pacify the guardian of morality. But the more people reason the less they believe in sacrifice. The most enlightened amongst the Jews denounced the belief as superstitious in words familiar to us all, not because their consciences were less sensitive, but because the remedy appeared unworthy. The Christian religion spiritualised the doctrine—that is, rendered it less coarse and material. Protestants and Rationalists have abandoned it more decisively, and (if they are to be believed) for precisely the opposite reason for that assigned by Dr. Newman. The higher the conception of a deity, the less possible the belief that he could be pacified by the blood of bulls and goats, or, even, by the blood of an innocent and divine sufferer. What are we to think of a theory which makes Spinoza a type of the man without, and the King of Dahomey a type of the man with a conscience? Only this, I imagine, that we arrive at a mere caricature of true historical method, so long as we persist in looking at history through the old arbitrary prejudices.

And now it may be observed that, if we confine ourselves to a statement of facts, Dr. Newman is entirely at one with the ordinary infidel. Both say that sacrifice is a survival of superstitions found in their grossest form amongst barbarous races: both say that the power of the Church is chiefly founded upon its mode of pacifying the sense of remorse by an elaborate system of absolution: both say that as the intellect is enlightened, as men become more refined, more gentle, more rational, more free from the old brutal instincts, the belief tends to disappear. Dr. Newman infers, that these phenomena imply the deadening of conscience; the infidel, that they imply the gradual development of a loftier conception of the universe. And if Dr. Newman is asked why he accepts his own solution, he can only reply that, as a matter of fact, it convinces his "illative sense," and that he believes that it would convince the illative sense of other people, provided that they have a conscience, that they interpret it in the way that he does, and that the arguments are fairly set before them. To which one can only say that undoubtedly if any man is precisely in Dr. Newman's state of mind, and has precisely the same arguments put before him, he will come to precisely the same conclusion. But any attempt at a common measure of truth as an "objective test" is explicitly pronounced impossible; and thus we are once more landed in complete scepticism. A or B may be convinced, but nothing can be proved. In short, here for the last time Dr. Newman has substituted an explanation of the vitality of a creed for a justification of its claims. His writings show most admirably what are in fact the methods by which Catholicism has thriven and survives; but so far from showing those methods to be reasonable, he really shows conclusively that they involve the operation of distinctly illogical inducements to belief.

Such is the natural result of confounding a theory of belief with an *organon* of proof. If the ultimate test of truth is the power of creed to convince men's minds by whatever process, we are inevitably led to the conclusion that all existing beliefs are equally justified. Some are more vigorous than others; but in a logical sense, if objective tests are set aside, they are all on a footing of equality.

And now we may briefly define the general outcome of Dr. Newman's teaching. It is, in two words, a genuine theory of development in the scientific sense, omitting the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. The evolutionist holds that, in the struggle for existence, the truest opinion tends to survive; and thus that whilst no generation is in possession of the whole truth, the history of belief is that of a slow gravitation towards truth. Some doctrines which have survived all changes, and strengthened under all conditions, may be regarded as definitely established, or at least as indefinitely close approximations to truth. Others are disappearing, or requiring transformation. By studying the history of opinion from this point of view, we may obtain, not a self-subsisting and independent system of philosophy, but an indispensable guide towards further approximations. We can use history without being under the tyranny of the past. We can value the postulates upon which men have acted without investing them with supernatural authority. Dr. Newman, ignoring this test, and retaining enough of the old arbitrary assumptions to reject all progress as a baseless dream, sees nothing but a huge welter of struggling creeds, differing only in degrees of vitality or permanence. Having no trust in independent reason, he has virtually to take that creed which happens to be most congenial to his feelings, and justifies himself by the incongruous intervention of a supernatural authority. He can thus comfortably appeal to history so long as it testifies to the life of a creed, and contemptuously reject its testimony when it exhibits the creed as ossifying or decaying. As soon as his tests give unpleasant results, he can discard them as irrelevant. Though the adoption of such a method does not justify Kingsley's absurd imputation that Dr. Newman preached that truth was not a virtue, it certainly sanctions a method of playing fast and loose with facts which makes the apparent appeal to history a mere illusion. The whole pith of the Grammar of Assent, so far as it is original, is in the assertion that belief is a personal product in such a sense that no common measure between different minds is attainable. Therefore agreement can only be produced by supernatural intervention; or, in other words, rational agreement is impossible.

If, then, it is asked how we are to escape from such scepticism as Dr. Newman's, whilst appealing, as we admit that we must appeal, to experience as the ultimate test of truth, the answer is plain. We

must take Dr. Newman's own criterion, not narrowed by his prejudices, nor perverted by his introduction of arbitrary assumptions. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum;* but *orbis terrarum* must not mean that part of the earth's surface which is overlooked by the spire of St. Mary's, or even that wider region whose inhabitants look with reverence to the dome of St. Peter's. The *depositum* of faith which we must accept is not that which is guarded by any single Church, however august in its history and imposing in its pretensions. It is that body of scientific truth which is the slow growth of human experience through countless ages, and which developes by the labour of truth-loving men, and under the remorseless pressure of hard facts. We cannot accept as proved the rash solutions of the eternal riddle which have commended themselves to savages or to philosophers, or to any arbitrary selection of men who happen to agree with us, or to any organization which has enabled men to find a common mouthpiece for the utterance of their emotions. Dreams, however gorgeous, however richly they embody the thoughts of old poets and sages, and generations of the noblest men of earth, cannot pass muster. We can take nothing as proved but that which has stood the hard test of verification by multitudinous experience. The authority, we must admit, of any individual is infinitesimal; his chances of error innumerable. No man can say, This is true because I think it; no man can hold that he has grasped the full and ultimate truth upon any subject. But, if the race is to progress, men must not be content to bow to the first authority at hand, even if it shows signs of strong and prolonged vitality. We must venture something to win anything. Our principle must be to place ourselves in that direction which is shown to have the greatest promise by the general set of opinions of qualified thinkers. Those opinions have the most authority which are most rational; and the safest test of rationality is that they have commended themselves to independent inquirers who themselves acknowledged no law but reason, and have not been propagated by ignorance, blind submission to arbitrary rules, and reluctance to believe unpleasant truths. There is no infallible guide and no complete and definitive system of universal truth; but by such means we can secure enough truth to secure the welfare and progress of the race, and a continual approximation towards a fuller and more definite body of definitive truth. If we deny that there is any such progress, we may pick up a creed at random. If we admit it, we can, by careful observation and the use of all available logical canons and accumulated knowledge, throw some light upon the great problem, What is the conception of the universe to which the previous history of inquiry shows that men's minds are gradually conforming themselves as they become more rational?

LESLIE STEPHEN.

POLITICAL DISSENT.

WHEN Mr. Disraeli, with an exultation which he did not attempt to conceal, insisted that his Reform Bill had materially weakened, if it had not wholly destroyed, the power of Nonconformists in the constituencies, he bore the highest testimony to the great value of the Nonconformist element in the Liberal party. His boast indeed has been proved to be premature, if not altogether unfounded. Strange to say, the first Parliament elected under his carefully devised plan for the extinction of Nonconformist influence, commenced its work by passing a measure which was based on the fundamental principle of Nonconformity, and which, as its ultimate result, must lead to the abolition of all State Churches. Stranger still, of all sections of the party, Nonconformists suffered least in the collapse of 1874, and they have since been able to exercise a restraining influence on the proceedings of the most reactionary Parliament, which attests either the extent of their power or the incontestable justice of their demands. The most remarkable proof of this was furnished by the vote of the House of Lords in favour of a concession to Dissenters, which excites the intense indignation of the great body of the clergy, and in which not only the orators of the Church Defence Association but even the Government of the day see the germ of Disestablishment. But if this remarkable vote is the most significant indication of the influence which Dissenters are able to exert on our legislation, it is far from being the only one. There are no questions which have so thoroughly united the Liberal party, and none which so effectually divide their opponents, as those relative to Nonconformist demands, and, unwilling as the leaders have been to recognise the fact, the probabilities increase every day that the next great battle of the times will be on the subject of religious equality.

It does not seem, therefore, that Dissenters have been so completely dished as Mr. Disraeli intended, and yet there is some truth in his assertion. Nonconformity, as a political force, has been strengthened by the very means employed to suppress it, but the "Dissenting interest," as it used to be called, has unquestionably been reduced in importance. The "decorous timidity of prosperous Dissent" never counted for so little, but the living force of true Nonconformist principle never told for so much. The reason is not difficult to discover, though for once the insight of the Tory statesman so far failed him, that he did not foresee and make allowance for the influence which has traversed and thwarted his plans. Among the

residuum, indeed, on whom the hope of Toryism rests, or among the thoughtless multitudes who are caught by the toys and gewgaws of political party, and if they can take part in a grand demonstration, with bands and banners, and the other paraphernalia of such a show, care little on whose behalf it is organized, Dissenters cannot expect to find much sympathy. The cry for "panem et circenses" they will not attempt to satisfy, and so far as those who have to be propitiated by concession to it are dominant, they must be prepared for humiliation and disappointment. But it is very different with the better section of the working classes—that which must rule as soon as its sympathies are touched and its enthusiasm awakened—that, for example, which at the late School Board Election for London defeated all the clever schemes of the *parti prêtre*, whose members vainly thought that the hypocritical cry of economy would be irresistible, and hoped that the people of London would sell their right in their own schools for a mere mess of pottage. This section, in truth, can never be overborne by the less intelligent part of the constituency, except through its own supineness and indifference. It would be equally vain for Dissenters to look for aid even to this higher class in any sectarian conflict. If they really had any unworthy ends of ecclesiastical aggrandizement, or even of exclusive privilege to secure, the last Reform Bill would undoubtedly have inflicted on them serious and possibly irreparable injury. If, for instance, they were seeking admission to the national graveyards for accredited ministers of their own churches, instead of insisting on the rights of every Englishman, whether believer or unbeliever, to be interred in such manner as he or his friends may prefer, they could not look for popular support. The masses care nothing for the wrangles between the Churches as to their special privileges, but they can understand great questions of public right, and so far as Nonconformists, with something of the old Puritan temper in them, are found contending for justice on broad grounds of principle which the new electors are able to appreciate and share, so far may they calculate upon their sympathy. There are political affinities altogether independent of religious opinions, and by means of these Nonconformity will recover more than it has lost by the diminution of its numerical power in the constituencies.

But this premature rejoicing over an old foe supposed to be hopelessly paralyzed, if not dead, is itself a tribute to this power. If Nonconformity had been less fully identified with Liberalism, there would not have been so eager a desire to destroy its influence. But the Nonconformists are the one section of their opponents whom even the most intriguing Conservatives make no attempt to conciliate. They may try, naturally enough, to meet the views of Whigs, they may even hope to abate the hostility of the pure democracy,

but they understand clearly that Nonconformist influence, whatever it be worth, will always be, as in truth it always has been, on the side of a broad and progressive policy, and that their only chance is to stifle and extinguish it. It is not contended that all who do not belong to the Established Church are Liberals, or that there is a necessary connection between certain theological or ecclesiastical opinions and a particular political creed. The relations between the two are very complicated, and might well afford subject for curious and interesting inquiry, which it is impossible to enter upon here, and which in truth would be hardly relevant to our present purpose. For the contention is not that all Dissenters are or ought to be Liberals, but simply that the Nonconformist spirit, the spirit which prompts a man to repudiate any control of the State over his conscience, which leads him to think for himself and take an independent position, regardless of the authority of the past or the fashion of the present, which teaches him to value liberty and to have infinite faith in it as the best palladium of truth, is of the very essence of Liberalism. And when this is associated with profound religious convictions, such as those which governed the old Puritans, it is sure to be a mighty power on behalf both of freedom and righteousness.

That the representatives of this principle have contributed largely to the growth of English liberty is a point which we should have said was beyond all question, had not the literary apostle of Erastianism attempted to throw doubt upon it. Our verdict on the point indeed must depend mainly upon the definition of the terms. If Liberalism means the benevolent patronage of the many by the cultured few who fancy that they understand their real wants much better than they do themselves, and may be trusted to pursue the most wise and enlightened policy, then Nonconformity has never regarded it with any favour. There have no doubt been occasions on which their forces have been conjoined, but even then, though they have fought side by side, there has been no real agreement of principle. The attitude which the representatives of these two schools take to the Established Church is only indicative of the radical difference of their views on all great questions of policy. Practical or rational Liberals would reform the National Church so as to make it as broad, as comprehensive, as inoffensive as possible; but having done that, they would give no heed to the objections of those who contend that a State is guilty of injustice when it subjects any of its members to disabilities of any kind solely because of their religious opinions. They would do their utmost to minimize the wrong done, alike as regards the number of the victims and the extent of the injury inflicted. But there their consideration for Nonconformists would cease. They would redress practical grievances, but of sentimental ones, as they

are pleased to regard them, they would take no account, and in truth, they are hardly disposed to show ordinary toleration to those by whom they are urged. Nonconformists, on the other side, take the ground of pure justice, and insist that the mere reduction of a wrong cannot alter its original character, nor can mere considerations of expediency be allowed to set aside the first principles of right. They have not been wont to show themselves impatient or impracticable. They have not refused to go one mile with those who would not go with them twain, and were even resolved on employing all their strength to prevent their further advance. But, as they have always frankly avowed, they have another goal in view, and consequently, when the first stage, which they regarded only as preliminary, but which their Liberal friends had fixed as the limit of their journey, is traversed, the essential difference between them appears, and the old companions become the keenest of antagonists. Nor is it only on ecclesiastical subjects that this diversity is manifest. We have a school among us who are very anxious to retain the name of Liberal, but whose Liberalism has in it little robustness of principle, depth of conviction, or intensity of feeling, and amounts to little more than a belief that the same enlightened maxims of common sense which apply to private business ought to shape the policy of a nation. In short, it is a policy and nothing more, and may receive the adhesion of Conservatives quite as much as Liberals. It is quite as fully represented in the present Cabinet as in the last. It has no better exponent in the country than our present Foreign Secretary, and commands so much support on the Conservative side of the House that if it be accepted as the orthodox type of Liberalism, there seems to be no reason why our political parties should not proclaim a truce and end conflicts which would cease to have any real value or significance.

That the teachers of this school should ask us to reverse our judgments of the Puritans and their influence on English history is not surprising, though even they might do this much-abused party the justice of acknowledging that there has not been a single measure of practical reform of which Nonconformists have not been the consistent supporters. An attempt has recently been made to show that in the grand conflict of 1688 they allowed their sectarian resentments to overcome their patriotism, and were willing to sacrifice constitutional right in the hope of securing their own liberties. The Church Quarterly Review goes so far as to claim the entire credit of the successful resistance to the mischievous policy of James for the Establishment, and to impeach the Dissenters of that day of a cowardly, not to say criminal, subserviency to the Romanizing designs of the Court. If it were so, it were a grievous fault, and yet one for which some apology may be made. For if such lamentable inconsistency could ever find excuse, the condition of the Nonconformists at the period must be accepted as a plea in mitigation

of judgment. Possibly it is the difficulty of believing that the love of constitutional liberty could be so strong in any body of men, as to overbear the more selfish feelings which might have been expected to inspire their action, that makes their Church critic so confident in his assertions. The Church had certainly deserved that Nonconformists should have left it to fight its own battles without any help from them. Unscrupulously its rulers had acted on the maxim of *væ victis*. Nonconformists had found no mercy during those dark years of relentless oppression which followed the Act of Uniformity, and up to the very eve of the Declaration of Indulgence the cruel and vexatious persecution to which they had been subjected was continued in all its malignity. They were not only denied the exercise of their religion, but were robbed even of their peace and security. Their noblest men were either in "prison or in exile," and, as Macaulay tells us, their ministers, "however blameless in life, however eminent for learning or ability, could not venture to walk the streets for fear of outrages, which were not only not repressed, but encouraged by those whose duty it was to preserve the peace." If a party which had been so cruelly vexed and harassed had listened to the voice of a natural resentment, and refused all aid to a Church which had so abused its power, when in the time of its sore tribulation it would have had them forget the pillories and the fines, the mockings and the scourgings, the bonds and imprisonments by which it had sought to crush them out, it would surely not have been wonderful.

Happily they acted as patriots rather than vindictive sectaries, or it is doubtful whether the Revolution of 1688 would have been possible. There is no reason for doubting Macaulay's impartiality, and his testimony may be accepted as conclusively disposing of a calumny which would not have deserved this notice but for the light which the whole story sheds on the relations of Nonconformists to English politics.

If an Anglican of the twentieth century should write a history of our controversies, he would probably give just such a version of them as that which the Church Quarterly Reviewer has given of the conduct of Dissenters in 1687. There was then, as in our case, a section of Dissenters who differed from their brethren, and who, though they were a minority, were very desirous to have themselves regarded as the true representatives of all that was wise and weighty in Nonconformist opinion, and the Court party was ready enough to endorse their pretensions. Even as our Primate to-day holds that all "sensible Dissenters" are willing to listen to overtures of conciliation from the Establishment, and are as much opposed to the designs of the agitators who seek its overthrow as the prelates themselves, so there were courtiers, in the great struggle of James's reign, who would in like manner estimate the value and strength of Dis-

sent by the same easy test, and insist that those who were in agreement with themselves were the representative Nonconformists. The roots of the distinctions now existing among Dissenters may be found in the struggles of that day. The mere question about the comparative numbers of the supporters and opponents of James is a very secondary point, though it is perfectly certain that the latter were in an overwhelming majority. What is important to note is that the leaders of that majority were those who were most fully possessed with the old Puritan spirit, and were the representatives in their day of that force which Nonconformity has exerted in our later conflicts. They were the political Dissenters of their time, while the ancestors of the "religious Dissenters" may be found in the moderate men who were prepared to close with the offers of the Court, and made light of the abstract principles and constitutional maxims for which more sturdy politicians contended. It would be absurd to say that these politicians were less religious, because they obeyed the nobler inspirations which gave the Puritan character all its grandeur and strength. They loved their country and they loved liberty, and they refused to sacrifice both for a mere sectarian advantage. It was a discredit to the Anglican Church that such a choice should ever have been forced upon them, but it was to their lasting honour, as well as to the lasting good of the nation, that the political Dissenters of that day, instead of being carried away by that love of moderation and peace which to some then, as to some now, seemed to be the essence of religion, proved true to the instincts of wisdom and patriotism, and chose the better part.

It would be alike impossible and unnecessary to attempt here a recapitulation of the services which Nonconformists of this sterner type have rendered to the cause of freedom and progress since the Revolution. The *Times* astonished the world about a year ago by a terrible indictment of the Church, or of the "worldly clerical oligarchy" which has usurped its name, an indictment which itself furnishes an ample answer to the cuckoo-cry that, whatever be the abstract objections to its principle, the State Church has worked well, and which, if it be sustained, fully justifies the demand for its abolition. Enumerating the long list of reforms, social and political, which have been accomplished during the period, the *Times* charged the Church with having been the uncompromising opponent of each and all, and added, "It is hard to say what it has not been against in the way of improvement and reform." The very opposite is what the candid historian will say in relation to Nonconformity. It is hard to point to the reforms or improvement in support of which it has not employed the whole of its power. It can scarcely be charged with selfishness, for it has struggled as gallantly for justice to those with whose principles and aims it had no sympathy, and from whom it could expect no gratitude, as it has for its own rights and liberties, and

has willingly consented to postpone the redress of its own grievances when some great national reform was to be secured. It is scarcely proper in one who has inherited its traditions to indulge in eulogy upon it, and happily it is not necessary, for its praises have been recently spoken by the eloquent lips of a more impartial judge. Speaking of one of the latest manifestations of true Liberalism, Mr. Gladstone said: "I am a decided and convinced member of the Church of England. I have been there all my life, and there I trust I shall die. But that will not prevent me from bearing an emphatic testimony to this, that the cause of justice, of truth, of right for the many millions of God's creatures in the East of Europe has found its best, its most consistent, and its almost unanimous supporters in the Nonconformist churches of the land." The same might be said with equal truth in relation to every successive struggle for liberty. Nonconformists have generally had to play the part which the Russian leaders are said to assign to their Roumanian allies, but they have never complained that they have had to accept more than their full share of the perils of conflict with the certainty that to others would fall the spoils of victory. They can claim no special merit on this account, for they have only obeyed the dictates of conscience and fought the battles of principle. But they have certainly established a right to consideration when, having served throughout the whole of the long war against privilege in which Liberalism has been engaged, they ask now that the united strength of the party should be directed against those ecclesiastical privileges which press so severely upon themselves.

It seems to be a consolation to some Churchmen to believe that this demand is pressed only by a certain section of Nonconformists, who are supposed to make up for their lack of real influence by overweening confidence and noisy self-assertion, and to compensate for the defects of their piety by the fierceness of their political passion. They endeavour to persuade themselves that there are a large number of Dissenters who are enamoured of the Establishment and desirous to maintain its ascendancy, and, of course, that this party includes all the piety and the wisdom which by some strange accident may still be found in communities which they regard as schismatical. It is a sign of the unhappy effect which the sacerdotal idea of religion continues even now to exert, and sometimes even over those whose principles ought to have preserved them from its corrupting tendencies, that they have, to some extent, succeeded in persuading the world that it is a reproach to a Christian to be known as an active politician. Happily, however, their well-worn sneer at the "political Dissenter" is gradually losing its power. Candid Churchmen are becoming ashamed to employ it, and certainly the number of Dissenters who are scared by it is every year less and less. There will

always be some who, either from an ascetic view of Christian life or from a constitutional aversion to agitation of every kind, or possibly, though of course only in exceptional cases, from that craving after social respectability which in the nature of things is destructive of political robustness and vigour, will decline to take part in aggressive action against the Establishment. But the time is gone by when this failure to apply religious principle in one of the most important spheres of human action, would be accepted as a sign of special grace by any except Church dignitaries who are so satisfied with their position, that they regard any attempt to interfere with it as an evidence of abnormal depravity, or except the few Nonconformists who hope to commend themselves to the favour of these privileged divines by protesting that they are not as other schismatical sinners, and especially as the political Dissenters. It has been found impossible to cow or silence political Dissenters, and it is now beginning to be perceived that there may be the deepest religious conviction at the root of their public action, and that it is a piece of shameful injustice to assume that they are less earnest as Christians because they are more energetic as politicians.

Still the question remains, whether their aggressive policy is supported by the great force of Nonconformist opinion in the country? To those who would answer this question in the negative, it must be rather discouraging to remember that political Dissent has at least been able to secure all the triumphs already won on behalf of religious liberty, and won in defiance of the neutrality or secret opposition of these "religious Dissenters." Its force may be great or small, but it is practically the only power which Nonconformity contributes to the Liberal party, and of which its leaders will ever take account.

There has been a misleading ambiguity in the use of the term "Nonconformists." When it is sought to create the impression of disunion in the Dissenting ranks, then all non-established communities are included under the designation; but when the desire is to reduce the estimate of their strength, then it is confined to those who are theoretical as well as practical Nonconformists. Just as the Marquis of Hartington, in his late speech at Edinburgh, referred to the "Free and Dissenting Churches," so in this country a distinction is made between Wesleyans and Dissenters. It is not only that the most recent seceders may be assumed to retain most of the aroma of the Establishment, and to object therefore to being confounded with other Dissenters, but there is in both cases a real difference in the attitude taken towards the Establishment. In a sense the Free Church in Scotland and the Wesleyan Methodists in England must be regarded as holding a position of neutrality, though as a matter of fact both have inflicted most serious damage upon the National Church of their respective countries. No one can have a just right to reproach them for taking this course, how-

ever he may wish that they felt the necessity of a more decided policy. But it is necessary carefully to guard against the confusion that is pretty sure to arise out of their somewhat anomalous position by insisting that their neutrality, even if it were to continue, would not imply any defection from the ranks of aggressive Nonconformity, to which, in fact, they never belonged. Even when they have lent help to Dissent in any of its struggles, they have acted as independent allies, and have been careful not to identify themselves with its ultimate aims.

To them properly belongs the appellation of religious Dissenters, and it may be employed without any offence, if it be clearly understood that it has no Pharisaic assumption of superior sanctity, but simply means that while they dissent from the Anglican Church on doctrinal or other religious grounds, they have no objection to the political institution called the Establishment, and indeed believe that it is the duty of a people to give expression to their faith in God, and to make proper provision for the religious instruction of all classes by the maintenance of a National Church. Their position is quite intelligible. Whether it is capable of logical defence depends chiefly upon the depth of their objections to the teaching and influence of the Establishment. To separate from a National Church must surely be a very wrong step for one who believes that the maintenance of that Church is an act of proper national homage to God, and it seems difficult to see how it can be justified, except on grounds which would compel an attempt to overthrow the institution. There is apparently a grave inconsistency in supporting a National Church by argument and vote, and at the same time doing the utmost to weaken its influence, and to deprive it of its claim to nationality, by the establishment of separate societies outside. It is right enough if the objections to the doctrines of the State Church are so serious as to enforce the necessity of such action; but it is hard to see, if this be so, why there should be a patient acquiescence in the support of this erroneous teaching by the nation. It is obvious, too, that this modified approval of an Establishment is liable to be disturbed by any fuller development of the error to which exception was originally taken, and this is what is actually happening at the present time.

So far from the ranks of political Dissent being weakened, they are being continually reinforced by the accession of those who, having hitherto been Nonconformists of the type just described, have been forced by the rapid growth of sacerdotalism, and the irritation caused by the arrogant spirit it has engendered, into a position of decided hostility to the Establishment itself. How could it be otherwise? Can any one believe that the action of the Bishop of Lincoln, who cherishes so much regard for the religious Dissenters, and has given himself to the task of reconciling them to his Church, has considerably multiplied the numbers of the foes of his Church?

That he is well-meaning, kind-hearted, mildly benevolent, serves to aggravate rather than to diminish the offence which he gives by his remarkable utterances. It is naturally argued, if such be the developments of priestly insolence in one of so gentle a temperament, to what might it not grow in the case of a man of a different order? It is easy to smile at the amiable prelate now rebuking the Primate for his disloyalty to the Church, and now lecturing his Wesleyan subjects on the sin of schism; at one time gravely warning the Society of Friends of the lesson conveyed to them in the parable of the Wedding Garment, and assuring them that the interrogation, "Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment?" has "a solemn and awful reference" to them and others who slight the sacramental symbols ordained by Christ himself; while at another he threatens the judgments of God upon the whole nation if Parliament should give effect to Lord Harrowby's resolutions. But another bishop may have the arrogance without the amiability, and the pressure of his rule may be more severe. Even under Dr. Wordsworth such bigotry—as insensate and stupid as it is narrow and malignant—of the Vicar of Owston Ferry has been countenanced, and the "religious Dissenter" has been taught that his minister will not be allowed to wear the title of "Reverend," lest perchance it should be thought that he was a Christian teacher, even as the priest to whom the bishop has communicated the mystic grace bestowed in ordination. But if they do these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry? Dr. Wordsworth is deemed a moderate man by the more advanced members of a school which is able not only to hold its own, but succeeded at Croydon in cowing a Congress with a Primate at its head into an ignominious and disloyal silence, which gave to its proceedings an air of insincerity and hollowness that has shocked many of the most thoughtful minds of the nation. Religious Dissenters note all this, and it is telling on them to an extent which the optimist defenders of the Establishment little suspect. Numbers of them are openly joining the ranks of its assailants, while others are nurturing a secret irritation which bodes equally serious evil to the State Church. Resentment begotten by many an insult, all the more keenly felt because it proceeds by those who have been so profuse in unmeaning compliments, has only been intensified by suppression, and when combined with earnest Protestant zeal may yet become one of the most potent forces for the overthrow of the National Establishment.

The Dissenters who accept the principles of the Liberation Society, but deprecate its action on the ground that the Church will disestablish itself, are not numerous, and their number is rapidly declining. With strange idiosyncrasy of taste, Church defenders regard them as friends, and if they do not accept it as a compliment, sit down quietly under the suggestion that their institution is so full of rottenness and decay, that, if left alone, the explosive forces within

will accomplish its destruction. How far such prophecies are likely to be accomplished is, to say the least, very questionable. It is possible, but hardly probable, that High Churchmen may be forced into secession, but it must not be forgotten that the traditions of their party, their conception of their own position, and the difficulties in which they would be involved by an act which would have even the appearance of schism, would be powerful deterrents to prevent them from taking such action.

That their Evangelical opponents will rise to the high level of spiritual heroism, and shake from their feet the dust of a Church which shelters those whom they brand as Romanizing conspirators, and tolerates doctrines which they once used to denounce as "doctrines of devils," is what no one is sanguine enough to believe. Never has a party succeeded so completely in destroying all confidence in its resolution and self-abnegation, and even in so scattering broadcast suspicions as to its reality and conscientiousness. Its history is marked by a dreary succession of futile protests and resultless agitations. It has formed associations, passed resolutions, organized deputations, instituted suits, presented memorials to the authorities in Church and State, and then sat down content to see the uninterrupted advance of the very evils against which it had directed public indignation. There was a time when some importance was attached to its demonstrations, but now they excite only contempt, where once they roused indignation or alarm. The impolicy of its chiefs is as conspicuous as their feebleness, for they have suffered it to be so clearly seen that nothing would induce them to desert the Establishment, that no politician thinks it necessary to study their wishes. Their one anxiety has been to hold their own position, and their gratitude for being permitted to enjoy it in peace is so extreme, that they seem resigned to endure any kind of false teaching which the Courts may tolerate. If this were the result of enlarged views as to the comprehensiveness proper in a Christian Church, to say nothing of a National Establishment, it might be praised as an evidence of growing liberality. But of this there is not a sign. There is no abatement in the vehemence with which Ritualists are denounced, though they are greeted as brethren in a Church Congress, and welcomed as allies in a School Board contest. They are still branded as traitors, held up to public odium as conspirators, prosecuted as offenders against the law—and hailed as true ministers of Christ and fellow-crusaders against political Dissent. Is it marvellous that Evangelicals who could be devoutly thankful for the Bennett judgment, and think it more important to keep Dissenters out of the churchyards than to thrust the Confessional out of the Church, have lost moral influence? Or is it possible to expect from them a bold and decided movement which may save Protestantism by the sacrifice of the Establishment?

Even, however, if the prospect of this voluntary disestablishment

were as hopeful as it is visionary, is it one in which a wise patriot should rejoice, and for the sake of which he should be content to let the National Church drift on to an inevitable catastrophe? A Nonconformist who can reply in the affirmative only shows that he has accepted the most narrow and sectarian view of his own duty as a citizen. It is not for the good of the nation, nor would it be to the ultimate advantage of the Episcopal Church, that its members, or rather its clergy, should be thus left to shape its course. The work of Disestablishment ought to be done by the nation, as the result of a conviction wrought in the mind of the nation as a whole, with a supreme regard to national and not to sectarian interests. If it were possible that Nonconformists could accomplish it by their own unaided power, and adapt its arrangements to their own ideas and interests, it would be eminently undesirable. It would be not less so if the clergy were able to dictate such terms as might be satisfactory to them.

But surely to trust to those who profit by the existing system of privilege to effect its overthrow, is to ignore all the teachings of our various reforms. The borough-mongers did not abolish rotten boroughs of their own free will. If we had trusted to the West Indian slaveholders, their victims would have been groaning in bondage until this hour. The English landlords maintained the monopoly of the Corn Laws until they were vanquished by the force of circumstances, the growth of public opinion, and the energy of the Anti-Corn-Law League. Will any one undertake to say that the reforms would have been wiser or more complete if they had been effected by those whose vested interests they affected? The clergy, who have supported all other classes in the defence of their vested interests, are not likely tamely to surrender their own, even though they may sometimes chafe against the conditions on which they hold them. They have contested every inch of ground hitherto, and they are fighting to protect their exclusive right in the parochial graveyards with the same tenacity which they showed in defence of church rates and of university tests. That there are many, among both the clergy and the laity, who, either for reasons of justice or expediency, desire Disestablishment is undoubted; but they have been influenced largely by Nonconformist teaching, and would be powerless to secure the end without Nonconformist sympathy and help. The suggestion that Nonconformists should fold their arms and simply watch the growth of the opinion which is to shatter the Establishment, is as novel as would be a proposal that the teachers of truth should keep silence and allow error to confute itself, and about as wise. Happily for England its reformers, both in Church and State, from Simon de Montfort down to John Bright, have had a different idea of their duty.

There never was a time when Dissenters were less disposed

to listen to these timid counsels. Still less are they inclined to give heed to those who would scare them from applying their own principles by prophecies of disaster, either from Rationalism or Romanism. The men who talk to them of the danger of withdrawing any patronage which the State at present gives to what it is pleased to establish as the truth, little understand the spirit of these to whom they talk. Even if they did not know that this fancied support is merely illusory, their own experience teaches them that it is unnecessary. They have learned the lesson of Scripture and history too well to suppose that the kingdom of Christ needs to be buttressed up by mere political institutions; and if they ever yielded so far to the weakness of nature as to listen to the suggestion that the "chariots and horses" of human power were essential to the maintenance of its spiritual dominion, the state of things around them is sufficient to silence so unworthy a thought. How can they believe that the interests of Protestantism are conserved by an establishment, under whose shelter are erected masked batteries, from which the most deadly assaults are directed against all for which Protestants have gallantly struggled or nobly suffered? Or how can they suppose that unbelief will ever be overcome by a system which tacitly confesses that the truth of God is too feeble to assert its own authority, unless the forces of law be enlisted to supplement its inefficient power? Reproach them for association with unbelievers or sympathy with unbelief! They may, rather, with retorted scorn, direct the reproach against those whose craven fears for the future of God's truth show how imperfectly they have appreciated the grand principle which they dare nevertheless to brandish as their watchword,—"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." In their unfaltering confidence in this spiritual force, the political Dissenters show the same lofty disdain of the substitutes for it expressed by the brave old Hebrew, who in the hour of weakness and difficulty chose rather to trust in God than in man, and (strange and unintelligible as it may be to mere Erastian theologians) ordained a fast at the river of Ahavao instead of suing for help to the court of Persia. His words, pregnant with a truth Christians seem so often to forget, are their motto, "I was ashamed to require of the king a band of soldiers and horsemen to help us against the enemy in the way; because we had spoken unto the king, saying, The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek Him."

That is the root of the political action of Nonconformists. It is a principle which is of the very essence of their Nonconformity, and the difficulty is not to understand so much how it places the vast majority of them in active hostility to a State Church, as to see how any can sit down content with a state of things which is an outrage on their fundamental idea of the Church of Christ. Where this tacit acquiescence in grave evils, which their loyalty to their Master

should constrain them to oppose, proceeds from excessive amiability, and simply induces silence where there ought to be brave and manly speech, it is sad enough. Truth would win but few victories if those who profess to love it hesitated to assert its claims until it could be done without personal inconvenience, if they consulted the feelings of its enemies, and feared to wound them, or waited till there was a sure prospect of early success before breaking a lance on its behalf. But when a Nonconformist goes beyond this apathetic indifference, and begins to hint doubts as to the efficacy of the power in which he has professed to trust, protests against removing the props by which statecraft has sought to uphold truth, seems afraid to commit the defence and extension of the Gospel which he believes to be from God to its Author, and those whom He calls to the work, and seems willing to be the victim of injustice himself, rather than unite in political action with unbelievers for the assertion of a common right, it only shows how he has failed to rise to the level of the principles which he professes. Whether this unbelief in the vital energy of the truth, this willingness to trust to injustice and coercion for the maintenance of the kingdom which is "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;" this reluctance to adopt in legislation the great Christian law, Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them; this fear to do right, and trust the issue to the living God, be more religious than the singleness of eye and simplicity of purpose, for which there can be but one law, and which seeks to carry that out everywhere, may be left to the judgment of a tribunal whose decision will not be warped by interest, or affected by the passions and caprices of the hour.

This review of the positions of the political and religious Dissenters would hardly have been necessary, if regard had been paid only to the numerical strength of the latter, But there is a natural tendency on the part of the defenders of the Establishment to attach more importance to this apparent division of sentiment than it deserves. It is not too much to say that the Congregational and Baptist bodies form a compact phalanx in favour of Disestablishment. What is more, regard it as the great political question of the day; a considerable section of the Presbyterians, and almost the whole of the younger branches of the Methodist family are at one with them on the subject. And the Wesleyan Methodists are being very rapidly converted to the same view. If this be questioned, appeal may be made not only to the resolutions of their representative bodies, but to the electoral action of the constituencies in which the Nonconformist element is predominant. Leeds has been generally considered the home of religious dissent—not, indeed, that the Nonconformist leaders there have hesitated to profess the principle of religious equality, but they have doubted whether Dissenters ought to undertake a crusade for its assertion. Yet at the

last election for the borough, a supporter of the Liberation Society was the man who alone could rally the Liberal forces, and conduct them to victory. But Leeds is only a sample of our great popular constituencies. If Liberalism is predominant, its strength lies largely among political Dissenters, and its representative is a supporter of Disestablishment. Here and there, notably at Bradford, there are exceptions, due to local or personal reasons, but these will disappear whenever the temporary cause shall cease to operate.

Dissenters are, in fact, becoming more resolute, more intelligent, in their grasp of principles, more deeply convinced of the necessity for their immediate application. The hope that they will be propitiated by a few pleasant courtesies and compliments is one of the vainest that ever deceived the imagination. If any of their leaders could be thus propitiated, their influence with their own party would be destroyed. Nonconformists are too independent to be blind followers of any man, and they are too much in earnest at present to be diverted from the object they have in view, which is the complete emancipation of religion from the interference of the State. Their own grievances they could easily endure till the nation should awake to the sense of the injustice which it inflicts, when it confers special privileges on the adherents of a particular Church to the disparagement of all others. When, indeed, the Marquis of Hartington exhibits so much susceptibility as to the grievances of Scottish Dissenters, who have not to suffer the arrogance of a priesthood which treats all other ministers of religion as unauthorised intruders, are not separated from their fellow-citizens by broad and distinct lines of demarcation, are not excluded from the public graveyards, and in short, have an Establishment of the mildest form, English Nonconformists may reasonably think that they suffer wrongs to which Liberal chiefs may before long give some consideration. But any injustice they suffer is a small matter even to themselves, compared with the injury which in their view is inflicted on religion itself by the present state of things in the Establishment. They can afford to smile at those who reveal their own spirit, and give one of the most convincing proofs of the deleterious influence of the ascendancy which the State gives, by attributing their action to social jealousy. They can find more than ample justification for their action in the betrayal by the National Church of the very interests of which it has been regarded as the official guardian. They are indignant at the attempts to rivet on the neck of the nation the yoke of a priesthood, and yet they can have no sympathy with the proposals to repress them by the force of law. The Erastianism which would conform a National Church to the will of the people by excluding opinions which are so unpopular as to endanger the safety of the institution is to us sheer injustice, and, with all our antipathy to priestcraft, even in its mildest forms, we cannot approve

a policy which would retain a Hawcis and exclude a Mackonochie from the National Church. We are constrained to advocate Disestablishment, if for no other reason, to save the nation from the perils which menace it from the advance of sacerdotalism, and which it is impossible to avert by any other expedient. We do not ask the power of law to discourage or check neo-Romanism, but simply that the help which it now derives from the sanction of the State, and the subtle influence which is thus exerted on its behalf, should be withdrawn. It is surely an equitable demand, and one to which Liberal statesmen in particular ought to be prepared with an answer.

It is no mere sectarian prepossession which suggests the idea that the present relations between the Church and the State in this country cannot be much longer maintained. Gradually the difficulty created by the pretensions of the Ritualist priests has been increasing, until now it has become all but intolerable. The area of disturbance has been extending from one class to another, until it has reached that large section which prides itself rather upon its worldly wisdom than its religious earnestness, and, with a supercilious disdain of theological subtleties, professes to judge all questions by the principles of common sense alone. They stood by so long as the discussion was about the cut of a vestment or the position of a priest; they refused to see all that was involved in the mystic grace claimed on behalf of sacraments when administered by the sacred hand of an authorised clergyman; they did not or would not see that in allowing, even though with a subdued sneer of scornful contempt, the priest to pretend to be a worker of miracles, they were permitting him to lay the foundation of a power which would be employed in a more offensive and injurious manner. Recent revelations have brought home to them the enormity of the evil which has been developed under the fostering influence of the Establishment. If we are to judge by the tone of the public press of all parties, the first duty of the hour is to stamp out this evil; and if Liberal statesmen have nothing to say on the subject, they will forfeit their claim to be regarded as public leaders. But if they propose anything, what can it be but Disestablishment? Legislation has been tried, but the *fiasco* in which the Hatcham case has ended does not encourage a renewal of the experiment. They cannot, on their own principles, attempt to revise the Prayer Book, and so restrict still further that comprehensiveness which they have ever held to be the glory of the Establishment. If the National Church is to answer to the character they have always attributed to it, the Ritualists cannot be excluded; but it is equally certain that the people will not tolerate them within the National Church.• The only course open is to end an institution that cannot be reformed, and yet cannot be perpetuated without abuses.

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

FLORENCE AND THE MEDICI.[1]

"Di Firenze in prima si divisono intra loro i nobili, dipoi i nobili e il popolo, e in ultimo il popolo e la plebe; e molte volte occorse che una di queste parti rimasa superiore, si divise in due."—MACHIAVELLI.

FLORENCE, like all Italian cities, owed her independence to the duel of the Papacy and Empire. The transference of the imperial authority beyond the Alps had enabled the burghs of Lombardy and Tuscany to establish a form of self-government. This government was based upon the old municipal organization of duumvirs and decemvirs. It was, in fact, nothing more or less than a survival from the ancient Roman system. The proof of this was, that while vindicating their rights as towns, the free cities never questioned the validity of the imperial title. Even after the peace of Constance in 1183, when Frederick Barbarossa acknowledged their autonomy, they received within their walls a supreme magistrate, with power of life and death and ultimate appeal in all decisive questions, whose title of Potestà indicated that he represented the imperial power—Potestas. It was not by the assertion of any right, so much as by the growth of custom, and by the weakness of the emperors, that in course of time each city became a sovereign state. The theoretical supremacy of the Empire prevented any other authority from taking the first place in Italy. On the other hand, the practical inefficiency of the emperors to play their part encouraged the establishment of numerous minor powers amenable to no controlling discipline.

The free cities derived their strength from industry, and had nothing in common with the nobles of the surrounding country. Broadly speaking, the population of the towns included what remained in Italy of the old Roman people. This Roman stock was nowhere stronger than in Florence and Venice—Florence defended from barbarian incursions by her mountains and marshes, Venice by the isolation of her lagoons. The nobles, on the contrary, were mostly of foreign origin—Germans, Franks, and Lombards—who had established themselves as feudal lords in castles apart from the cities. The force which the burghs acquired as industrial communities was soon turned against these nobles. The larger cities, like Milan and Florence, began to make war upon the lords of castles, and to absorb into their own territory the small towns and villages around them. Thus in the social economy of the

(1) These two papers form the substance of lectures given at the Royal Institution. in February, 1877.

Italians there were two antagonistic elements, ready to range themselves beneath any banners that should give the form of legitimate warfare to their mutual hostility. It was the policy of the Church in the twelfth century to support the cause of the cities, using them as a weapon against the Empire, and stimulating the growing ambition of the burghers. In this way Italy came to be divided into the two world-famous factions known as Guelf and Ghibelline. The struggle between Guelf and Ghibelline was the struggle of the Papacy for the depression of the Empire, the struggle of the great burghs face to face with feudalism, the struggle of the old Italic stock enclosed in cities with the foreign nobles established in fortresses. When the Church had finally triumphed by the extirpation of the House of Hohenstauffen, this conflict of Guelf and Ghibelline was really ended. Until the reign of Charles V. no emperor interfered to any purpose in Italian affairs. At the same time the popes ceased to wield a formidable power. Having won the battle by calling in the French, they suffered the consequences of this policy by losing their hold on Italy during the long period of their exile at Avignon. The Italians, left without either pope or emperor, were free to pursue their course of internal development, and to prosecute their quarrels among themselves. But though the names of Guelf and Ghibelline lost their old significance after the year 1266 (the date of King Manfred's death), these two factions had so divided Italy that they continued to play a prominent part in her annals. Guelf still meant constitutional autonomy, meant the burgher as against the noble, meant industry as opposed to feudal lordship. Ghibelline meant the rule of the few over the many, meant tyranny, meant the interest of the noble as against the merchant and the citizen. These broad distinctions must be borne in mind, if we seek to understand how it was that a city like Florence continued to be governed by parties, the European force of which had passed away.

Florence first rose into importance during the papacy of Innocent III. Up to this date she had been a town of second-rate distinction even in Tuscany. Pisa was more powerful by arms and commerce. Lucca was the old seat of the dukes and marquises of Tuscany. But between the years 1200 and 1250 Florence assumed the place she was to hold thenceforward, by heading the league of Tuscan cities formed to support the Guelf party against the Ghibellines. Formally adopting the Guelf cause, the Florentines made themselves the champions of municpal liberty in Central Italy; and while they declared war against the Ghibelline cities, they endeavoured to stamp out the very name of noble in their state. It is not needful to describe the varying fortunes of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, the burghers and the nobles, during the thirteenth and

the first half of the fourteenth centuries. Suffice it to say that through all the vicissitudes of that stormy period the name Guelf became more and more associated with republican freedom in Florence. At last, after the final triumph of that party in 1321, the Guelfs remained victors in the city. Associating the glory of their independence with Guelf principles, the citizens of Florence perpetuated within their State a faction that, in its turn, was destined to prove perilous to liberty.

When it became clear that the republic was to rule itself henceforth untrammelled by imperial interference, the people divided themselves into six districts, and chose for each district two Ancients, who administered the government in concert with the Potestà and the Captain of the People. The Ancients were a relic of the old Roman municipal organization. The Potestà, who was invariably a noble foreigner selected by the people, represented the extinct imperial right, and exercised the power of life and death within the city. The Captain of the People, who was also a foreigner, headed the burghers in their military capacity, for at that period the troops were levied from the citizens themselves in twenty companies. The body of the citizens, or the *popolo,* were ultimately sovereigns in the State. Assembled under the banners of their several companies, they formed a *parlamento* for delegating their own power to each successive government. Their representatives, again, arranged in two councils, called the Council of the People and the Council of the Commune, under the presidency of the Captain of the People and the Potestà, ratified the measures which had previously been proposed and carried by the executive authority or signoria. Under this simple State system the Florentines placed themselves at the head of the Tuscan League, fought the battles of the Church, asserted their sovereignty by issuing the golden florin of the republic, and flourished until 1266.

In that year an important change was effected in the Constitution. The whole population of Florence consisted, on the one hand, of nobles or Grandi, as they were called in Tuscany, and on the other hand of working people. The latter, divided into traders and handicraftsmen, were distributed in guilds called Arti; and at that time there were seven Greater and five Lesser Arti, the most influential of all being the Guild of the Wool Merchants. These guilds had their halls for meeting, their colleges of chief officers, their heads, called Consoli or Priors, and their flags. In 1266 it was decided that the administration of the commonwealth should be placed simply and wholly in the hands of the Arti, and the Priors of these industrial companies became the lords or Signory of Florence. No inhabitant of the city who had not enrolled himself as a craftsman in one of the guilds could exercise any function of burghership. To be

scioperato, or without industry, was to be without power, without rank or place of honour in the State. The revolution which placed the Arts at the head of the republic had the practical effect of excluding the Grandi altogether from the government. Violent efforts were made by these noble families, potent through their territorial possessions and foreign connections, and trained from boyhood in the use of arms, to recover the place from which the new laws thrust them: but their menacing attitude, instead of intimidating the burghers, roused their anger and drove them to the passing of still more stringent laws. In 1293, after the Ghibellines had been defeated in the great battle of Campaldino, a series of severe enactments, called the Ordinances of Justice, were decreed against the unruly Grandi. All civic rights were taken from them; the severest penalties were attached to their slightest infringement of municipal law; their titles to land were limited; the privilege of living within the city walls was allowed them only under galling restrictions; and, last not least, a supreme magistrate, named the Gonfalonier of Justice, was created for the special purpose of watching them and carrying out the penal code against them. Henceforward Florence was governed exclusively by merchants and artisans. The Grandi hastened to enrol themselves in the guilds, exchanging their former titles and dignities for the solid privilege of burghership. The exact parallel to this industrial constitution for a commonwealth, carrying on wars with emperors and princes, holding haughty captains in its pay, and dictating laws to subject cities, cannot, I think, be elsewhere found in history. It is as unique as the Florence of Dante and Giotto is unique. While the people was guarding itself thus stringently against the Grandi, a separate body was created for the special purpose of extirpating the Ghibellines. A permanent committee of vigilance, called the College or the Captains of the Guelf Party, was established. It was their function to administer the forfeited possessions of Ghibelline rebels, to hunt out suspected citizens, to prosecute them for Ghibellinism, to judge them, and to punish them as traitors to the commonwealth. This body, like a little State within the State, proved formidable to the republic itself through the unlimited and undefined sway it exercised over burghers whom it chose to tax with treason. In course of time it became the oligarchical element within the Florentine democracy, and threatened to change the free constitution of the city into a government conducted by a few powerful families.

There is no need to dwell in detail on the internal difficulties of Florence during the first half of the fourteenth century. Two main circumstances, however, require to be briefly noticed. These are (i.) the contest of the Blacks and Whites, so famous through the part played in it by Dante; and (ii.) the tyranny of the Duke of Athens,

Walter de Brienne. The feuds of the Blacks and Whites broke up the city into factions, and produced such anarchy that at last it was found necessary to place the republic under the protection of foreign potentates. Charles of Valois was first chosen, and after him the Duke of Athens, who took up his residence in the city. Entrusted with dictatorial authority, he used his power to form a military despotism. Though his reign of violence lasted rather less than a year, it bore important fruits; for the tyrant, seeking to support himself upon the favour of the common people, gave political power to the Lesser Arts at the expense of the Greater, and confused the old State-system by enlarging the democracy. The net result of these events for Florence was, first, that the city became habituated to rancorous party-strife, involving exiles and proscriptions; and secondly, that it lost its primitive social hierarchy of classes.

After the Guelfs had conquered the Ghibellines, and the people had absorbed the Grandi in their guilds, the next chapter in the troubled history of Florence was the division of the Popolo against itself. Civil strife now declared itself as a conflict between labour and capital. The members of the Lesser Arts, craftsmen who plied trades subordinate to those of the Greater Arts, rose up against their social and political superiors, demanding a larger share in the government, a more equal distribution of profits, higher wages, and privileges that should place them on an absolute equality with the wealthy merchants. It was in the year 1378 that the proletariate broke out into rebellion. Previous events had prepared the way for this revolt. First of all, the republic had been democratized through the destruction of the Grandi and through the popular policy pursued to gain his own ends by the Duke of Athens. Secondly, society had been shaken to its very foundation by the great plague of 1348. Both Boccaccio and Matteo Villani draw lively pictures of the relaxed morality and loss of order consequent upon this terrible disaster; nor had thirty years sufficed to restore their relative position to grades and ranks confounded by an overwhelming calamity. We may, therefore, reckon the great plague of 1348 among the causes which produced the anarchy of 1378. Rising in a mass to claim their privileges, the artizans ejected the Signory from the Public Palace, and for awhile Florence was at the mercy of the mob. It is worthy of notice that the Medici, whose name is scarcely known before this epoch, now come for one moment to the front. Salvestro de Medici was Gonfalonier of Justice at the time when the tumult first broke out. He followed the faction of the handicraftsmen, and became the hero of the day. I cannot discover that he did more than extend a sort of passive protection to their cause. Yet there is no doubt that the attachment of the working classes to the house of Medici dates from this period.

The rebellion of 1378 is known in Florentine history as the Tumult of the Ciompi. The name Ciompi strictly means the Wool-Carders. One set of operatives in the city, and that the largest, gave its title to the whole body of the labourers. For some months these craftsmen governed the republic, appointing their own Signory and passing laws in their own interest; but, as is usual, the proletariate found itself incapable of sustained government. The ambition and discontent of the Ciompi foamed themselves away, and industrious working men began to see that trade was languishing and credit on the wane. By their own act at last they restored the government to the Priors of the Greater Arti. Still the movement had not been without grave consequences. It completed the levelling of classes, which had been steadily advancing from the first in Florence. After the Ciompi riot there was no longer not only any distinction between noble and burgher, but the distinction between greater and lesser guilds was practically swept away. The classes, parties, and degrees in the republic were so broken up, ground down, and mingled, that thenceforth the true source of power in the State was wealth combined with personal ability. In other words, the proper political *milieu* had been formed for unscrupulous adventurers. Florence had become a democracy without social organization, which might fall a prey to oligarchs or despots. What remained of deeply rooted feuds or factions—animosities against the Grandi, hatred for the Ghibellines, jealousy of labour and capital—offered so many points of leverage for stirring the passions of the people and for covering personal ambition with a cloak of public zeal. The time was come for the Albizzi to attempt an oligarchy, and for the Medici to begin the enslavement of the State.

The constitution of Florence offered many points of weakness to the attacks of such intriguers. In the first place it was in its origin not a political but an industrial organization—a simple group of guilds invested with the sovereign authority. Its two most powerful engines, the Gonfalonier of Justice and the Guelf College, had been formed, not with a view to the preservation of the government, but with the purpose of quelling the nobles and excluding a detested faction. It had no permanent head like the Doge of Venice, no fixed senate like the Venetian Grand Council; its chief magistrates, the Signory, were elected for short periods of two months, and their mode of election was open to the gravest criticism. Supposed to be chosen by lot, they were really selected from lists drawn up by the factions in power from time to time. These factions contrived to exclude the names of all but their adherents from the bags, or *borse*, in which the burghers eligible for election had to be inscribed. Furthermore, it was not possible for this shifting Signory to conduct affairs requiring sustained effort and secret deliberation; therefore recourse was being

continually had to dictatorial Commissions. The people, summoned in parliament upon the great square, were asked to confer plenipotentiary authority upon a committee called *Balia*, who proceeded to do what they chose in the State, and who retained power after the emergency for which they were created passed away. The same instability in the supreme magistracy led to the appointment of special commissioners for war, and special councils, or *Pratiche*, for the management of each department. Such supplementary commissions not only proved the weakness of the central authority, but they were always liable to be made the instruments of party warfare. The Guelf College was another and a different source of danger to the State. Not acting under the control of the Signory, but using its own initiative, this powerful body could proscribe and punish burghers on the mere suspicion of Ghibellinism. Though the Ghibelline faction had become an empty name, the Guelf College excluded from the franchise all and every whom they chose on any pretext to admonish. Under this mild phrase, *to admonish*, was concealed a cruel exercise of tyranny—it meant to warn a man that he was suspected of treason, and that he had better relinquish the exercise of his burghership. By free use of this engine of Admonition, the Guelf College rendered their enemies voiceless in the State, and were able to pack the Signory and the councils with their own creatures. Another important defect in the Florentine constitution was the method of imposing taxes. This was done by no regular system. The party in power made what estimate it chose of a man's capacity to bear taxation, and called upon him for extraordinary loans. In this way citizens were frequently driven into bankruptcy and exile; and since to be a debtor to the State deprived a burgher of his civic rights, severe taxation was one of the best ways of silencing and neutralizing a dissentient. I have enumerated these several causes of weakness in the Florentine State-system, partly because they show how irregularly the constitution had been formed by the patching and extension of a simple industrial machine to suit the needs of a great commonwealth; partly because it was through these defects that the democracy merged gradually into a despotism. The art of the Medici consisted in a scientific comprehension of these very imperfections, a methodic use of them for their own purposes, and a steady opposition to any attempts made to substitute a stricter system. The Florentines had determined to be an industrial community, governing themselves on the co-operative principle, dividing profits, sharing losses, and exposing their magistrates to rigid scrutiny. All this in theory was excellent. Had they remained an unambitious and peaceful commonwealth, engaged in the wool and silk trade, it might have answered. Modern Europe might have admired the model of a truly communistic and commercial demo-

cracy. But when they engaged in aggressive wars, and sought to enslave sister-cities like Pisa and Lucca, it was soon found that their simple trading constitution would not serve. They had to piece it out with subordinate machinery, cumbrous, difficult to manage, ill-adapted to the original structure. Each limb of this subordinate machinery, moreover, was a *point d'appui* for insidious and self-seeking party leaders.

Florence, in the middle of the fourteenth century, was a vast beehive of industry. Distinctions of rank among burghers, qualified to vote and hold office, were theoretically unknown. Highly educated men, of more than princely wealth, spent their time in shops and counting-houses, and trained their sons to follow trades. Military service at this period was abandoned by the citizens; they preferred to pay mercenary troops for the conduct of their wars. Nor was there, as in Venice, any outlet for their energies upon the seas. Florence had no navy, no great port—she only kept a small fleet for the protection of her commerce. Thus the vigour of the commonwealth was concentrated on itself; while the influence of the citizens, through their affiliated trading-houses, correspondents, and agents, extended like a network over Europe. In a community of this kind it was natural that wealth—rank and titles being absent—should alone confer distinction. Accordingly we find that out of the very bosom of the people a new plutocratic aristocracy begins to rise. The Grandi are no more; but certain families achieve distinction by their riches, their numbers, their high spirit, and their ancient place of honour in the State. These nobles of the purse obtained the name of *Popolani Nobili;* and it was they who now began to play at high stakes for the supreme power. In all the subsequent vicissitudes of Florence, every change takes place by intrigue and by clever manipulation of the political machine. Recourse is rarely had to violence of any kind, and the leaders of revolutions are men of the yard-measure, never of the sword. The despotism to which the republic eventually succumbed was no less commercial than the democracy had been. Florence in the days of her slavery remained a *Popolo.*

The opening of the second half of the fourteenth century had been signalized by the feuds of two great houses, both risen from the people. These were the Albizzi and the Ricci. At this epoch there had been a formal closing of the lists of burghers;—henceforth no new families who might settle in the city could claim the franchise, vote in the assemblies, or hold magistracies. The Guelf College used their old engine of admonition to persecute *novi homines,* whom they dreaded as opponents. At the head of this formidable organization the Albizzi placed themselves, and worked it with such skill that they succeeded in driving the Ricci out of all participation

in the government. The tumult of the Ciompi formed but an episode in their career toward oligarchy; indeed, that revolution only rendered the political material of the Florentine republic more plastic in the hands of intriguers by removing the last vestiges of class distinctions, and by confusing the old parties of the State.

When the Florentines in 1387 engaged in their long duel with Gian Galeazzo Visconti, the difficulty of conducting this war without some permanent central authority still further confirmed the power of the rising oligarchs. The Albizzi became daily more autocratic, until in 1393 their chief, Maso degli Albizzi, a man of strong will and prudent policy, was chosen Gonfalonier of Justice. Assuming the sway of a dictator, he revised the list of burghers capable of holding office, struck out the private opponents of his house, and excluded all names but those of powerful families who were well affected towards an aristocratic government. The great house of the Alberti were exiled in a body, declared rebels, and deprived of their possessions, for no reason except that they seemed dangerous to the Albizzi. It was in vain that the people murmured against these arbitrary acts. The new rulers were omnipotent in the Signory, which they packed with their own men, in the great guilds, and in the Guelf College. All the machinery invented by the industrial community for its self-management and self-defence, was controlled and manipulated by a close body of aristocrats with the Albizzi at their head. It seemed as though Florence, without any visible alteration in her forms of government, was rapidly becoming an oligarchy even less open than the Venetian republic. Meanwhile, the affairs of the State were most flourishing. The strong-handed masters of the city not only held the Duke of Milan in check, and prevented him from turning Italy into a kingdom, they furthermore acquired the cities of Pisa, Livorno, Arezzo, Montepulciano, and Cortona, for Florence, making her the mistress of all Tuscany, with the exception of Siena, Lucca, and Volterra. Maso degli Albizzi was the ruling spirit of the commonwealth, spending the enormous sum of 11,500,000 golden florins on war, raising sumptuous edifices, protecting the arts, and acting in general like a powerful and irresponsible prince.

In spite of public prosperity, there were signs, however, that this rule of a few families could not last. Their government was only maintained by continual revision of the lists of burghers, by elimination of the disaffected, and by unremitting personal industry. They introduced no new machinery into the constitution, whereby the people might be deprived of its titular sovereignty, or their own dictatorship might be continued with a semblance of legality. Again, they neglected to win over the new nobles (*nobili popolani*) in a body to their cause; and thus they were surrounded by rivals

ready to spring upon them when a false step should be made. The Albizzi oligarchy was a masterpiece of art, without any force to sustain it but the craft and energy of its constructors. It had not grown up like the Venetian oligarchy, by the gradual assimilation to itself of all the vigour in the State. It was bound, sooner or later, to yield to the renascent impulse of democracy inherent in Florentine institutions.

Maso degli Albizzi died in 1417. He was succeeded in the government by his old friend, Niccolo da Uzzano, a man of great eloquence and wisdom, whose single word swayed the councils of the people as he listed. Together with him acted Maso's son, Rinaldo, a youth of even more brilliant talents than his father, frank, noble, and high-spirited, but far less cautious. The oligarchy, which these two men undertook to manage, had accumulated against itself the discontent of over-taxed, disfranchised, jealous burghers. The times, too, were bad. Pursuing the policy of Maso, the Albizzi engaged the city in a tedious and unsuccessful war with Filippo Maria Visconti, which cost 350,000 golden florins, and brought no credit. In order to meet extraordinary expenses, they raised new public loans, thereby depreciating the value of the old Florentine funds. What was worse, they imposed forced subsidies with grievous inequality upon the burghers, passing over their friends and adherents, and burdening their opponents with more than could be borne. This imprudent financial policy began the ruin of the Albizzi. It caused a clamour in the city for a new system of more just taxation, which was too powerful to be resisted. The voice of the people made itself loudly heard; and with the people on this occasion sided Giovanni de' Medici. This was in 1427.

It is here that the Medici appear upon that memorable scene, where in the future they are to play the first part. Giovanni de' Medici did not belong to the same branch of his family as the Salvestro who favoured the people at the time of the Ciompi Tumult. But he adopted the same popular policy. To his sons, Cosimo and Lorenzo, he bequeathed on his death-bed the rule that they should invariably adhere to the cause of the multitude, found their influence on that, and avoid the arts of factious and ambitious leaders. In his own life he had pursued this course of conduct, acquiring a reputation for civic moderation and impartiality that endeared him to the people, and stood his children in good stead. Early in his youth Giovanni found himself almost destitute by reason of the imposts charged upon him by the oligarchs. He possessed, however, the genius for money-making to a rare degree, and passed his manhood as a banker, amassing the largest fortune of any private citizen in Italy. In his old age he devoted himself to the organization of his colossal trading business, and abstained, as far as possible, from

political intrigues. Men observed that they rarely met him in the public palace or on the great square.

Cosimo de' Medici was thirty years old when his father Giovanni died, in 1429. During his youth he had devoted all his time and energy to business, mastering the complicated affairs of Giovanni's banking-house, and travelling far and wide through Europe to extend its connections. This education made him a consummate financier; and those who knew him best were convinced that his ambition was set on great things. However quietly he might begin, it was clear that he intended to match himself as a leader of the plebeians against the Albizzi. The foundations he prepared for future action were equally characteristic of the man, of Florence, and of the age. Commanding the enormous capital of the Medicean bank, he contrived, at any sacrifice of temporary convenience, to lend money to the State for war expenses, engrossing in his own hands a large portion of the public debt of Florence. At the same time his agencies in various European capitals enabled him to keep his own wealth floating, far beyond the reach of foes within the city. A few years of this system ended in so complete a confusion between Cosimo's trade and the finances of Florence, that the bankruptcy of the Medici, however caused, would have compromised the credit of the State and the fortunes of the fund-holders. Cosimo, in a word, made himself necessary to Florence by the wise use of his riches. Furthermore, he kept his eye upon the list of burghers, lending money to needy citizens, putting good things in the way of struggling traders, building up the fortunes of men who were disposed to favour his party in the State, ruining his opponents by the legitimate process of commercial competition, and, when occasion offered, introducing new voters into the Florentine council by paying off the debts of those who were disqualified by poverty from using the franchise. While his capital was continually increasing he lived frugally, and employed his wealth solely for the consolidation of his political influence. By these arts Cosimo became formidable to the oligarchs and beloved by the people. His supporters were numerous, and held together by the bonds of immediate necessity or personal cupidity. The plebeians and the merchants were all on his side. The Grandi and the Ammoniti, excluded from the State by the practices of the Albizzi, had more to hope from the Medicean party than from the few families who still contrived to hold the reins of government. It was clear that a conflict to the death must soon commence between the oligarchy and this new faction.

At last in 1433 war was declared. The first blow was struck by Rinaldo degli Albizzi, who put himself in the wrong by attacking a citizen indispensable to the people at large, and guilty of no uncon-

stitutional act. On September 7th of that year, a year decisive for the future destinies of Florence, he summoned Cosimo to the Public Palace, which he had previously occupied with troops at his command. There he declared him a rebel to the State, and had him imprisoned in a little square room in the central tower. The tocsin was sounded; the people were assembled in parliament upon the piazza. The Albizzi held the main streets with armed men, and forced the Florentines to place plenipotentiary power for the administration of the Commonwealth at this crisis in the hands of a Balia, or committee selected by themselves. It was always thus that acts of high tyranny were effected in Florence. A show of legality was secured by gaining the compulsory sanction of the people, driven by soldiery into the public square, and hastily ordered to recognise the authority of their oppressors.

The Bill of Indictment against the Medici accused them of sedition in the year 1378, that is in the year of the Ciompi Tumult, and of treasonable practice during the whole course of the Albizzi administration. It also strove to fix upon them the odium of the unsuccessful war against the town of Lucca. As soon as the Albizzi had unmasked their batteries, Lorenzo de' Medici managed to escape from the city, and took with him his brother Cosimo's children to Venice. Cosimo remained shut up within the little room called Barberia in Arnolfo's tower. From that high eagle's nest the sight can range Valdarno far and wide. Florence with her towers and domes lies below; and the blue peaks of Carrara close a prospect westward than which, with its villa-jewelled slopes and fertile gardens, there is nought more beautiful upon the face of earth. The prisoner can have paid but little heed to this fair landscape. He heard the frequent ringing of the great bell that called the Florentines to council, the tramp of armed men on the piazza, the coming and going of the burghers in the palace halls beneath. On all sides lurked anxiety and fear of death. Each mouthful he tasted might be poisoned. For many days he partook of only bread and water, till his gaoler restored his confidence by sharing all his meals. In this peril he abode twenty-four days. The Albizzi, in concert with the Balia they had formed, were consulting what they might venture to do with him. Some voted for his execution. Others feared the popular favour, and thought that, if they killed Cosimo, this act would ruin their own power. The nobler natures among them determined to proceed by constitutional measures. At last, upon the 29th of September, it was settled that Cosimo should be exiled to Padua for ten years. The Medici were declared Grandi, by way of excluding them from political rights. But their property remained untouched; and on the 3rd of October Cosimo was released.

On the same day Cosimo took his departure. His journey north-

ward resembled a triumphant progress. He left Florence a simple burgher; he entered Venice a powerful prince. Though the Albizzi seemed to have gained the day, they had really cut away the ground beneath their feet. They committed the fatal mistake of doing both too much and too little—too much because they declared war against an innocent man, and roused the sympathies of the whole people in his behalf; too little, because they had not the nerve to complete their act by killing him outright and extirpating his party. Machiavelli, in one of his profoundest and most cynical critiques, remarks that few men know how to be thoroughly bad with honour to themselves. Their will is evil; but the grain of good in them—some fear of public opinion, some repugnance to committing a signal crime—paralyzes their arm at the moment when it ought to have been raised to strike. He instances Gian Paolo Baglioni's omission to murder Julius II., when that Pope placed himself within his clutches at Perugia. He might also have instanced Rinaldo degli Albizzi's refusal to push things to extremities by murdering Cosimo. It was the combination of despotic violence in the exile of Cosimo with constitutional moderation in the preservation of his life, that betrayed the weakness of the oligarchs, and restored confidence to the Medicean party.

In the course of the year 1434 this party began to hold up its head. Powerful as the Albizzi were, they only retained the government by artifice; and now they had done a deed which put at nought their former arts and intrigues. A Signory favourable to the Medici came into office, and on the 26th of September, 1434, Rinaldo in his turn was summoned to the palace and declared a rebel. He strove to raise the forces of his party, and entered the piazza at the head of eight hundred men. The menacing attitude of the people, however, made resistance perilous. Rinaldo disbanded his troops, and placed himself under the protection of Pope Eugenius IV., who was then resident in Florence. This act of submission proved that Rinaldo had not the courage or the cruelty to try the chance of civil war. Whatever his motives may have been, he lost his hold upon the State beyond recovery. On the 29th of September a new parliament was summoned; on the 2nd of October, Cosimo was recalled from exile and the Albizzi were banished. The intercession of the Pope procured for them nothing but the liberty to leave Florence unmolested. Rinaldo turned his back upon the city he had governed, never to set foot in it again. On the 6th of October, Cosimo, having passed through Padua, Ferrara, and Modena like a conqueror, re-entered the town amid the plaudits of the people, and took up his dwelling as an honoured guest in the Palace of the Republic. The subsequent history of Florence is the history of his family. In after years the Medici

loved to remember this return of Cosimo. His triumphal reception was painted in fresco on the walls of their villa at Cajano under the transparent allegory of Cicero's entrance into Rome.

By their brief exile the Medici had gained the credit of injured innocence, the fame of martyrdom in the popular cause. Their foes had struck the first blow, and in striking at them had seemed to aim against the liberties of the Republic. The mere failure of their adversaries to hold the power they had acquired, handed over this power to the Medici; and the reprisals which the Medici began to take, had the show of justice, not of personal hatred, or of petty vengeance. Cosimo was a true Florentine. He disliked violence, because he knew that blood spilt cries for blood. His passions, too, were cool and temperate. No gust of anger, no intoxication of success, destroyed his balance. His one object, the consolidation of power for his family on the basis of popular favour, was kept steadily in view; and he would do nothing that might compromise that end. Yet he was neither generous nor merciful. We therefore find that from the first moment of his return to Florence he instituted a system of pitiless and unforgiving persecution against his old opponents. The Albizzi were banished, root and branch, with all their followers, consigned to lonely and often to unwholesome stations through the length and breadth of Italy. If they broke the bonds assigned them, they were forthwith declared traitors, and their property was confiscated. After a long series of years, by merely keeping in force the first sentence pronounced upon them, Cosimo had the cruel satisfaction of seeing the whole of that proud oligarchy die out by slow degrees in the insufferable tedium of solitude and exile. Even the high-souled Palla degli Strozzi, who had striven to remain neutral, and whose wealth and talents were devoted to the revival of classical studies, was proscribed because to Cosimo he seemed too powerful. Separated from his children, he died in banishment at Padua. In this way the return of the Medici involved the loss to Florence of some noble citizens, who might perchance have checked the Medicean tyranny if they had stayed to guide the State. The plebeians, raised to wealth and influence by Cosimo before his exile, now took the lead in the republic. He used these men as cat's-paws, rarely putting himself forward or allowing his own name to appear, but pulling the wires of government in privacy by means of intermediate agents. The Medicean party was called at first *Puccini* from a certain Puccio, whose name was better known in caucus or committee than that of his real master. To rule through these creatures of his own making taxed all the ingenuity of Cosimo; but his profound and subtle intellect was suited to the task, and he found unlimited pleasure in the exercise of his consummate craft. We have already seen to what extent he

used his riches for the acquisition of political influence. Now that he had come to power, he continued the same method, packing the Signory and the councils with men whom he could hold by debt between his thumb and finger. His command of the public moneys enabled him to wink at peculation in State offices; it was part of his system to bind magistrates and secretaries to his interest by their consciousness of guilt condoned but not forgotten. Not a few, moreover, owed their living to the appointments he procured for them. While he thus controlled the wheel-work of the commonwealth by means of organized corruption, he borrowed the arts of his old enemies to oppress dissentient citizens. If a man took an independent line in voting, and refused allegiance to the Medicean party, he was marked out for persecution. No violence was used; but he found himself hampered in his commerce—money, plentiful for others, became scarce for him; his competitors in trade were subsidized to undersell him. And while the avenues of industry were closed, his fortune was taxed above its value, until he had to sell at a loss in order to discharge his public obligations. In the first twenty years of the Medicean rule, seventy families had to pay 4,875,000 golden florins of extraordinary imposts, fixed by arbitrary assessment.

The more patriotic members of his party looked with dread and loathing on this system of corruption and exclusion. To their remonstrances Cosimo replied in four memorable sayings: "Better the State spoiled than the State not ours." "Governments cannot be carried on with paternosters." "An ell of scarlet makes a burgher." "I aim at finite aims." These maxims represent the whole man,—first, in his egotism, eager to gain Florence for his family, at any risk of her ruin; secondly, in his cynical acceptance of base means to selfish ends; thirdly, in his bourgeois belief that money makes a man, and fine clothes suffice for a citizen; fourthly, in his worldly ambition bent on positive success. It was, in fact, his policy to reduce Florence to the condition of a rotten borough: nor did this policy fail. One notable sign of the influence he exercised was the change which now came over the foreign relations of the republic. Up to the date of his dictatorship, Florence had uniformly fought the battle of freedom in Italy. It was the chief merit of the Albizzi oligarchy that they continued the traditions of the mediæval State, and by their vigorous action checked the growth of the Visconti. Though they engrossed the government, they never forgot that they were first of all things Florentines, and only in the second place men who owed their power and influence to office. In a word, they acted like patriotic Tories, like republican patricians. Therefore they would not ally themselves with tyrants or countenance the enslavement of free cities by armed despots. Their subjugation of

the Tuscan burghs to Florence was itself part of a grand republican policy. Cosimo changed all this. When the Visconti dynasty ended by the death of Filippo Maria in 1447, there was a chance of restoring the independence of Lombardy. Milan in effect declared herself a republic, and by the aid of Florence she might at this moment have maintained her liberty. Cosimo, however, entered into treaty with Francesco Sforza, supplied him with money, guaranteed him against Florentine interference, and saw with satisfaction how he reduced the duchy to his military tyranny. The Medici were conscious that they, selfishly, had most to gain by supporting despots who in time of need might help them to confirm their own authority. With the same end in view, when the legitimate line of the Bentivogli were extinguished, Cosimo hunted out a bastard pretender of that family, presented him to the chiefs of the Bentivogli faction, and had him placed upon the seat of his supposed ancestors at Bologna. This young man, a certain Santi da Cascese, presumed to be the son of Ercole de' Bentivogli, was an artizan in a wool factory when Cosimo set eyes upon him. At first Santi refused the dangerous honour of governing a proud republic; but the intrigues of Cosimo prevailed, and the obscure craftsman ended his days a powerful prince.

By the arts I have attempted to describe, Cosimo in the course of his long life absorbed the forces of the republic into himself. While he shunned the external signs of despotic power, he made himself the master of the State. His complexion was of a pale olive; his stature short; abstemious and simple in his habits, affable in conversation, sparing of speech, he knew how to combine that burgher-like civility for which the Romans praised Augustus, with the reality of a despotism all the more difficult to combat because it seemed nowhere and was everywhere. When he died at the age of seventy-five, in 1464, the people whom he had enslaved, but whom he had neither injured nor insulted, honoured him with the title of *Pater Patriæ.* This was inscribed upon his tomb in S. Lorenzo. He left to posterity the fame of a great and generous patron,[1] the infamy of a cynical, self-seeking, bourgeois tyrant. Such combinations of contradictory qualities were common enough at the time of the Renaissance. Did not Machiavelli spend his days in tavern-brawls and low amours, his nights among the mighty spirits of the dead, with whom, when he had changed his country suit of homespun for the habit of the court, he found himself an honoured equal?

J. A. SYMONDS.

(*To be continued.*)

(1) For an estimate of Cosimo's services to art and literature, his collection of libraries, his great buildings, his generosity to scholars, and his promotion of Greek studies, I may refer to my "Renaissance in Italy: the Revival of Learning," chap. iv.

HELL AND THE DIVINE VERACITY.

Ωι μή 'στι δρῶντι τάρβος, οὐδ' ἔπος φοβεῖ.
Sophocles. O. T. 296.

"SUPPOSE," says Mr. Mill, "that certain unknown attributes are ascribed to the Deity in a religion the external evidences of which are so conclusive to my mind, as effectually to convince me that it comes from God. Unless I believe God to possess the same moral attributes which I find, in however inferior a degree, in a good man, what ground of assurance have I of God's veracity?" In other words, if God's justice and mercy are not as our justice and mercy, what guarantee have we that his truth is as our truth? And, conversely, are not orthodox reasoners, who start with the assumption that God's truth is as our truth, likewise bound to assume that his justice and mercy are as our justice and mercy? We propose to discuss this question at some length; for it seems to suggest the most easily stated and, so to say, handiest reply to the familiar platitude, that the only legitimate exercise of reason in these matters is to convince us of the reality of the Christian miracles, and that, being once convinced, we ought straightway to accept any doctrines, however seemingly immoral, which the recorders of those miracles have preached.

This subject has lately been brought under my notice by Father Oxenham's work on Catholic Eschatology and Universalism. In that work the doctrine of eternal punishment is upheld; and it is not thought blasphemous to represent God as the author of hell. Yet the same work, referring to some one who has suggested that the accounts of eternal punishment in the Gospels may have been exaggerated for a moral end, pronounces that suggestion to be "little short of blasphemous." In short, God is too good to deceive, but not too good to condemn. Now, if Mr. Oxenham were alone in maintaining this paradox, I should not be at the pains to controvert it; for differing from him *toto cœlo* (*totâque*, let me add, *gehennâ*), I feel that between him and me, except on some minor topics, there is no common ground for argument.

But, unfortunately, there are many Protestants and even nibblers at Liberalism who hold vaguely and perhaps unwittingly what this able writer has stated clearly and forcibly. It is mainly with these, and wholly for their sake, that my present discussion is set on foot. In fact, my article is a plea for that generally valuable, yet generally unvalued, body, the Neochristians—those transformed and regenerate Ishmaels whose hand is against no man, though every man's

hand is against them. And the motive of this plea is an earnest desire that the religious reform which is inevitable, should be kept as far as possible within the Christian lines. Still, a measure of reform which is to avail against revolution, has often to be somewhat drastic; and the first advice which should be offered to our Neochristian friends is, that they should at once give up the old foundation, for which their modest structure is unfitted, and on which Pandæmonium may so easily be built. But, before entering on their defence, a word of personal explanation is required. Mr. Mill certainly held that a Being who could create hell, would be, strictly speaking, not a God, but the very reverse. Yet, in the chapter by him from which I have quoted, the popular language is repeatedly adopted for the sake of clearness; and to the supposed author of hell, the name "God" is applied. In the present article that example will be followed. It will also be found convenient to assume, unless when the contrary is specified, that the Church is right in pronouncing certain writings to be genuine and certain marvels to be historical. But it must be understood that I am not bound by these assumptions. It should, moreover, be explained that, zealous though I am on behalf of the Neochristians, I in nowise commit myself to either of the recognized forms of Neochristianity,—either to Mr. Tennyson's Christianity without hell, or to Mr. Arnold's Christianity without God. My position will be rendered yet clearer by my adding that I expect the various orthodox sects, with their chronic civil war, to continue in a state of heedlessness not wholly unlike that which the Gospel attributes to the antediluvian world: they will preach, they will write, they will cavil, they will give in to cavils, till science comes and destroys them all. Wherefore, of the Catholic and the orthodox Protestant it may be said, as of Lausus and Pallas, that neither is destined to overwhelm the other, but that *mox illos sua fata manent majore sub hoste.*

Doubtless, to satisfy Mr. Oxenham personally, the foregoing explanation was not needed; for he clearly thinks me an honest (if somewhat ravenous) wolf in wolf's clothing, and has even singled me out as the representative of the common enemy into whose hand timid or treacherous friends (seemingly Broad Churchmen) are playing. It is possible that the simplest way of opening our inquiry will be to quote and expand from a former article, a passage from which he has made an extract. "The wiser among us," I said, "are seeking to drop hell out of the Bible as quietly, and about as logically, as we already contrive to disregard the plain texts forbidding Christians to go to law, and Christian women to plait their hair,"[1] or, it might have been added, to be unveiled in Church;

(1) *Fortnightly Review*, Jan. 1876, p. 125.

bidding all Christians work miracles on pain of damnation;[1] bidding them choose psalms and spiritual songs as a vent for their mirth; them to jest;[2] to take judicial oaths; to hope for exemption from persecution"[3] (in the plain sense which the early Christians attached to that word); to receive interest for loans, or even to receive back the principal;[4] to be rich, or to ask rich people to dinner;[5] to receive an unorthodox person into their house, or even to wish him "God speed." That this last prohibition was meant literally is proved by the tradition about St. John and Cerinthus; and I have heard an Evangelical divine, only too plausibly, adduce the passage to prove the sinfulness of entertaining Catholics. That some of the other texts I have referred to were not meant literally, is commonly and conveniently assumed. Personally, I could never take this view—not even in my orthodox boyhood, when such texts made life a burden to me; so that my judgment was then vehemently biassed not against, but in favour of, the traditional interpretation of them. That the literal meaning of each of those passages is the true one, still seems to me probable. At any rate, it is certain that, taken collectively, they breathe an ascetic spirit which is in glaring contrast to the smooth and polished Christianity of our day. A popular preacher, complaining of Rationalists that they had no moral standard, once said to me, "When I am in doubt, I refer to my Bible:" almost as if his Bible was unlike other Bibles; certainly as if the Bible was a lucid Encyclopædia of doctrine and morals. Nor did my friend herein go far beyond what is held by most orthodox Protestants. They have forged a vast shield of texts, which they use to their own satisfaction against Romanists (*Ingentem clipeum informant, unum omnia contra Tela Latinorum*); and therewith they hope to quench the fiery darts of the combined wicked—of Romanists and Rationalists together. Our object, on the other hand, has been to show that the Bible is not such a handbook as they suppose; and that, in fact, if the way of doctrinal transgressors is hard, that of Bibliolaters is not easy. And if, consciously or unconsciously, orthodox Christians exercise the right of dropping inconvenient texts out of the Bible, they should not be wrath with their Liberal brethren who do likewise; for the game, in very truth, is one at which two can play. Here, then, is our point. If the Bible contains plain commands which we have a right to disobey, may it not contain plain assertions which we have a right to dis-

(1) Mark xvi. 16—18.

(2) Eph. v. 4. Cf. Matt. xii. 36.

(3) 2 Tim. iii. 12.

(4) Luke vi. 34, 35. These and the other texts against usury were taken literally, until the needs of civilisation refuted them.

(5) Luke xiv. 12, 13.

believe?[1] Thus the Neochristian would be in no lack of orthodox précedents, if he contended that the statements about hell were Oriental hyperboles; or that they were an extra deterrent mercifully given to the Jews in their low state of piety, or rather of culture and civilisation—an adaptation to the hardness of their hearts, or perhaps to the softness of their brains; or that they were a needful concession to a prevailing superstition: for the Bible was written *a Judæis, ad Judæos, apud Judæos;* and superstition, like nature, *non nisi parendo vincitur.* Perhaps, indeed, it will be objected that our analogy between disobeying Divine commands and disbelieving Divine assertions does not hold. Let us, then, give an example of each kind. It is plainly declared that the observance of the Sabbath —an observance binding in regard to the day, the obligations, and the penalties—was to be perpetual, and for ever.[2] And this perpetual ordinance, originally imposed on Israel, extends to all who have adopted Israel's law.[3] It is also affirmed that the house, kingdom, and throne of David should be established for ever. Compare these two statements with the statement that hell is to be perpetual. If, by a prophetic license, *perpetual* means *transitory* in regard to the Sabbath and the House of David, why not in regard to hell? Or (what is much the same thing), if we may give a non-natural interpretation to two of these propositions,[4] why not to the third?

Impartial readers will probably think that I have already made out my case; but, as the subject is very important, and as the prejudice about it is inveterate, I will carry the inquiry somewhat deeper. To reasonings like the above it is commonly objected that (according to the Bible) God can neither lie nor repent. Now, it is obvious that this objection is at once refuted by the fact that it proves the biblical veracity from the Bible, making the Bible arbiter in its own cause. But I will let this pass, as I wish as far

(1) Sir J. Fitzjames Stephen says (Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, p. 315) that some scriptural commands are "understood by those who believe in the supernatural authority of Christ as a pathetic overstatement of duties . . . . peculiarly liable to be neglected." Every argument that can be used to justify such a "pathetic overstatement" of duties will serve to justify a pathetic overstatement of the penalties whereby those duties were enforced.

(2) Ex. xxxi. 16, 17.

(3) Matt. v. 18. Cf. Matt. xxiv. 20.

(4) Thus, it is commonly maintained that the throne of David spiritually survives in Christianity. To test this interpretation, let us put a parallel case, which we can consider impartially. One was told at school that Virgil's *Imperium sine fine dedi* is a signal instance of an uninspired prophecy failing. Yet it might be at least as plausibly urged that the Roman dominion survives in the Papacy, as that the Davidic throne survives in Christianity. But to any such pitiful misinterpretation of Virgil's words a sufficient answer would be that, before the Roman Empire ceased, no one dreamt of so explaining the poet's meaning. Even so we may ask, Did the Jews, before the time of Nebuchadnezzar, dream of spiritually *evaporating* the plain prediction about David?

as possible to meet orthodoxy on its own ground: ἐκ τοῦ στόματός σου κρινῶ σε. The Bible, then, asserts that God neither lies nor repents. But, in the very same chapter,[1] God is described as repenting: hence it might be argued that the biblical statement on this head, so far from proving that there are no biblical misstatements, adds to their list one misstatement the more. But this difficulty also I will not press. An orthodox person would probably meet it by saying that the Divine word, like nature, half reveals and half conceals the soul within; we can see God only through a glass darkly, or rather through a pseudoscope,—*immortalia mortali sermone notamus;* hence there is no inconsistency in supposing that God does not really repent, but that to our finite reason he can only be revealed as repenting. Well, let this explanation stand, only let us observe that in the Hebrew verse—that *rime de pensées,* as M. Renan calls it—lying and repenting are coupled together. The Divine incapacity of misrepresentation is announced in the same breath, and placed in the same category, with the Divine incapacity of repentance. And yet, humanly speaking, God *does* repent. Is it, then, impious to inquire whether, humanly speaking, God may not misrepresent? Nay, further: according to the only notion that we can form of repentance, a repentant man must either err when he repents, or have erred in doing that for which he repents. Surely this reasoning *mutatis mutandis* applies to a repentant Deity. Perhaps an illustration will best set forth our meaning. We are told that God repented of the good work of creating man. Therefore, his beneficent decrees do not resemble the laws of the Medes and Persians. Why, then, must we assume that his maleficent decrees resemble those laws? If it repented God of creation, may it not repent him of the intention of damnation?

But it is not only out of the Bible that eternal punishment is defended. The burden of proof is attempted to be thrown on the assailants of that doctrine. The doctrine, it is said, is rendered antecedently probable by the analogy of nature. In nature the wages of sin accumulate till death; a sinful act never ceases injuriously to affect the sinner; but whatever occurs in nature must be permitted, if not ordained, by God: and the presumption is that his supernatural government bears some analogy to his natural; and, therefore, that the punishment of sin, which has no end in this world, will likewise have no end in the next. Now, this reasoning, which is substantially that of Butler, could not be fully examined without discussing the argument of the first chapter of the Analogy, and

(1) 1 Sam. xv. 11, 29. In this singular chapter a still more startling contrast occurs: Samuel (*v.* 22) expresses the noble sentiment that "to obey is better than sacrifice;" yet, at that very moment, he was meditating the most hideous of all sacrifices—a human sacrifice (*v.* 33).

even the fundamental assumption on which the Analogy rests. This is not the place for such a discussion; so I will merely remark that natural forces are in themselves neither moral nor immoral, but *outside morality*; but, when they are personified and judged by a moral standard, they are found to be recklessly immoral. Hence, if we start with the assumption that the course of nature is in harmony with God's direct and deliberate action, we may go on to defend the foulest superstition that ever cursed mankind. If whatever exists (including Nero's government[1]) is "ordained of God," theft and adultery must be so ordained. If, then, God's natural procedure is a sample of his supernatural, what right have Christians to condemn the actions attributed to Jupiter, which were, humanly speaking, immoral? Nor is it only civilised Jupiters, ancient or modern, that may claim the benefit of such a plea. The plea is equally applicable to those "puny godlings of inferior race"[2] whom savages worship, nay, even to Bhowanee, the goddess of murder. Hence, when Shelley indignantly denied that

> "The God of nature and benevolence had given
> A special sanction to the trade of blood,"

his indignation was partly reasonable, partly not. That the god of benevolence should have sanctioned such a trade is, of course, impossible; but that the god of Nature, the ordainer of all the abominations that occur in Nature, should have done so, is in nowise impossible, but just what we might have expected. Nor, again, are we left to conjecture as to the employment of the analogical aid to faith in support of religious systems which we now justly condemn. On the contrary, we know that, when Pagan orthodoxy was giving way, such Pagans as Plutarch and some of Lucian's interlocutors propped it up with arguments not unlike those wherewith the disciples of Butler now prop up Christian orthodoxy. So that, after all, Butler's and Mansel's sanctuary is a too catholic Pantheon—a veritable "shrine of all saints and temple of all gods"—where mutually destructive theologies seek a common refuge. It is, however, with such attributes as those of Hermes Dolios that we are specially concerned. If it was God who hardened Pharaoh's heart, we may assume that it is often, if not always, God who hardens the liar's heart; in every such case *Deus fallit per alium*; analogy, therefore, points to the presumption that sometimes *Deus fallit per se*. But this is not all. That the sun travels from east to west, that the earth is approximately a flat surface, that the blue sky is a solid vault (στερέωμα)—these are delusions which the plan of the universe has done its very best to foster, which are common to

(1) Rom. xiii. 1. (2) Dryden's Persius.

primitive races, and which primitive writers, inspired as well as uninspired, have emphatically shared. In the face of these delusions, will the paradox that the course of Nature is a representation, however imperfect, of the Deity, a not inglorious "mirror where the Almighty's form glasses itself in" moral tempests, be seriously maintained? If so, we are driven to the monstrous conclusion that there are qualities in the First Cause little akin to those of Nathanael. And hence would arise the analogical presumption that, in revelation, God (according to St. Paul's happy euphemism) "calleth those things that be not as though they were."

Xenophanes blames Homer for attributing to the gods—

> *ὅσσα παρ' ἀνθρώποισιν ὀνείδεα καὶ ψόγος ἐστίν . . .*
> *κλέπτειν μοιχεύειν τε καὶ ἀλλήλους ἀπατεύειν.*

In this strikingly modern passage two things may be noted. First, divine deceit is not put in a class by itself; it is merely ranked with other forms of divine guilt. Secondly, the various forms of divine guilt are pronounced to be such, only on the assumption that the gods are bound by human morality; the acts are condemned because they would be deemed wrong and disgraceful among men. Now, it must be owned that to create millions of sentient beings, foreknowing that most of them were doomed to eternal tortures, compared with which the perpetual extraction of a sensitive tooth would be hailed as a relief[1]—such an act is unlike those which are thought praiseworthy among men. Are we not, then, bound to blame this act when imputed to God? For, in truth, there are two standards, and only two, whereby acts so imputed can be judged: there is the standard of human morality, and there is the immoral standard of natural analogy. Almost always, in weighing Christian and non-Christian theologies, we play fast and loose with these two standards. Will it be said that Christianity is in itself superior to the best non-Christian theology? It is; but we vastly exaggerate the superiority by applying to the different theologies different tables of weights and measures. The divergence between these tables far exceeds what is commonly supposed. Weighed in the balance of natural analogy, *no* historic gods are found wanting; weighed in the balance of human morality, *all*. The like may be said of the comparison between damning and deceiving. If God is wholly beyond the pale of human morality, we cannot guess whether he ought to damn or not to damn—to deceive or not to deceive.

(1) I give this realistic comparison in order to bring home to my readers what the popular doctrine is. People who talk glibly about *glad tidings* should read (in Wall's History of Infant Baptism) Augustine's and Fulgentius's expressions about the fate of unbaptized (including stillborn) infants. It is, however, satisfactory to know that, although Augustine (once at least) explicitly declared that all unbaptized children would be damned, yet he trusted that "this fire would be to them the most moderate of all" (Wall).

If, however, he is within that pale, we may conclude that (if omnipotent) he ought neither to damn nor to deceive; but that the guilt of deceiving is as dust in the balance when compared with the guilt of damning. I say "if omnipotent," for the following reason:—That a good spirit of limited powers might, in extreme cases, have to deceive his creatures, is just conceivable. In those extreme cases we might agree with Æschylus, that *ἀπάτης δικαίας οὐκ ἀποστατεῖ θεός*. But that such a spirit should be one—

> "Wha, as it pleases best hissel,
> Sends ane to heaven, and ten to hell,
> A' for his glory,"

—is utterly inconceivable and revolting. The orthodox, however, take a view the opposite of ours; they virtually assume that the text, "Let God be true, but every man a liar," is itself true in a more literal sense than the text, "God is love." Indeed, to their *apotheosis* of veracity may be due some of the exaggerated commonplaces that are current as to the absolute universality of the duty of truth-telling. I remember, when a boy, being told that it was sinful in Napoleon to encourage the Guard at Waterloo with the misstatement that their comrades, having crushed Blucher, were in sight coming to help them. Yet it certainly seemed that to tell the Guard a lie for which, if it had succeeded, they would have been grateful, was, at worst, what Sophocles would have called *ὅσια πανουργεῖν*, and Shakspeare would have called "a virtuous sin;" and that, at all events—in judging of that long crime, Napoleon's career—to single out this peccadillo for reprobation showed a want of moral perspective. But what should I have answered if my teacher had gone on to ask whether it was not uncharitable to suspect a man like Napoleon of telling such a lie? My answer would, or should, have been in words of Œdipus. When Œdipus had adjured the unknown murderer of Laius to give himself up, the Chorus was so sanguine as to suggest that further efforts at detection would be needless; without doubt, the criminal, on hearing the imprecation, would make haste to confess his guilt. Whereunto the king rejoined: "Not he who dared the deed will shrink at words." We have prefixed this reply as motto to our article; for it happily exposes the delusion which prevails about the Divine morality. Whoever, in conceiving of that morality, strains at the gnat of even beneficent misrepresentation, while he swallows the camel of eternal punishment, should bind the motto about his neck, and write it on the table of his heart. But our popular teachers are deaf to such advice. They scorn to depict God as an idealized Edward III., pardoning those whom he had doomed to destruction; but they scruple not to depict him as a Torquemada *in excelsis*.

But, after all, it is superfluous to show that, assuming orthodoxy, Divine deceptions may occur: orthodoxy herself practically admits that they *have* occurred. How does she account for the scientific statements in the Bible, which are, to say the least, calculated to mislead? She affirms that those statements were needful accommodations: which being interpreted is, that God, to teach a great truth, had to teach a little error. But there are graver forms of Divine deception to which the Bible directly bears witness. Lucian justly complains that Zeus, in the Iliad, "deceived Agamemnon by sending him a lying dream, so as to cause the death of many Greeks." In exactly the same way, Jehovah, in the book of Kings, deceived Ahab by sending him a lying spirit, so as to cause the death of many Hebrews (*Deus fallit per alium*). At another time, he "gave them also statutes that were not good, and judgments whereby they should not live;" and "if the prophet be deceived when he hath spoken a thing, I the Lord have deceived that prophet" (*Deus fallit per se*).[1]

Nor is it only in the Old Testament that such deceptions are mentioned: they are attested also in the New.[2] I am careful to notice this latter testimony, inasmuch as it is on the earliest Christian traditions and sentiments—those recorded in the Synoptical writings and the Apocalypse—that the case for eternal torture chiefly rests. St. Paul, on the other hand, inclined towards Universalism:[3] and it does not lie with the Church to neglect his authority; for ecclesiastical Christianity is based far more on the Pauline Epistles and the Fourth Gospel than on the genuine sayings of Jesus. But St. Paul himself would have been the first to disclaim any such pre-eminence, and to admit that the servant is less than his Lord. *Numquid Paulus crucifixus est pro vobis? Aut in nomine Pauli baptizati estis?* It is, therefore, with especial interest that we inquire whether a strong case for eternal torture can be made out of the language of the Synoptical records. To me their expressions seem very strong: insomuch that, when Mr. Oxenham holds up their damnatory phraseology and virtually asks with Hubert de Burgh, "Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?" I most reluctantly echo Prince Arthur's answer:—

"Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect."

Not only is this concession in itself painful: it also involves a painful inquiry. For it behoves us to prove, not merely that there are errors in the Bible—thus much all rational Christians now admit—but that there are errors even in the words ascribed to the Master. Yet, in this thankless demonstration, it is a comfort to feel that we are only affirming a principle which all Neochristians practically assume, and which is indeed the corner-stone of their system; for it

(1) Comp. Deut. xiii. 3; Jer. xx. 7. (2) 2 Thess. ii. 11. (3) Rom. xi. 32.

is certain that what may be termed the non-*populousness* and the non-eternity of hell are staked on the fallibility of Christ. From this point of view, then, all Christians, even those who *believe* our conclusions to be false, ought to *wish* them to be true. If a great physician told us that we were going to die of a lingering and loathsome disease, we should wish—he would expect us to wish, and would himself wish—that he might be mistaken; and so, when the Object of our deepest reverence has proclaimed sad tidings of great sorrow which are unto all people, common humanity bids us hope that even he was liable to error.

Before proceeding further, I must guard against a misconception. Some readers may be estranged from this inquiry, through supposing that I am about to assail the doctrine of the Incarnation. Such, however, is not my intention; for, having a clear case before me, I mean to avoid all disputable matter. I will, therefore, remark that those who deny the infallibility of Christ do not *necessarily* deny his Divinity; they need only subject that Divinity to limitations which, in theory, are hardly greater than those to which it is subjected already. To make my meaning clear, I will first observe that in different ages the word God has been held to connote very different sets of attributes. Thus, Mr. Oxenham assumes that God is infallible; and, as we have seen, he thinks it blasphemous to suggest that the Incarnate God could deceive. Xenophanes, on the other hand, deemed it blasphemous to suppose that God could be incarnate at all;[1] whereas Hesiod saw nothing amiss in saying that the heavenly Muses are skilled to tell many lies.[2] But it is not only in Pagan authors that such representations as this last are to be found. The Bible, we have shown, speaks of God as deceiving. In another place God declares himself to be fallible, and even provides against the contingency of his having been misinformed.[3] Either this Divine statement is true, or it is not. If it is, *cadit quæstio*: if it is not, the speaker is convicted of misrepresentation in this case, and capable of it in others. Of course it may be contended that God is infallible in himself, but that, when speaking *down* to our faculties, he has to depict himself as fallible. I do not mean to contest this explanation; for, in conceding that God *as revealed to us* is fallible, it concedes all that my argument requires.

A different class of objectors may urge that God did not declare himself to be fallible, but was misrepresented by the author of Genesis. This solution, however, only throws the difficulty further back; for the Founders of Christianity asserted, or rather assumed,

(1) ὁμοίως ἀσεβοῦσιν οἱ γενέσθαι φάσκοντες τοὺς θεοὺς τοῖς ἀποθανεῖν λέγουσιν.
(2) ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν.
(3) Gen. xviii. 21. In 1 Kings xxii. 20—22 God is represented as at a loss for an expedient and as seeking counsel—in the art of deception.

the divine authority of the Pentateuch;[1] so that, if the author of Genesis was mistaken, they were mistaken also. And this brings us to a remark about verbal inspiration. St. Paul believed in the verbal inspiration of the Old Testament.[2] Nor can there be any reasonable doubt that Jesus held the same view. Also, he promised his disciples that his teaching should be supernaturally brought to their remembrance; and that, when taken before judges, they should be verbally inspired.[3] These and similar passages serve to explain the desperate efforts that were made to defend verbal inspiration. In a work whose perfect accuracy is divinely guaranteed, even a minute error in fact involves a grave error in doctrine; for it proves that inspiration did not know its own limits. Extremes in theology sometimes meet; and I am glad to find that the views here enunciated may be confirmed by a quotation from Dr. Wordsworth. After rightly premising that the promise of verbal inspiration must be regarded as extending to St. Stephen, he goes on to comment on allegations that the proto-martyr's speech contains errors: "The allegations in question, when reduced to their plain meaning, involve the assumption, that the Holy Ghost speaking by St. Stephen (who was 'full of the Holy Spirit') forgot what He himself had written in the book of Genesis, and that his memory is to be refreshed by biblical commentators of the nineteenth century." This trenchant logic may be fitly coupled with Cowper's sneer at geologists, who

> "drill and bore
> The solid earth, and from the strata there
> Extract a register, by which we learn
> That He who made it, and revealed its date
> To Moses, was mistaken in its age!"

One has only to confront Dr. Wordsworth's logic with Alford's correct statement that St. Stephen's speech contains "at least two demonstrable historical inaccuracies;" and to confront Cowper's sneer with the first principles of modern geology; and one perceives what an edged tool every such *reductio ad anti-Christianum* is. But what concerns us is to note that, as we have said, rational Christians nowadays admit that the Scriptures contain mistakes. Whence it follows that the Founders, who believed that the Scriptures (or large portions of them) were free from mistakes, were in that very belief themselves mistaken.

Moreover, the fallibility of Christ may be distinctly inferred from the Gospels. He is represented "as growing" (and therefore as at

(1) See Mark xii. 26. It is clear that the general state of opinion—the suppressed major premiss, as we may call it—which is involved in the assumption that the Divine words spoken in the burning bush were genuine, will cover the assumption that the Divine words confessing fallibility were genuine.

(2) Gal. iii. 16.

(3) Mark xiii. 11.

one time deficient) "in wisdom." He sought theological instruction from the Jewish doctors. Unless this instruction was a mere farce, he was then, if not fallible, at least inferior in knowledge to his fallible teachers. Also, in mature manhood, he knew not the day or the hour of his coming.[1] Hence his knowledge on some subjects was imperfect. And from imperfect knowledge to fallibility the step is a slight one; for, when a Being has imperfect knowledge, how can we be sure that his knowledge is perfect as to the limits of its own imperfection? But, as regards the fallibility of Christ, we are not left to mere conjecture. He "marvelled at the centurion's faith." Now, it is obvious that an infallible Being could not marvel. When we say that a man marvels, we imply that his expectation fell short of the reality, and was therefore erroneous. And thus, when we are told that Jesus marvelled at the centurion's faith, we infer that his previous estimate of that faith had been unduly low. Again: a Being conscious of infallibility would be free from doubt and misgiving. Yet Jesus was uncertain respecting his death; and, when dying, he feared that God had forsaken him.[2] In case this demonstration (for such it is) should be painful to any reader, I would fain offer a word of comfort. The great Catholic Commentary of Cornelius à Lapide states that "esto Christus non creverit sapientiâ et gratiâ habituali, crevit tamen actuali et practicâ." This reasoning is just as applicable to Christ's fallibility as to his youthful deficiency in knowledge; and hence a liberal Christian who clings to the belief in his Lord's Divinity may plausibly urge that the Saviour (as was inevitable) held some errors of his time, but that in respect of those errors it was only his "actual and practical wisdom," not his "habitual wisdom," that failed him.

Having thus sought to disarm prejudice, we can more freely comment on a few out of the many erroneous statements reported in the Gospel—statements that may, as it were, keep in countenance the reported statements about hell; and, in making the selection, we will mainly confine our view to errors that have been practically acknowledged by Christians of note. We will begin with an example that perplexed Mr. Maurice. The Master is said to have prophesied that he would "be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." Now, the interval from Friday evening to Sunday morning

(1) Mark xiii. 32. This and similar passages are explained away by some Catholics. Thus the Pope (quoted by Mr. Gladstone) has pronounced that Christ's increase in wisdom was "only apparent:" whereunto a Neochristian might respond that future punishment will be "only apparent." So, again, the *Dublin Review* (Sept., 1865) says that "the Church imperatively requires her children to understand Mark xiii. 32 in some very unobvious sense." If the Church may take this liberty with plain texts in the New Testament, the Scribes and Pharisees (who sat in Moses' seat) must have had a like authority over plain texts in the Old Testament. Why, then, were the Jews blamed for giving a "very unobvious sense" to the fifth commandment (Mark vii. 9—13)?

(2) Matt. xxvi. 39; xxvii. 46.

is only one day and two nights. Hence, in the prophecy as reported by St. Matthew, there is as open a breach with arithmetic as in the three fourteens in the same Evangelist's genealogy; and, we may add, as in his strange narrative (evolved out of a misunderstood prophecy) concerning the ass *and* the colt, on both of which (αὐτῶν) Jesus rode into Jerusalem.[1] Again, Jesus said that David ate the showbread "in the high priesthood of Abiathar:"[2] the event really occurred in the high priesthood of Ahimelech. Once more: an excellent religious journal has courageously proposed "to explain, once for all, that the theological and historical library popularly called the 'Bible' contains some errors."[3] Now, the "error" that is chiefly referred to occurs in the Fourth Commandment. Did God give the Ten Commandments, or did he not? If he did, the "error" was a Divine one, and the thunders on Sinai were so many seals to that error. If he did not, the Master, who clearly believed the Decalogue to be from God, was himself in error on a fundamental point. The gravity of such an error may be best shown by an illustration. In the parable of Dives and Lazarus—that *tremendous parable*, as Charles Austin called it, which implies that all who receive their good things on earth, all whom a Jew of the Christian era would have counted rich, will be tormented[4]—greater value is attached to the testimony of Moses and the Prophets than to that of one risen from the dead.[5] Now, if one of the bystanders had suggested that one risen from the dead would appeal directly to the senses, whereas the passages in Moses and the Prophets (even assuming those passages to be genuine and rightly interpreted) might figure among the errors in the theological and historical library popularly called the Bible,—if one of the bystanders, say the virtuous and enlightened St. Thomas, had suggested this, would not the remonstrance, "Be not faithless, but

(1) By the other three Evangelists the supernumerary ass is suppressed. St. Matthew and the fourth Evangelist quote Zech. ix. 9 differently, so as to make it support their differing accounts. The fourth Gospel elsewhere furnishes a striking example of a myth *deposited* from a misunderstood text (xix. 23, 24).

(2) Mark ii. 26. I adopt Alford's translation, as the difficulty is slurred over in the authorised version. Alford comments on the instructive fact that a good and learned divine has persuaded himself that this text "rather suggests that he (Abiathar) was *not* the High Priest then:" *nanum Atlanta vocavit, Æthiopem cygnum.* As for me, I forbear to waste words on the ingenious disingenuousness of harmonists; for I cannot often understand the notion that it is honest to apply to the Bible a mode of interpretation which would be dishonest if applied to any other book; and that orthodoxy, like Sigismund, is *supra grammaticam.*

(3) *Spectator,* Aug. 28, 1875, p. 1091.

(4) Luke xvi. 25.

(5) In like manner the writer calling himself St. Peter attributes greater probative force to the enigmatical prophecies of the Old Testament than to the evidence of St. Peter's own eyes and ears (2 Peter i. 18, 19). This tendency of the early Christian mind is suggestive.

believing," have been the very mildest that would have been addressed to him? Again, not only did Jesus accept the entire narrative of the Pentateuch, but on the details of that narrative he founded important rules of conduct. In treating of the right of divorce, he appealed to the institution that was "from the beginning;" primitive institutions he assumed to be ideally the best. His reasoning suggests two reflections. First, Whatever the primitive form of marriage was, strict monogamy it was not. Secondly, The question as to primitive marriage, though indirectly full of instruction, has no direct bearing on conduct. As soon as science shall have determined whether primitive societies were endogamous or exogamous, modern communities will not be constrained to adapt their marriage laws to the primitive model: any more than those of us who believe slavery and cannibalism to have been primitive institutions are therewithal bound to become slave-holders and cannibals.

These illustrations are given in no captious spirit, but in order to show how hollow is the truce that has been patched up between orthodoxy and modern research. Especially hollow is the truce between orthodoxy and biblical criticism. For example: Jesus ascribed the 110th Psalm to David;[1] and the context shows that, in so ascribing it, he was not adapting himself to conventional phraseology, but that he thought that it was verily and indeed spoken by David. On the other hand, the "Four Friends" deny that it was by David; indeed, it was manifestly spoken not *by*, but *to*, a Hebrew ruler.[2] The "Four Friends," who write in a thoroughly Christian spirit, forbear to point the moral of their statement; but they can hardly have been ignorant that, in making the statement at all, they were charging their Master with error. It is yet more obvious that their interpretation of the contemptuous apostrophe, "Ye are gods," is at variance with the amazing interpretation reported in the Fourth Gospel. Indeed, according to modern criticism, hardly one of the texts quoted from the Old Testament is rightly interpreted in the New. "Of prophecies in the sense of *prognostication*," says Coleridge, "I utterly deny that there is any instance delivered by one of the illustrious Diadoche whom the Jewish Church comprised in the name *Prophets*—and I shall regard *Cyrus* as an exception, when I believe the 137th Psalm to have been composed by David." In effect, this remarkable passage denies that the so-called Hebrew prophecies were predictions.

(1) Matt. xxii. 43, 44; comp. Acts ii. 34, 35.

(2) I say "ruler" (not "king"), since there is a great difference of opinion as to when this psalm was written. The "Four Friends" place it during the monarchy; while our best biblical critic, Dr. Davidson, is inclined to relegate it to the time of the Maccabees.

On the other hand, Jesus believed them to be, not merely predictions, but predictions so plain that the Jewish nation was held guilty for not discerning their fulfilment. Thus, on so vital a question as prophecy, the opinion of the chief Christian philosopher of our century was diametrically opposed to the opinion of Christ. Other Christian writers follow Coleridge's lead. For instance: the Master is alleged to have foretold that a prophecy of Daniel was about to be fulfilled in the fall of Jerusalem, which was to be "immediately" followed by the end of the world.[1] Yet, not only has a certain interval already elapsed between the destruction of Jerusalem and that of the world, but we learn, even from Christian authorities, that the passage attributed to Daniel had no reference to the sack of Jerusalem by Titus—that it was not by Daniel—that it was not a prophecy, but a forgery. Hence, the book of Daniel furnishes a crucial test of rationalism. Laodicean liberals sometimes boast that they have given up their orthodoxy concerning the Old Testament, but that their orthodoxy concerning the New remains unimpaired. Now, if there is a point whereon rational critics from Porphyry to Zeller are agreed, it is that the prophecy in Daniel is unauthentic. If there is a point which lukewarm liberals are loath to give up, it is that every word of Christ came from God. To what, then, does their theory amount? Even to this shocking result: that God professed to have inspired the pseudo-Daniel, and thus became accessory after the fact. A similar mode of reasoning applies yet more directly to the theory of "inspired personation," a theory which seems to find favour with the accomplished divine who has written the article, Bible, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and who has justly been described in a religious journal as the most orthodox of biblical critics. That theory practically is, that the author of Deuteronomy, who was not Moses, was inspired to say that he *was* Moses (*Deo per mendacium gratificari*). Yet, peradventure, for this theory something may be said. We have seen that, on the orthodox hypothesis, St. Stephen's speech was verbally inspired. Yet, when professing to give the very words of Amos, he quietly substituted Babylon for Damascus; in fact, he manipulated the prophecy, so as to make it seem to have been fulfilled by the captivity.[2] It follows, then, that he was verbally inspired to misquote. If St. Stephen was inspired to misquote, why may not the Deuteronomist have been inspired to misreport?

But this is not all. A distinguished living clergyman told me that he considered the strongest passage in the Bible to be one where

(1) Matt. xxiv. 15, 29.

(2) Acts vii. 43. This practice was after the manner of the age. In Isaiah ix. 12, the LXX. did not scruple to render "Philistines" by "Ελληνες, their object being, according to a high authority, to make the prophecy refer to the Ptolemies and Seleucidæ. (See Mackay's Progress of the Intellect.)

God, by the mouth of Jeremiah, disowned the entire ceremonial law.[1] The explanation of this passage probably is, that Jeremiah, like Ezekiel, felt that the Mosaic law contained statutes which, according to the moral standard of his own age, "were not good;" but that, whereas Ezekiel concluded that those unworthy statutes were given by God penally, Jeremiah more rationally concluded that they were not given by God at all. At any rate, Jeremiah's statement is incompatible with the divine authorship of the Pentateuch. How, then, is it to be reconciled with Christ's observance of the Passover, and his injunction to "offer the gift that Moses commanded?" I refrain from pressing this difficulty. Enough has been said to explain why it is, that on the approach of sound criticism the orthodox landmarks, which but lately seemed so steadfast, are one by one being removed.

A Greek sage once laid down three rather sweeping propositions. (1.) Nothing exists. (2.) If anything exists, it may not be known. (3.) If anything exists and may be known, the knowledge may not be communicated. Now, if in these propositions for "thing" be substituted "good argument against orthodoxy," they will be found to correspond with three objections commonly urged against inquiries like the present. With the first class of objectors—those who deny the existence of plausible arguments for rationalism—we have already dealt. There remain the other two sets of objectors. There are those who maintain that such plausible arguments exist indeed, but exist only to try our faith; the fruit of this tree of knowledge should be eschewed on pain of death. And there are those who complain that, in imparting to them this fruit, we have made them unhappy, and have driven them, as it were, out of Paradise: we have taken away their Lord, and they know not where we have laid him. This last objection shall be discussed first, and very briefly. That the popular creed is in itself not a happy one, we have shown. Indeed, the application of the name "Gospel" to a system containing such doctrines as the imputation of Adam's guilt—"th' enormous faith of many" damned "for one"—may be called the πρῶτον ψεῦδος of orthodoxy: insomuch that it is the Christian Universalists who are on *the side of the angels*; and this time it is the popular theology which, in representing itself as having received from the angels the glaring misnomer of good tidings of great joy, suggests what is little short of blasphemous. Still, although that theology is in itself a very Kakangel, there is no doubt that by many the κακάγγελτος ἄχη is unfelt. Our "sister while she prays" is generally able to enjoy "her early heaven, her happy views," and blissfully to ignore her early hell and most depressing views. And this is a reason against heedlessly airing modern

(1) Jer. vii. 22.

opinions in general conversation, when one's hearer is almost at one's mercy. But it is not a reason against putting forth those opinions in writings, which no one is compelled to read. Moreover, the orthodox, who practise self-deception as to the unsound portions of their creed, will find their task daily more difficult, and therefore more demoralising. As was said in a former article, "the bracing intellectual air that we now breathe will bring the latent diseases of our religion out;" and perchance, if we limit overmuch the action of that bracing air, it will work unmixed harm—it will have time to bring the diseases out, but not time to cure them. It is on this account that too mild a treatment of those diseases may be perilous to the entire body of Christian sentiment and practice—not merely to the letter that killeth, but to the spirit that giveth life: if thine hand or thy foot offend thee, says the Scripture, cut it off. And thus, when we exhorted Christians manfully to renounce the devil and all his angels, and to drop hell out of the Bible, we acted under a Conservative impulse: for we doubted whether to Christianity itself the presence of those nether flames, if they are suffered to go on smouldering, will be wholly free from risk. *Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth.*

The other objection is, in effect, that "man is not made to question, but adore:" it is *safer* to accept undoubtingly whatever our Bible or Church tells us of God, even if the evidence for those statements be inconclusive; nay, had the evidence been conclusive, where would be the room for our faith? Of this faith unfaithful we might summarily dispose, by observing that its possessors are liable to Coleridge's censure—they prefer Christianity to truth. But it will serve our purpose to meet these objectors on their own ground, and to fight them with their own weapons. Is it, then, quite certain that a good Being, who on one or more occasions affirmed himself to have ordained Tophet, would wish his affirmation to be always believed? The answer to this question may be sought in human analogies. Malcolm, in order to test the fidelity of Macduff, charged himself with grievous faults. It was with hearty satisfaction that Macduff at length discovered that Malcolm had been deceiving him. Nor can we doubt that, when the discovery was made, his satisfaction was shared by Malcolm himself; for the latter would prefer that his friend should regard him as an occasional liar, rather than as a perpetual villain.[1] A yet

(1) Perhaps a similar lesson may be gathered from the Gospels. We may be sure that the father whose son refused to go into the vineyard, but afterwards repented and went, was better pleased than if the son had kept his word and not gone—had been more truthful, but less obedient. The moral of Jephthah's story is less satisfactory; and the frantic efforts that are nowadays made to explain away this simple narrative—to make believe that Jephthah broke his vow and did not commit murder—are among the many proofs that the religious instinct of modern times is in some respects healthier than that of the Old, and seemingly of the New, Testament (Heb. xi. 32).

closer parallel may be drawn from classical mythology. Mr. Symonds has well observed that an enlightened Pagan would feel about the cannibal repasts attributed to his gods much as an enlightened Christian feels about eternal punishment. This parallel (Mr. Symonds's critics notwithstanding) holds perfectly; for the analogical device which is used to defend, and the allegorical device which is used to explain away, the belief in a divine torture-house, may just as readily be applied to the belief in divine cannibalism. It is, therefore, worth while to consider the sort of language which devout but enlightened Pagans—Pagan Broad Churchmen, in fact—held concerning this unsavoury dogma of Pagan orthodoxy. In a passage translated and justly praised by Bacon, Plutarch observes: "Surely, I had rather a great deal men should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch, than that they should say that there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born; as the poets speak of Saturn;" the gods, he infers, have a similar preference, and hate superstition worse than Atheism. This principle is fruitful of consequences. Let us suppose that Plutarch would have accepted them: in that case, if Kronos or Zeus could have been shown to have pleaded guilty to revolting cruelty, Plutarch would have judged it right to disbelieve the divine confession. And he might fairly have hoped that such a judgment would find an echo amid the peaks of Olympus; for would not the Olympian father more bitterly resent the charge of murdering his own children than that of, humanly speaking, either deceiving or being deceived (κρεῖττον δ' ἐλέσθαι ψεῦδος, ἢ ἀληθὲς κακόν)? Nay, further, Zeus was the father "of men" as well as "of gods," the father whose "offspring we are;"[1] and the foregoing argument would as clearly apply to his treatment of his human, as to his treatment of his divine, children. Wherefore Plutarch might have thought it not merely unscientific, but irreligious, to doubt that,

> "As for the dog, the furies, and their snakes,
> The gloomy caverns, and the burning lakes,
> And all the vain infernal trumpery,
> They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be."[2]

In other words, he might have clung to his belief in the divine mercy, even though the divine mercy had to be upheld at the cost of lesser divine attributes; even though, with the voracity of Tartarus, he gave up the veracity of Zeus.

Another Neopagan has dealt with divine cannibalism in a manner whereon Neochristians would do well to meditate. To Pindar it seemed hardly credible that the gods should have eaten up Pelops.

(1) Menander. (2) Lucretius translated by Dryden.

He granted, indeed, that very strange things sometimes happened; and he thought that, in this particular case, the final decision might be reserved for posterity; but, provisionally, he deemed it safer to reject the story. It is remarkable that here the poet uses the same sort of prudential weapon that orthodox Christians use; but he uses it on the opposite side—he employs it in defence, not of faith, but of scepticism. And this should show us what a two-edged weapon it is. Pindar, indeed, probably regarded the gods as having been misrepresented, not as misrepresenting themselves. But we have shown that, for practical purposes, these two forms of misrepresentation differ less than at first sight appears; and, indeed, that the distinction between gods who misreport themselves, and gods who are misreported by verbally inspired reporters, is a distinction without a difference. But Pindar haply did not regard the misreporters as verbally inspired. If so, his view exactly foreshadowed that of the Neochristians: and the state of mind common to both bears so closely on our inquiry that we propose to consider it further, and for that purpose to resort, yet once again, to a classical illustration. The Kymæans being commanded by an oracle to deliver up a suppliant, one of their citizens, Aristodikus, suspected that the divine words had been tampered with,[1] and consulted the oracle himself. The god, however, gave the same answer as before. Thereupon Aristodikus bethought him of a device: he robbed the nests of the sacred birds that were in the precincts of the temple. Presently he heard a voice from the sanctuary saying, "Wretch, how dare you strip the temple of my suppliants?" "O King," replied he, nothing abashed, "you indeed protect your suppliants; and do you bid the Kymæans deliver up theirs?"[2] "Yea, verily," said the god, "that for such impiety ye may perish speedily; and may never again ask the oracle about giving up suppliants." Thus, then, was Aristodikus rewarded for disregarding an injunction strikingly analogous to Jehovah's "statutes that were not good." His bearing in face of such an injunction differed from that of Abraham and Hosea,[3] just as Hellenism differed from Hebraism. It is therefore important that his precise moral attitude should be noted. He first cherished the hope that the wicked command was not from God; and afterwards, when convinced that it *was* from God, he still held that God was less dishonoured by its breach than by its observance; for it seemed less incredible that, for some inscrutable reason, God should have deceived his worshippers, than that he should have sanctioned what was unjust and cruel.

(1) δοκέων τοὺς θεοπρόπους οὐ λέγειν ἀληθέως. Hdt. i. 158.

(2) These words are closely parallel to passages in the Gospel: Matt. vi. 14, 15; xviii. 33. Observe that in all such passages the identity of the divine and the human morality is assumed.

(3) Gen. xxii.; Hosea i. 2.

Aristodikus, in so judging, was a model of pious discrimination. He deserves our respect both for regarding the divine untruthfulness as one of the solutions of the problem that lay before him, and also for regarding it as an unsatisfactory solution—a solution not to be adopted till a happier one had failed. And, in thus expressing our concurrence with his estimate of divine deceptions, we have shown what we think of Mr. Oxenham's estimate. It is in a certain sense true that the belief in such deceptions is "little short of blasphemous." But this is a one-sided truth, unless supplemented by the more obvious and momentous truth that the belief in hell is, in the words of the first of living bishops, "blasphemous and revolting." Orthodoxy, therefore, is in a strait betwixt two blasphemies; and of those blasphemies she should choose the less.

Briefly, then, we concede to Suarez and Professor Huxley that "Incredibile est, Deum illis verbis ad populum fuisse locutum quibus deciperetur." But we guard this concession by adding, "Incredibilius est, Deum illis pœnis in populum esse usurum quibus crucietur." We should hate, not the belief in divine untruthfulness less, but the belief in divine cruelty more. Only, in holding our brief for Neochristianity, we assumed that it was between these two beliefs that the alternative lay. And, starting with this assumption, we maintained that those who *hang* the belief in hell on the divine veracity represent the chain of evidence for hell as stronger than its weakest link; or, to employ a yet bolder metaphor, they make the burning lake rise above its own level. To prove this has been the design of our article. We have been endeavouring to show the universal application of a plain rule of human jurisprudence, by establishing a proposition which may be called a counterpart, if not a corollary, of Hume's famous proposition about miracles. Our proposition is: That no person (whether in heaven or on earth) should stand convicted, on his own testimony, of an immoral or unlikely act, unless it be less antecedently unlikely that he should do the act than that his testimony should be false; "and" (to apply Hume's very words) "even in that case there is a mutual destruction of arguments, and the superior only gives us an assurance suitable to that degree of force which remains after deducting the inferior."

LIONEL A. TOLLEMACHE.

HAS INDIA FOOD FOR ITS PEOPLE?

IT has not escaped notice that the present famine in India is but one of a series which are succeeding one another with overwhelming rapidity. Within a score of years there have been many famines in India. The North-Western Provinces have suffered more than once; Madras, too, has suffered before the present occasion; in one year half a million persons perished from starvation in Rajpootana; in 1866, a lamentable year, one-fourth of the whole population of Orissa was swept away; from time to time there have been scarcities in Behar, and the position of affairs in that province has become a source of unceasing anxiety to the Bengal Government; the Bengal famine of 1874 is still fresh in memory; and now there has been a drought for two successive years in Southern India, and there are apprehensions[1] of drought and scarcity over parts of the Central Provinces and Upper India as far as the Punjaub. Famine, it may be truly remarked, is now common in the East, and must be regarded as an ordinary incident of Indian administration. No part of the vast empire is exempt. It would seem to be the case—and it has openly been declared to be the case—that from one cause or another, and taking all years on an average, the food supply of India is no longer sufficient to feed the population of the country.

The facts, however, serious as they are, are not in reality so grave as to warrant this conclusion. If this inference were correct, it would be impossible to cope with famine in India. But that it is not impossible to overcome famine is owing to the almost limitless resources of food that, even at the worst seasons, are always available. It may be true that the population of India has enormously increased, and that in some parts of Bengal, for instance, the number of inhabitants is so great as to trespass on the margin for subsistence, while the area under cultivation with food grains has not increased in proportion to the growth of population. In many places food grains have undoubtedly given way to jute, cotton, oil-seeds, and other staples, which a special demand has made it more profitable to cultivate than rice or Indian corn or wheat. In some places also indigo and opium have usurped the lands best fitted for the cultivation of cereals. Yet, nevertheless, the cultivation of food grains is sufficient. The cultivation of rice in British Burmah, and even in Bengal, extends every year, and wheat is now sown on thousands of acres previously untilled. There are broad acres of wheat yielding a produce far above local requirements, where neither

(1) Fortunately, the last telegrams are very reassuring.

railway, road, nor canal has penetrated. There are ample territories of fertile soil still virgin and awaiting the invasion of the plough. And there is no evidence to show that the productive powers of the land already cultivated have diminished. On the contrary, it does seem that more careful tillage and the increased observance of crop rotation, have resulted in a better average outturn, both in quality and quantity of produce. The export of food grains to foreign ports shows a steady and progressive increase. It has always been found that though there may be scarcity in one part of India, the surplus production of the unaffected provinces is sufficient, and more than sufficient, to meet the demand in the distressed tracts. This was found to be so three years ago, when Burmah sent ship-loads and ship-loads of rice to discharge in the Hooghly River, and it is so now, when Bengal in her turn is acknowledging a debt of gratitude by feeding the starving population of the Madras Presidency. Notwithstanding the prodigious export from India to Great Britain, to Mauritius, to Ceylon, to the West Indies, and elsewhere, and notwithstanding also the unexampled demand for food throughout Madras and Bombay, the fact remains that even at the present crisis there is no absolute deficiency of food in the great Indian continent. Were there such a deficiency, the first symptom shown would be a perceptible diminution of exports. This symptom has indeed at last begun to manifest itself, but not until a year of famine has passed; and even now the grand total of foreign exports is more than equal to the total of previous years. A falling-off, however, is now said to be imminent, and this shows the extreme severity of the pressure.

It seems, indeed, as though the resources of India would prove capable of meeting almost any strain that might be put upon them. The country is vast and various, the soil fertile, the seasons, as a rule, regular and favourable, the inhabitants and cultivators numerous and patient and industrious, and possessing more than that ordinary share of intelligence which arises from a keen appreciation of self-interest. At the same time the strong arm of the British Government has preserved peace and compelled security, and it is not surprising that agriculture and commerce have flourished, that population has increased, and that a high standard of comfort and prosperity has obtained among the people. The rapid development of the resources of India is, however, a growth of recent date. The value of the foreign export trade of India now amounts annually to about sixty millions sterling of money. Only twenty years ago the annual value of the exports was less than thirty millions. The intervening period has witnessed the development of the cotton, tea, coffee, and jute industries; while the export of rice has more than doubled, and that of other food grains

has increased more than twenty-fold. It is within these twenty years, a period that has already been ominously identified with the frequent recurrence of famine and drought, that the marked increase in the commercial prosperity of India is to be chronicled.

Yet India has always been a country in which the germs of a great commercial future were visible. The country produces the products of both a tropical and temperate zone, though the tropical products, of course, preponderate. Her vast resources are strikingly arranged, as it were, according to a geographical distribution. Each province is favoured in its degree with a special produce peculiarly its own. Bengal, the garden of the East, the granary of India, yields food grains of every sort, especially rice in the Lower Provinces, and wheat in the North-Western Provinces and the Punjaub; Lower Bengal produces also oil-seeds, jute, indigo, silk, saltpetre, and opium; Assam, to the north-east of Bengal, is famous for its tea; Burmah, to the south-east, for its rice; the Central Provinces promise to become the great wheat-field of India; Bombay has its cotton; Madras its coffee: all the provinces export, and supplement the deficiencies of one another with their own richness and plenty. Such are the resources of India brought to light by gradual effort—in some respects fully developed, in others in a state of still growing development, and in many cases awaiting the magical influence of capital and industry to convert a fair promise of successful enterprise into fulfilment. Sometimes, too, the development of these resources has been accompanied with evil and suffering to India. The dark cloud that has so long hung over indigo cultivation has not yet been dispelled; tea, coffee, and cotton have all been subject to periods of extraordinary excitement and inflation, and though these industries are now sound and prosperous, they have in their progress brought many to ruin. Silk is a decaying industry, while saltpetre has always been a precarious manufacture and a source of but scanty profit to the refiners, who can only make a livelihood by the sale and consumption of the illicit salt extracted in the manufacture. This is not the place to speak of the immorality of the opium trade between Bengal and China; on abstract principles the Government monopoly of the cultivation cannot perhaps be justified, but as far as the condition of the Indian cultivators is concerned in connection with the cultivation, there is nothing that the philanthropist need shrink from contemplating. The cultivation of opium in the Behar and Benares agencies has always been popular with and advantageous to the producers. But be this as it may, it is more satisfactory to turn to other staples the cultivation of which is based on sounder economic principles. To the production of most of the sources of Indian wealth the taint of European aggressiveness and self-appropriation attaches itself. In regard to opium, indigo, silk

and shellac, tea and coffee, the profits of manufacture are swept into the pockets of Englishmen, for it is English capital that is employed, and Indian labour. But in regard to agriculture, more strictly speaking, the profits are for the most part the reward of labour, and foreigners have no direct interference, except so far as to buy the produce when brought to market. The natives of India have not been slow to avail themselves of the demand for such produce. Little more than twenty years ago the jute cultivation in Eastern Bengal was just what the tobacco cultivation is at the present day; that is to say, if the ryot had any spare land he grew a small quantity for his own use. He was ignorant of the suitability of the soil to the crop, and as the demand was small he did not think it worth his while to make experiments on any large scale; but when the fibres of Russia were denied to Europe during the Crimean war, and an increased demand arose for jute in Calcutta, the demand was met, and jute now forms the staple produce of the country, next to paddy. Similarly, on the interruption of the supplies of raw cotton from the United States to England, during the rebellion of the Southern Confederacy, it was to the cultivators of the fertile black cotton soil of Western India that the manufacturers turned to supply the deficiency, and the exports rose at a bound from two hundred million to eight hundred million pounds of cotton. The high prices that were then paid have not since been realised, but a wide market for the sale of Indian cotton was securely established. In a similar way, also, other products have appeared to meet the demand as it arises. The demand at present is for food grain. The importation of rice into England has always been considerable. In 1857 the import was a little more than three million cwts.; during the past year the amount was as much as six million cwts. But although the increase is great, the bulk of the supply, both formerly and at present, is used for other purposes than food; and there is no probability of any unusual or excessive demand for rice. The demand in Europe is for wheat, and it is this want that India has now undertaken to supply. A few years ago, and it would hardly have been thought possible that a granary for England could have been found in the high lands of Central India, and along the banks of the Ganges and Indus rivers. The cultivation was sufficient only for local consumption; and if at any time the trial of an export trade had been proposed, it would have been felt that the wheat-growing districts were so remote from the coast, and the cost of transit to the ports of shipment so great, that no export could possibly be attempted on profitable terms. Until recently, therefore, the exports of wheat from India have been too insignificant to be recorded. In 1872 the amount of wheat imported into Great Britain from British India amounted to only 156,000 cwts. At this period

the Suez Canal was opened, and a short and rapid means of communication established between India and Great Britain; the intelligence of short crops was received, and the influence of an unfavourable exchange in India began to operate; in January, 1873, the export duty on wheat was abolished; and shortly afterwards the railway freights were lowered, so as to enable the produce to be brought to Calcutta and Bombay at cheaper rates. All these causes combined to stimulate production, and the increase in exports, which dates from this period, has been most remarkable. In 1873 the amount of wheat imported into Great Britain from British India had risen to 740,934 cwts., in 1874 the amount was 1,073,940 cwts., in 1875 it was 1,334,336 cwts., and in 1876 it was 3,287,236 cwts. During the current year the trade has shown a still further increase—the influence of an extraordinary local demand being counteracted by a rise of prices in England—and the imports into Great Britain from India, during the first nine months of 1877, have amounted to no less than 4,226,627 cwts. The increase hitherto has been progressive, and it may be asserted with confidence that the trade is capable of almost indefinite expansion, and will continue to expand until the demand for wheat in the consuming countries of Western Europe is satisfied.

Nevertheless, as has already been pointed out, another circumstance of grave import is suggested in consideration of the fact that while, on the one hand, it is within the past twenty years that the development of the resources and export trade of India has manifested itself, so it is within the same period that famine has become endemic. Does it not, it may be asked, appear an obvious conclusion that the soil of India has been prematurely exhausted, and that the recurrence of famine is a direct result of the excessive so-called development of the resources of the country?

Fortunately this conclusion, although it is a natural one to draw, is fallacious. The more the export trade is fostered the greater will be the surplus production in ordinary seasons, and the larger will be the area from which it will be possible to draw supplies in the event of famine. The best evidence of its untruth lies, however, in the indisputable fact that the prosperity of the people of India has increased notwithstanding the recurrence of famine, and concurrently with the expansion of the resources of the country. The united testimony of all observers asserts this to be the case. The standard of living is raised: a few years ago it was not unusual to find even tolerably substantial cultivators living on one meal a day; now, as a general rule, they have two meals, and sometimes more. A change for the better is also observable in their houses, which are better raised and better constructed; the introduction of English piece goods has made the price of their clothes cheaper; the number of their utensils

in domestic use is larger, and altogether there is much more comfort in all the petty details of domestic life. The peasantry generally have become better off, owing to the increased price of agricultural produce. Immense sums of money now come into the country for payment of purchases, and though a share clings to the fingers of those through whom it passes on its way from the exporting merchant to the cultivators, there is no doubt that a good proportion of it does reach the ryot. Moreover, increased facilities of communication have established a tendency towards equalisation of prices throughout India. In consequence of these facilities a good harvest is more profitable to the peasant now than formerly. Now he can sell all his produce at a fair price, whereas formerly a good harvest sent down the prices, and his produce realised comparatively little. The only persons who now suffer are those residents of towns who live on a fixed income. These are naturally disappointed that excellent harvests do not result in greater cheapness of food, and, perceiving that the cause lies in the briskness of export, complain bitterly against the merchants. But the circumstance that the cultivators are now able to obtain a fair and remunerative price for their produce is precisely the most encouraging fact that can be cited in relation to the material progress of India. Improvement in communications has yielded this result, that plentiful harvests, which formerly, to a great extent, glutted the markets with an unsaleable commodity, now add to the wealth of the people and the general resources of the country.

There is too another remarkable cause at work which must operate in the same direction. Although the depreciation in the value of silver has not yet affected the price paid for produce in the interior of the country, the lessened purchasing power of the rupee must ultimately influence favourably the position of the producer whose wants are few and simple. The rise in the value of produce from this cause is only a matter of time, and the higher prices now paid in the metropolitan towns must soon affect the prices paid in the interior at the large marts, and at last even the petty transactions between the local dealers and the cultivators themselves. At present it is only the wholesale manufacturers of staples produced exclusively by European enterprise—the proprietors of indigo factories, silk filatures, tea gardens, coffee plantations, and the like—who have derived the full benefit from the fall in the exchange; these deal directly with the mercantile agencies at the Presidency, and exact their own share of the higher price realised on the sale of their produce: the agricultural classes themselves have not yet derived any of this benefit. The general effect of the fall in the value of silver, though it must soon operate, has not yet, therefore, begun; and it must be understood that the increased price of all agricultural products, which has been progressive for many years past, is due rather to intrinsic

causes, such as pressure of population, a greater foreign demand, briskness of trade, and increased facilities of communication. These causes have enhanced prices in the past, and the lessened value in the purchasing power of the rupee will tend to render prices still higher in the future.

But again it has been urged as another argument—though, indeed, the facts of the case and its refutation lie in considerations that have been already placed before the reader—that the increasing area of land devoted to the cultivation of non-edible crops, such as oil-seeds and jute, has impoverished the country in regard to its food supply, and therefore made famines more frequent in their occurrence, and more intense when they do occur. This statement is also untrue. It is not consistent with the fact that the food supply of India is still far more than sufficient for the support of the people. It is disproved by the fact that the wealth of the country has augmented in consequence of the cultivation of non-edible crops, and that the people are thereby better enabled to pay for food in periods of scarcity. For it is evident that motives of self-interest, and no other, have conduced to the greater cultivation of seeds and fibres; that is to say, that it is the high profit derived from the sale of the jute fibre, for instance, that has diverted lands from rice to jute, and thrown into the market a commodity more valuable to the world at large, and more remunerative to the producers. Those provinces of the country where the cultivation of commercial staples has been most extended are proportionately the most prosperous. The cultivation of oil-seeds, for example, has largely increased in Eastern Bengal, and the districts of this tract of country are the almost exclusive home of the jute-plant. But in no part of India has the material progress of the people been more conspicuous than it has been in this province. The testimony of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal is thus expressed on the subject in a recent speech at Calcutta. "I have," he said, addressing an audience mostly composed of native gentlemen,

"I have just returned from visiting the eastern districts, and I may say on this occasion, when my administration is only at the commencement, what I could not well say at a later period, without seeming to seek credit for the Government of which I am the head. Great as was the progress which I knew had been made in the position of the cultivating classes, I was quite unprepared to find them occupying a position so different from that which I remembered them to occupy when I first came to the country (in 1852). They were then poor and oppressed, with little incentive to increase the productive powers of the soil. I find them now as prosperous, as independent, and as comfortable as the peasantry, I believe, of any country in the world; well fed, well clothed, free to enjoy the full benefit of their own labours, and able to hold their own and obtain prompt redress for any wrong."

It would be difficult to cite any stronger evidence; but the present writer may, perhaps, be permitted to corroborate, from his own know-

ledge, this testimony to the well-being of a peasantry who have of late years sacrificed to some extent the cultivation of food grains to that of non-edible crops, and who by so doing, far from impoverishing the country and inviting famine, have done much to render the occurrence of famine within their own province impossible.

The vast empire of India is thus a country sufficient within itself for its food supply. That it is self-sufficient and able to support its teeming population from its own resources is owing to the almost exclusively agricultural employment of its inhabitants. The principal source of the revenue of Government, and the principal means of subsistence of the people, are derived from the land. The most important occupation throughout the whole of India is the cultivation of land; and of all kinds of cultivation the production of food grains assumes the foremost place. The common belief that identifies India above all things with the cultivation of the rice-plant is correct. In many parts of India other food grains, such as maize or Indian corn, wheat, barley, millets, the *jowar*, *ragee*, and *chumboo* of Central and Southern India, gram, pease, and various pulses may supplant rice as the food grain locally consumed in the greatest quantity by the people; but rice is singular in this respect, that it is an article of universal consumption, both in the north and south, east and west, and among high and low, and it is actually cultivated far more widely and consumed far more generally than any other staple. In most places rice is the principal article of diet; in some places it is the only food eaten, and pulse, fish, vegetables, oil, salt, and spices are only occasionally added to give the rice a relish. The rice continent of the world is Asia, and in Asia British India is pre-eminent as the territory where rice cultivation most widely prospers, and where rice occupies a more important place even than wheat, and oats, and rye in Europe.

At least three-fourths of the rice that finds its way into the export trade of the world are exported from British India. The following statement has been prepared to illustrate the average exports and imports of the principal producing and consuming countries of the world:—

Rice Exports from	Tons.	Tons.
Bengal, about	500,000	
Madras	100,000	
Burmah	700,000	
Total of British India	———	1,300,000
Saigon		250,000
Siam		150,000
Java		40,000
Miscellaneous		100,000
Total of sea exports		1,840,000

Imports into	Tons.
United Kingdom, Europe, Australia, and America, about	800,000
China, &c.	320,000
Straits Settlements, &c.	100,000
Mauritius and Bourbon	120,000
Ceylon, &c.	130,000
West Indies	40,000
Arabian and Persian Gulfs	60,000
British India (chiefly Bombay)	180,000
Miscellaneous	90,000
Total of sea imports	1,840,000

These figures are of course only approximate, but it is believed that they fairly represent the extent and dimensions of the rice trade in an ordinary year. The export from British India to foreign countries is estimated at more than a million tons annually. Almost the whole of the English and European supply is derived from India, as well as all the rice sent to Ceylon, the Mauritius, the West Indies, and the Gulfs. The enormous importation into China is principally derived from the ports of the Indian Archipelago.

The most important Indian export is from Calcutta. The whole of Bengal proper, or the great alluvial and deltaic plain between the Himalayas and the Bay of Bengal, and the province of Orissa, or the alluvial territory between the hills and the sea connecting Bengal with Madras—a level area of nearly one hundred thousand square miles, uninterrupted by a single hill, rich in black mould and of boundless reproductive fertility, subject to recurrent inundation, and enjoying natural facilities such as no other country in the world possesses for internal commerce and irrigation—constitute the great rice-producing area of Northern India. Bengal is one vast rice-field.' In the autumn months the whole country seems sown with rice; the early crop stands thick and yellow on the high lands, while the lower grounds are waving with a wide and unbroken sea of green. The surplus produce of this area finds its way, generally speaking, to Calcutta. In a period of unique pressure such as the present the railway is used as a means of conveyance, but ordinarily it may be said that the whole of the supply of rice is brought down along river routes. These natural communications afford every facility for transport, and nowhere in all India is internal traffic more active than it is in Bengal when the rivers are full of water, when every river is turned into a highway for the country craft, every stream into a pathway, and every creek into a harbour for boats.

From Burmah, too, there is a prodigious export of rice, exceeding even the surplus of Bengal in bulk. The amount of land under rice cultivation is increasing, and vast tracts have lately been reclaimed from waste by the Government embankments of the Irawaddy; the population is augmenting rapidly, and the demand for rice for export is of progressive growth. The consumption is extending in England, on the Continent, and in America, and as long as Burmah can manage to supply rice at a profit at rates not much above those now existing, there seems little ground for apprehending any falling-off in the demand. Almost the whole of the Burmah rice goes to Europe.

The quantity of rice that leaves Bengal for ports within British India is enormous, and forms in this respect a remarkable contrast to British Burmah. Nearly 150,000 tons go to Bombay, and some

30,000 or 40,000 tons go to Madras. Similarly Calcutta exports largely to the Persian and Arabian Gulfs, to the Mauritius, Bourbon, and the West Indies. Bengal rice finds its way wherever Bengal Coolies emigrate, and no other rice seems able to compete with it in the market. The English and European exports, on the contrary, are small, not exceeding 50,000 tons in the year, as against 400,000 or 500,000 tons from Burmah. The reason that Burmah does not supply the rice-eating countries of the world is a simple one. Although the Burmese rice is consumed in great quantities, it is not largely in demand as an article of food. Burmese rice ordinarily sells in the London markets at from 8s. to 11s. per cwt. The highest prices reached do not exceed 12s. Good Bengal rice, however, commands 14s. to 18s. in the market, and good Carolina, which is the finest quality of rice, has sold at 35s. to 40s. per cwt. The quality of good Burmese rice is much inferior to the quality of good Bengal rice, and in comparison is usually considered unpalatable and rejected as food by rice-eating communities. Burmese rice is, in fact, comparatively a soft-grained rice of bad colour, and deteriorates in quality during a long sea journey. Even the best quality of rice exported to Europe from Burmah is soft-grained when compared with Bengal rice, and is less in demand for the table in England. The ordinary qualities will not, apparently, stand shipment to the Gulfs, or to the Mauritius or the West Indies. Ceylon can procure Burmah rice for its own consumption as easily as it can Bengal rice, but it invariably imports Bengal rice in preference. From their geographical vicinity, the Straits Settlements are naturally dependent on Burmah, Java, Siam, or Cochin China, and do not draw on Bengal. From similar considerations China draws on the more eastern ports of the Archipelago. But, excluding China and the Straits, it may be safely said that, as a general rule, the rice-eating communities of the world are dependent on the rice exports from Bengal for their sustenance, and that the enormous supplies of British Burmah are usually converted to other uses than food. The European imports from Burmah are consumed for the most part in the manufacture of spirits and starch, and in the numerous other manufactures in the composition of which rice forms an ingredient.

Rice is, in regard to India, the most important source of the country's food supply. It is rice, and rice almost exclusively, that during the past twelve months has been imported into Madras to feed the population of the famine tracts. Statistics are not available to show what the exact import has been, but it is no exaggeration to say that the supply cannot be less than five or six hundred thousand tons sent from Bengal alone. Besides this, the total exportation of rice from British India to foreign ports during the same period has amounted to as much as 950,000 tons. The trade with foreign

ports has thus been fully equal to the average, and the fact of the margin of reserve within Bengal being sufficient to meet the heavy and extraordinary demand from Madras and Bombay, shows in a conclusive manner the immense resources that India has to fall back upon in time of need.

Of far inferior importance as a source of food in India, but comparatively of even more importance as regards the contribution it may afford to the food supply of Great Britain, is the cultivation of Indian wheat. The consumption of rice in England as an article of food is never likely to be very much larger than it is at present. But it is otherwise in the case of wheat. Wheat is the staple of food in England, and not only does the number of consumers steadily increase, but the individual consumption increases also. Under the operation of the principles of free trade, the price of wheat has fallen, and the cultivation has diminished in England by one-fifth. Great Britain is therefore more and more dependent on foreign countries for its supply of bread, and especially for the supply necessary to meet the increased demand. This subject was ably discussed by Mr. James Caird in his recent address to the Social Science Congress at Aberdeen. It was stated that in a period of sixteen years before 1868 the average rate of consumption of wheat increased, each person having, during the first eight years, used 311 lbs. of wheat, and during the last eight years 355 lbs., or in the first period five bushels and one-tenth annually, and in the last five bushels and nine-tenths. In the first of these periods, from 1852 to 1860, 232 lbs. of this were home-grown wheat, and 79 lbs. foreign. It was pointed out that these proportions had, during the last five years, undergone a great change and some increase. The home-grown wheat annually consumed by each person is now 158 lbs., and the foreign 183 lbs. This proportion has been affected by indifferent crops in England, but the tendency is plainly to an increase of imports.

The cultivation of wheat is inconsiderable in Bengal proper. The bulk of the large traffic comes not from Bengal, but from the North-Western Provinces and Behar, and although the facts are registered in Calcutta, the consequences affect Northern India generally, and not Bengal particularly. Cawnpore is the principal exporting place, and it sends entirely by rail to Calcutta. In the Behar province, however, wheat is also an important food staple, and there is a large surplus production. Bhagulpore and Monghyr are the principal wheat-producing districts in the Lower Provinces, and then come Nuddea, Moorshedabad, and Maldah, where the lands are high and the cold-weather crops of more importance than is ordinarily the case in Bengal districts. The exportable produce of the Central Provinces is large, and capable of immense expansion :

the whole of this goes to Bombay. The wheat of the Punjaub is floated down the Indus and exported from Kurachee, and when a thorough system of railway communication is opened up, Kurachee will no doubt become a formidable rival to Bombay itself. Madras and Burmah can hardly be said to export any wheat.

The increase observable in the wheat supply and the growth of the area under cultivation in the exporting districts have already been noticed in this paper. This increase is one of the most remarkable phenomena in the development of the resources of India. British India now comes third among the countries of the world that supply Great Britain with wheat. The imports of wheat into Great Britain from British India were, in 1872, 156,665 cwts.; in 1873, 740,934; in 1874, 1,073,940; in 1875, 1,334,336; in 1876, 3,287,236; and during the first nine months of the current year, 4,226,627 cwts.

The entire export of wheat to all foreign ports from Bengal and Bombay separately is shown in the following comparative statement:—

	Bengal. cwts.	Bombay. cwts.
1874-75	280,530	776,825
1875-76	1,330,951	1,143,932
1876-77	3,871,114	1,712,222

These facts illustrate the expansion of the Indian wheat trade, and suggest the possibility of further increase. The degree of increase to be expected depends upon the profit made by the trade. The trade was formerly hampered by an export duty, and the repeal of this duty in January, 1873, is not one of the least of the benefits conferred on India by Lord Northbrook during his administration. There are now no artificial restrictions on export, and the difference in the price of wheat in the producing and consuming territories, minus the cost of transit and freight, is the only measure of the profit enjoyed by those in the trade. The average price of wheat in the producing districts, undisturbed by any extraordinary stimulus, is now about two rupees per maund, or, to adopt an English standard of measurement and value, the current price of wheat in Agra or Jullundur is 24s. a quarter. In England the price of wheat during recent years has, as an average, been about 48s. a quarter. It must, therefore, be profitable to export Indian wheat so long as the cost of carriage does not double the value of the raw produce. Reducing quantities to tons, and the price of wheat being, so to speak, £5 12s. per ton in the plains of India, and £11 4s. per ton in England, the question of the amount of profit realisable by traders can be determined if we know the cost of the carriage of a ton of wheat, say from Cawnpore, the very centre of the Indian trade, to Liverpool or London. The following statement, which was pub-

lished in the supplement to the *Gazette of India* of the 26th May, 1877, affords the necessary information on this subject:—

COST OF CARRYING INDIAN WHEAT PER TON TO LONDON AND LIVERPOOL FROM CAWNPORE *viâ* CALCUTTA AND BOMBAY, OCT. 30, 1876.

Cost of Carriage to Calcutta—distance 684 miles.	To Bombay—distance 964 miles.	Cost of Freight from Calcutta to—		Cost of Freight from Bombay to—		Total Cost *viâ* Calcutta to		Total Cost *viâ* Bombay to	
		London.	Liverpool.	London.	Liverpool.	London.	Liverpool.	London.	Liverpool.
£1 11 11¾	2 5 4½	3 10 0	3 5 0	3 0 0	2 5 0	5 1 11¾	4 16 11¾	5 5 4½	4 10 4½
Rs.: 18 4 5	26 12 3	41 4 4	35 9 3				54 7 8		53 4 0

The rate of exchange is taken at what may be considered a reasonable rate of 1/8¾ to a rupee. The freightage by sea of course varies considerably, and at the present time, for instance, it is less than it was in 1876. At present the freight is less than £3 per ton from Calcutta to London through the Suez Canal. The cost of carriage by rail remains unaltered; it was reduced to its present rate in September, 1875. But the cost of carriage and freight combined, with a small allowance for insurance and other charges, cannot be set down as on an average less than £5 per ton. At an expenditure therefore of £10 12s. a ton of Cawnpore wheat can be landed in London or Liverpool, and there sold in the open market for £11 4s. This is a very small profit, a trifle less than six per cent., and it seems surprising that, with such unfavourable conditions, the trade should be so prosperous. But it shows also the soundness of the enterprise, that without the lure of any excessive profit, it should have so steadily expanded. And in such a year as the present, when the price of wheat in England has increased from 48s. to 60s. per quarter, the gain in India is correspondingly large both to the producer and the exporting merchant.

The wheat trade in the Presidency towns of India is in the hands of European merchants, who import their stocks from the interior by rail. It may be remarked that native traders do not as yet resort to the railway with the same confidence as Europeans. Merchandise, of which the bulk is considerable, such as rice, oil-seeds, jute, and salt, is for the most part financed for by native agents, and still ordinarily adheres to the old river routes. But wheat is peculiar in this respect, and the supply is mostly carried in long leads of railway to Bombay or Calcutta. Increased facilities of railway communication tend, therefore, in a very special degree to the development of the trade. Unfortunately, however, the trade has hitherto been harassed by difficulties in the way of transit.

For many months of the present year along the whole length of the railways in Upper India, a distance of more than two thousand

miles, there were piles and stacks of grain at every railway station which the agents of the railway had no power to remove. The writer of this paper traversed the line from Calcutta to Bombay in July last, and at that time it was deplorable to see the stores of grain exposed to the vicissitudes of an Indian rainy season. Along the Great Indian Pensinsula line in particular, where the stations are not provided with traffic sheds, the grain sacks were exposed without any shelter to the elements. It is true that the present has been a year of pressure, and great allowances must be made; but under any circumstances it is not creditable to the management that the railways should be wholly unable to meet the strain of a temporary emergency. Again, it is said that the cost of railway carriage is still excessive. On this subject the governments of India, and especially the government of Bengal, have held a clear policy. It is obviously to the advantage of the country that a maximum of receipts should be sought for by carrying much traffic at low rates, instead of a smaller quantity at high rates, and the officers of Government have never lost an opportunity of pressing this view on the railway companies' officers, but not always with success. This question is one of the many points of difference that have occasioned friction between the local governments of India and the railway companies. The mere fact, however, of such friction at all is detrimental to efficiency, from whatever source it springs. It can only be put a stop to by amalgamation, and it is to be hoped that in the interests of the public the supreme Government will take advantage of the expiration of the first term of the leases of the several companies, and give the necessary notice of its intention to purchase the lines for Government on the terms specified in the contract. Not until this is done can the question of traffic rates be settled, but in the meantime it is satisfactory to know that the principle of reduction has been established.

It should be added that in other respects the Executive authorities in India have exerted themselves to encourage the wheat trade of the country. The extension of the railway system in Rajpootana and the Punjaub has been designed with special reference to the easier transport of food grains. The construction of a railway from Nagpore in the Central Provinces, through the Raipore and Chattisgurh country, to provide an outlet for the enormous stock of wheat now produced in that tract, and allowed to accumulate and spoil there, because there are no means of removing it at remunerative rates to places where it is wanted, has been strongly urged, and will probably be carried out; while another scheme has recently been set on foot for connecting Calcutta with the valley of the Mahanuddy River, and thus tapping the vast and, at present, superfluous wheat plains of Sumbhulpore. The advantage of feeder roads to railway

stations is fully acknowledged, and all possible steps are taken to open them out, and to secure their maintenance in proper condition. The most detailed information regarding wheat cultivation is now being collected. And in order further to promote the trade by direct assistance, and so obviate the charge of faulty consignments sometimes brought by English importers against Indian shippers of wheat, the authorities throughout India have recently been instructed to warn all those interested in the trade of the necessity of keeping the grain clean and of avoiding adulteration and the admixture of other grains with wheat.

The food resources of India other than rice and wheat need not be described in this paper. The cultivation and consumption in India is immense, but there is next to no export from the country, and comparatively little local and internal trade. There is a small export of gram, pulse, and oats to the Mauritius.

But it is rice and wheat—especially rice—that are the great food staples of the country, and these have been shown to grow in abundance, and in such profusion as not only to supply food over and above the ordinary requirements of the people, but also to make good the deficiencies created by a local failure of the harvest, and at the same time to furnish exports on a large scale for the sustenance of foreign countries. And all this surplus of food has been shown to be co-existent with a progressive improvement in the material condition of the peasantry, a general exploitation of the resources of the country, and, sooth to say, with a constant recurrence of famine in one part of India or another. It is certain that famines are now of frequent occurrence, and it appears almost certain that famines are of more frequent occurrence now than formerly. Yet, if this is so, it must be admitted that the reasons of their greater frequency are not clear, and they are not made apparent by any considerations adduced in this paper. An increase of material and commercial prosperity appears to be hardly consistent with a more frequent failure of crops, and consequent famine and deaths from starvation. The causes of famine are complex and various; some are natural, some artificial; it is possible to get rid of some, and it is impossible to avoid others. Both for the people of the country and the Government it is of equal importance that these causes should be accurately ascertained, that there should remain no scintilla of doubt as to whether famines are really of commoner occurrence than they used to be, and, if they are really more common, why they should be so. It is to be hoped, and it may be expected, that the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire thoroughly into famines in India will be among the earliest of the actions of the approaching session.

H. J. S. Cotton.

HOME AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THOSE who have held that the Ottoman Power, like the Southern Confederacy, is only a shell, may now expect others to begin to agree with them. During the night of the 18th of November the Russians fought their way into Kars, took fortress and town, and ten thousand prisoners. What the effect will be upon the fighting humour of the Turkish people and government it is difficult to predict, but there is no reason to doubt that a crushing and unexpected defeat will eventually have the same effect upon Turks as crushing defeats have always had upon other people. The Turk of English partisans, who will die but never surrender and never ask quarter, is a myth. He is presumably like any other semi-barbarian. We hear loud panegyrics on his indomitable bravery, though true bravery is not usually associated in our minds with the torture and murder of wounded prisoners and the mutilation of dead foes. But if the Turkish soldier were a hundred times braver than he is, the Ottoman government will still, sooner or later, have to yield before defeat, just as it would have been forced to yield before the coercion which England and Austria might have joined in exerting upon it a year ago.

That the fall of Kars should have stimulated talk about the terms of peace is natural, but it is difficult to believe that the Czar will consider his success sufficiently decisive until he has at least crossed the Balkans in triumph. It would not be wonderful, nor particularly discreditable, if the Czar insisted on making peace in Constantinople itself. People who expect him to retire without definitely punishing the Ottoman government, and stamping the punishment in plain characters, are as unreasonable as those who seven years since insisted that after Sedan the Germans ought to have peaceably marched home again without another word said.

It is a painful thing for an Englishman who loves the honour and great name of his land to have to say, but it is a satisfaction to think that the English government will have no decisive part in saying what shall or shall not be the terms of ultimate settlement. And why is this? Because, so far as outside observers can judge, their curious lack of aims that are definite and yet possible, combining with their curious want of flexibility and fertility of political resource, seem to be putting the English government effectually out of court. So far as observers can judge, they still hanker after a restoration of the Ottoman Empire to the *status quo*, or to something as near the *status quo* as possible—and this with the Russians

rapidly becoming masters of Armenia. We have no sign that Lord Beaconsfield discerns the all-important truth that, whether England likes it or not, the Ottoman Empire can never again be put back to the place in which the Crimean War left her. No other power dreams of a pacification on that basis, and consequently the English government stands at this moment isolated, mute, sullen, null—hated by Russia, not loved and not listened to by Turkey, not trusted by Austria, and no longer seriously regarded by Germany, the one power with whom, supposing that it was our business to act at all, we might have acted cordially from the beginning. That is where we are left, and considering the temper of Lord Beaconsfield's speech at the Guildhall, and the temper of the people who cheered him as they had cheered Sanger's circus-horses and the two sham Nubians and the other buffooneries of the day, we can only be glad that England under its present rulers is no dictator in Europe. Denounce Russia, if you must, and as much as you please, but is dislike and denunciation of Russia a sufficient programme with which to enter a Congress for settling the Eastern Question, the day after Russia has won her final victory in the field? Will a dogged blindness to the collapse of the Porte help your plenipotentiary to a policy? If we think of the enormous practical difficulties that must attend any possible pacification—difficulties not arising from Russian hypocrisy or German craft, but from the radical conditions of the problem itself—there is surely something pitiable in barren jeers against the Czar's philanthropy and in all the childish rancour of Turcophil and Russophobe, and the persistent fanning of a flame of useless and meaningless animosities. What is it that they want? Turkish independence and integrity? But that is impossible. Turkey must come out of the struggle shorn both of strength and territory. The struggle, long or short, will not end until that result, greater or smaller, is assured. England cannot prevent it. Would it not then be more self-respecting, more worthy of those who seek to lead and represent a great nation, to discuss soberly what solutions are possible under the circumstances, instead of fuming and raging on behalf of a cause which is not only the wrong, but the beaten cause? Assume, for a change, that the British Empire does not hang upon Erzeroum. Look at the Eastern Question for a day or two, as a huge and intricate European difficulty, not merely as a black conspiracy for the destruction of England. Sympathise as ardently as you choose with the fine fellows who light fires under the stomachs of wounded enemies, only remember that what awaits us is a piece of hard diplomatic business, in which if England refuses to open her eyes to the work that is to be done, she will simply be left out of account, either for good or for evil, and this will be the doing of Lord Beaconsfield, who having taken the wrong side has stuck to it with barren obstinacy

after it has become clear that he can do nothing for it, and that it leads nowhere.

We have spoken of Germany. The German panic that we ventured to predict last month seems likely to be upon us sooner than might have been expected. The busy journalists who have hitherto failed egregiously in rousing a public opinion that might have embroiled us with Russia, are now blowing hard upon the embers of suspicion that were first kindled against Germany seven years ago. Some of them indeed, with a frenzy that is truly heroic, seem to be inviting us immediately to declare war against Russia, Germany, and Italy, all at once and without an ally! This, with our trade getting worse every day! The foolish and inappropriate utterances of Sir Fitzroy Kelly to a Lord Mayor who seems a very proper person to be the recipient of such sagacious confidences, were a fair type of the nonsense that will pass muster in a country where every reader of a fiery penny paper thinks himself a match in diplomatic penetration and knowledge for Bismarck and Gortschakoff. The theory at the base of a German panic is that Prince Bismarck is inspired by the vast ambition of the first Bonaparte, and is at the head of a nation as little scrupulous and as ambitious as himself; that Germany is not only the greatest military power in Europe, but intends to be one of the great naval powers also; that in order to reach this nefarious end, as well as for other reasons of a more immediate kind connected with the possibility of a war with France, she designs to make herself, more or less directly, mistress of the two small countries that lie opposite to our eastern ports. Now nobody denies that this looks plausible enough on paper; nobody denies that it is possible, like so many other things that will never be. But then the readiness to mistake every plausible possibility for an actuality is one of the best known infirmities of the human mind, and it is at the root of the most mischievous errors in the political and intellectual history of the race. It is true that German diplomacy has been the most restless in Europe since the close of the French war. It is perhaps true that Germany did little to prevent Russia from crippling herself by a war with Turkey. Who knows for certain? Foreign statesmen are not in the habit of taking interviewers into their confidence, and the real business of the relations between Russia, Austria, and Germany has been transacted privately among the three Emperors and the three Chancellors themselves. The Russians, no doubt, believe that Bismarck has been a secret mischief-maker, but then Russians do not love the new Empire which replaces the petty states over whom Nicholas had for so many years played dictator. Whatever may be the rest of the truth about German action in Eastern affairs, the least probable thing is that Prince Bismarck has acted

with ill-will towards England. On this point Mr. Grant Duff spoke some time ago with excellent sense:—

"I have not been one of those," he said, "who have taken the harshest view of the doings of the Government in all this matter. But there is one thing in their proceedings which I cannot understand, and that is their distrust of Germany. Now it seems to me that, in this Eastern imbroglio the policy of Germany has not only been to act if possible with England, but that it could not have been otherwise. I feel confident that, if the English Government had made up its mind to almost any course whatever in the East, Germany would have backed her with all her strength, but, the English Government not having made up its mind to anything, how could Germany have done aught but preserve towards Russia a benevolent neutrality? Both the past and the future absolutely commanded this policy. A firm calculation of the conditions under which he is acting ought to convince the most cautious of the probability of that being the fact, which most certainly *is* the fact, that Prince Bismark has *now* nothing more at heart than to act with England. But some one may ask, Why, if you are right in thinking that Bismarck is more than willing to hold with England, do we hear so much of the alliance of the three Emperors—which looks as if he were holding with Russia? I ask in reply, How, in the name of wonder, can you support the policy of those who do not know their own minds? What policy has the English Government had in all this Eastern Question that could be put into an intelligible sentence, until, at length, last May, they got to the formula of absolute neutrality? Well, but Prince Bismarck has supported the policy of absolute neutrality. As to what next and next, has the Government ever given the smallest hint of what it wished or hoped, and how, in the absence of any such hint, could the ablest or most willing friend do more than he has done?"

The only explanation of the distrust of Germany imputed to such a man as Lord Salisbury is perhaps of this kind. Lord Salisbury had probably given as little close, accurate, and personal attention to the affairs of foreign nations, as most of our other politicians are in the habit of giving. He is believed to have had no relations of any kind with leading or well-informed men in other countries. If he had been compelled off-hand to write papers about Russia, or Germany, or even France, his papers would have been as ingenuous as those of the editor of the *Figaro* when he is telling Parisians what England is like. We do not mean that this was specially discreditable to Lord Salisbury. For we will undertake to say, for example, that the dispatches from the great English hotel in the Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré since the suppression of the Commune have exhibited as absolute an ignorance of the drift of the real forces and the real men in

France, as if they had been written from the Vatican. Our embassies, with one notable exception, are a great deal too genteel to study social forces and real leaders as distinguished from the chatter of chanceries; and it is notorious that the foreign office, whether under Lord Hammond, Lord Tenterden, or anybody else, positively hugs its own ignorance, improvidence, and airy self-sufficiency. Well, then Lord Salisbury, neither better nor worse than the rest, when he went on his pilgrimage found Europe haunted by what would strike the mind of an English country gentleman as a company of brigands and bandits. East of the Rhine he found Governments who know what it is to feel the grinding terrors of a crisis of life and death. Perhaps the Viceroy of India at the height of a Mutiny might be able to realise the experiences through which Bismarck and Francis Joseph and Andrassy have gone, and through which they and the Czar and Prince Gortschakoff are going at this moment. Theirs are not the easy agitations of Public Worship Acts and Duties on Cotton Imports—but how to keep body and soul together, how to prevent themselves from being rent in pieces, how to prepare against the very ground under their feet opening and swallowing them up. To a plain-dealer of Quarter Sessions all this must have been as the red and lurid air of the bottomless pit. It is little wonder if the greatest genius in the band figured as the personage most to be dreaded.

But what has England to dread from Germany? If Germany makes a position for herself in Belgium, will that make her a danger to England? No, because in the first place she has no navy to speak of; second, she is not likely to have one in a hurry; and third, she will have France to deal with. Ah, we are warned, but there may be an alliance between France and Germany. Not impossible, though prodigiously improbable. But let us imagine with what countenance would M. Gambetta get up and announce the friendly relations which he was glad to recognise as having sprung up between two countries which ought to be good neighbours, had common interests, etc., etc.—friendly relations based on what? On the semi-annexation of Belgium by Germany! Never has the insanity of panic-mongering ingenuity been more brilliant. Nay, we will make our restless friends a present of a better scare than that. If there is ever an alliance between the French Republic and the German Empire in Prince Bismarck's life-time, it will be an unholy alliance based on the seizure of Holland by Germany, and of Belgium by France.

Let us turn to our own affairs for a while. The fierce struggle in France—which is dealt with by an able hand elsewhere in these pages—does not blind provident politicians to the approach within a moderately near time of, a modest struggle of our own at home.

During the month the representatives of different sections of Liberalism have taken various opportunities of showing what improvements in legislation they expect more or less closely to follow the next general election. Mr. Bright not many months ago in a splenetic moment discouraged all political programmes, and urged us to be content with one measure at once. That measure was to be the equalisation of the county with the borough franchise. But at Rochdale the other day (Nov. 7) Mr. Bright had come round to a better mind. He may have seen in the interval that the popular interest in the extension of the franchise is moderate. The Liberal portion of the constituencies have made up their minds that the admission of the labourers, of the miners, and above all of the population of the counties and the surburban fringe of the great urban boroughs, on the same terms as the inhabitants of boroughs, is right, wise, and inevitable. There is unanimity, but not enthusiasm. When the immense interests that are involved in some possible schemes of redistribution are fully understood, we shall expect to see the great boroughs almost as keenly excited as they have ever been in any previous march in the long campaign of parliamentary reform. There are obvious dangers ahead in the next settlement. For one thing, the Conservatives may take it in hand, and make our last state worse than the first. For another thing, if Liberals take it in hand, there are enemies in the camp,—not only honest and outspoken men like Mr. Lowe or Mr. Goschen, who object to any change at all—but men like Mr. Forster, who by his timidity of temperament, and his morbid eagerness to be more conciliatory to his adversaries than to his friends, will favour some scheme of redistribution that by various devices of check and balance will take away from the great towns with one hand what is given to them with the other. Everybody knows another difficulty that awaits a Liberal ministry on the question. Supposing the tide to turn at the next election—as sharp-sighted observers expect—and to give a smallish majority to Lord Hartington, this majority would became smaller to an inconvenient degree by the subtraction from it of the representatives of boroughs that appeared in the unwelcome schedule of extinction or absorption.

Whatever may be done in this way, it is becoming daily more clear that the political public is not to be stirred by parliamentary reform alone, but is curious to see what lies behind parliamentary reform. If people are not deterred by Mr. Lowe's apprehensions, neither are they fired by Mr. Gladstone's metaphysical and abstract hopes. They are not afraid, nor are they excitedly sanguine. For once, parliamentary reform takes its place by the side of other political improvements, and no longer as a condition precedent. But it is hardly possible for anyone with a spark of the spirit of political improvement in his composition not to see that there is,

a list of things to be done, which the convenience of the country demands, and for which the intelligence of the country is perfectly ripe.

Mr. Bright, as we have said, abandons his repugnance to programmes. With good heart he furnishes the outline of a very fair scheme of work for perhaps more than one Liberal parliament. Besides his familiar gibes at the Establishment, and what ought to prove a weighty sentence about the disorder in the administration of the law, he invited his townsmen at Rochdale to consider the inexpediency of a set of artificial arrangements, expressly sanctioned by law, by which half the number of persons present at the meeting he was addressing would represent the owners of one-third of the whole land of the United Kingdom. He reminded them what ownership means, besides mere enjoyment of money-rents; and how "this great power over the land and over those dependent on it, is a power which is always at work, which is solid, and requires almost no canvassing, and which brings constant and unceasing pressure upon the politics of the kingdom." Mr. Chamberlain urged the same question upon the same audience with more detail. Apart from the more widespread and general drawbacks of a land-system under which the nominal owner of land has, on the largest estates in the country, so little incitement and very often so little power or opportunity to discharge the duties of an owner, Mr. Chamberlain made some highly important remarks on a part of the same question, on which his personal experience makes him a powerful authority:—

"I venture to say that any one who has had large experience, whether as a member of a Town Council or of a School Board, or any other local authority, will tell you that one of the greatest hindrances to all sanitary work, to all civic improvements, is the difficulty and the cost of obtaining land for public improvements. In many cases, when a Corporation is disposed to exercise the general powers it possesses for the good of its inhabitants, it has to go to Parliament to obtain what is called a private Act. In that process the Corporation flings away many thousands of pounds, and perhaps after all it is unsuccessful. I might tell you of a glaring case, the case of the Birmingham Corporation. A sewage Bill, which was prepared with great consideration for a work that was absolutely necessary for the health and comfort of the borough, and which, after having passed the ordeal of a committee of the House of Commons, was afterwards rejected upon the third reading, owing to the personal influence of two members of the House—one of them at the present moment a member of the Conservative Government—who, having exhausted their legal powers of opposition upon the committee, used their position as members of the Legislature to ensure the rejection of a Bill in which they had a pecuniary interest.

But even when you have got your Act, the matter does not stop there You may be forced to arbitration with the certainty that you will have to pay very much more than the property is worth, and with the risk of loss which is enough to daunt the wealthiest Corporation. I have heard of the case of a neighbouring borough which has been almost ruined in its finances by the enormous prices it has had to pay for land. I know a case in which land worth at the utmost £10 per yard, and required by a corporation for an important street improvement, cost, with the expenses of arbitration, £90 per yard. I have been told that four of the greatest landholders in London refused absolutely to allow their agents to treat for the acquisition of any sites by the School Board of London, and they left the Board to its powers of compulsory purchase with the certainty under these circumstances that they will obtain a great deal more than their property is worth. The development of a town and its institutions is frequently checked in consequence, and it is not too much to say that the comfort, health, happiness, and even the lives of hundreds and thousands of our people are sacrificed to the rapacity of a few landed proprietors. I think it would be only fair that Parliament should declare the purpose for which, and the conditions under which, it will enable the corporations to hold land, and having done that, that corporations should be permitted, without the necessity of going for separate Acts of Parliament, to obtain such land at its fair market value, which should be ascertained by an efficient and impartial arbitrator, holding his court locally like judges of assize."

The commercial Conservatives must see the expediency of such a change as clearly as Mr. Chamberlain himself. Yet we may be sure that there is extremely little likelihood either of their converting the territorial Conservatives to so rational and civic a view, or of their leaving the rest of the party upon it. The fact, however, that their sympathy is on his side, will some day help a Liberal minister in carrying a strong measure in this direction.

As we have said, Mr. Bright pointed one weighty sentence at the law. The laws of this country, he said, in their complexity, in their entanglement, in their costliness, are a disgrace to a civilised people. But this is not all. It is not merely that the laws of England are themselves a "tortuous and ungodly jumble." The disgrace is that we cannot get them administered. Such an incident as happened a few days ago, when a woman was described by the judge as having undergone a longer imprisonment while awaiting her trial than she would have deserved by way of actual sentence after conviction, is nothing short of barbarous, and a detestable scandal. There are in the Equity division about four times as many cases as the judges can by any possibility hear. In the other division things are still worse. Consider the amount of property which is presumably at

stake in these causes, and the proportionate injury that is done by the delay to business, to say nothing of the injury to the mental comfort of the parties in the causes. It is almost beyond belief that such disorder should be endured for a month in the greatest commercial country in the world.

Some philosophers think that a government in modern times should do nothing but preserve the peace and make people keep their contracts. Even those who think this bald limitation of the function of government rather excessive, or even downright bad doctrine, would still very willingly admit that the good administration of the law of the land stands at the head and front of all other duties of governments. Yet this is just the duty for discharging which the existing provision and arrangements are most shamefully and avowedly inadequate. And this is exactly one of those matters which a Conservative government might have been most reasonably expected to set right, because its improvement involves an increased expenditure — which Conservatives usually incur without fear and without odium—because it does not assail any of those classes and interests which Lord Beaconsfield is so naturally proud of making comfortable, and because nothing can be so conservative in its tendency as measures that make people better contented with the law and its officers. Nobody doubts Lord Cairnes's ability, or his willingness in a general way to clothe Justice with more decent robes than the patched and ragged garment that now serves her. But somehow Conservatives seem to find a difficulty in making even such improvements as they might wisely and consistently make. Even when they might act, they do not get beyond make-believe action. Their feet are shod with lead. This is the unhappy necessity of the very doctrine and temperament that make a Conservative.

If there are those immense fields of action in land reform and law reform, in which every lover of good government sees that there is useful work to be done, it is impossible not to perceive that an increasing number of persons in the political world are becoming alive to the incompatibility between a State establishment of religion and the whole spirit of modern government. Lord Beaconsfield said, a week or two since, that it was impossible to get six men to come together to discuss a political grievance. As a matter of fact, some of the vastest halls in the great towns of the north of England have been recently crowded to the roof with eager audiences bent on disestablishment. Even the keen and vehement discussion upon Lord Hartington's words at Glasgow (Nov. 6th) shows, whatever Lord Hartington may or may not have meant, how sensitive public attention is to every breath on the subject. People would be far less ardent in proving that the Liberal leader could not possibly have meant to bring disestablishment within the sphere of practical

politics, unless their alarms had made them aware that disestablishment is well within that sphere already. Lord Hartington's words were as far as possible from being those of a party man seeking to re-unite his followers, whistling for a wind, or doing anything else in the way of Taper and Tadpole. They were the criticism of cool and blunt common-sense:—

"I do not intend to take up your time in answering that point [the Burials Bill], but we come to a legislative performance of the Conservative party which raises still more difficult and perilous questions. The Public Worship Act, passed with the assistance of the Conservative Government, involved the relations between the State and the Church. That circumscribed, no doubt greatly in accordance with the wishes and desires of the vast majority of the people of England—but yet it did circumscribe—the liberty of the Established Church with regard to their practice in religious worship, and thereby it did something to take away, in the opinion of many, one of the greatest advantages and merits of the Established Church of England, viz., its wide and comprehensive character."

Is not this strictly true? At present the Public Worship Act looks a grotesque failure, but it is not likely to remain so, and its intention and purport was undoubtedly to set new limits to that very comprehension which is the one merit that an establishment can have in these times of irrepressible movement and variety in opinion. Who can deny that the Public Worship Act raised, and keeps alive, the "difficult and perilous question"? And who can deny that the Scotch Patronage Act—whether a prudent and liberal measure, as the Duke of Argyll contends, or not—was, as Lord Hartington said, "a step towards disestablishment, because it weakened the connection of the Church, it weakened the tie which bound the Church to the State and the public, as represented by patronage." All this is exactly what would be said by any neutral outsider, who looks at things with a certain breadth. Lord Hartington deprecates agitation for disestablishment in Scotland, but he "will be no party to an attempt to repress discussion." He will not oppose disestablishment in Scotland merely because some persons apprehend that this must be the signal for disestablishment in England. It has long been recognised as one of Lord Hartington's characteristics, that he understates his own willingness to advance, and that his word is always less cordial than his act. The advocates of Scotch disestablishment now know that they can count upon him. An acute Scotch critic thus sums up the effect of what Lord Hartington has said:—

"No Parliamentary election now takes place without the candidate having to face the question, and while a large portion of the Liberal members are pronounced advocates of a disestablishment

policy, there is not a single one, with the exception perhaps of one member—whose seat, it is understood, is about as good as lost to him on account of his attitude on this subject—who has not declared his readiness to vote for disestablishment when the leaders of the party propose it. Lord Hartington's remarks will give a decided fillip to the movement, and not improbably make it impossible for any Liberal to obtain a seat henceforth without giving a pretty distinct pledge to vote for the reform at once. This may improve the chances of Conservative candidates for a time; but if so, it will only be for a short time."

As to what Lord Hartington said of the English question, it would be childish to exaggerate its significance. Nor is exaggeration at all necessary to keep our spirits up. Lord Hartington holds that true Whig theory of government, which has done so much to keep England out of violent revolution. The born Whig keeps no surly dog answering to the name of Conscience or Quaker Ancestor chained up in the back yard, to let loose on any modest Dissenter or Rationalist who comes to the House with his little bill. The Whig theory is that, whatever the majority of the nation really wants that the majority must have. What Lord Hartington says about English disestablishment is exactly what might be expected.

"That question, in my opinion," he said, "is not one of the practical politics of the day. It is one of such vast magnitude that, in my opinion, many far more able and far bolder than myself will be at the head of the Liberal party of the House of Commons, and will turn away from the tremendous difficulties that are raised by that Act."

This, however, is matter of opinion, and in uttering this, Lord Hartington invites or provokes discussion of the point. What he shows is, that the matter is much in his mind, and the effect of what he has said will be to bring it much into the minds of others, and the effect of that again will precisely be to bring the question more and more into the practical politics of the day. Nobody in the world thinks that the Disestablishment Act will pass in a couple of years or so. It is not practical politics in that sense. But it is emphatically practical politics in the sense of being the one political question in home affairs to which the most serious minds of the country on both sides are giving a hundred times more absorbed attention than they give to any other.

November 26, 1877.

END OF VOL. XXII.

ERRATUM.—In Mr. Lowe's article of last month, Lord Blachford's paper was referred to as having appeared in the *Contemporary Review*. It appeared in the *XIXth Century*.

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